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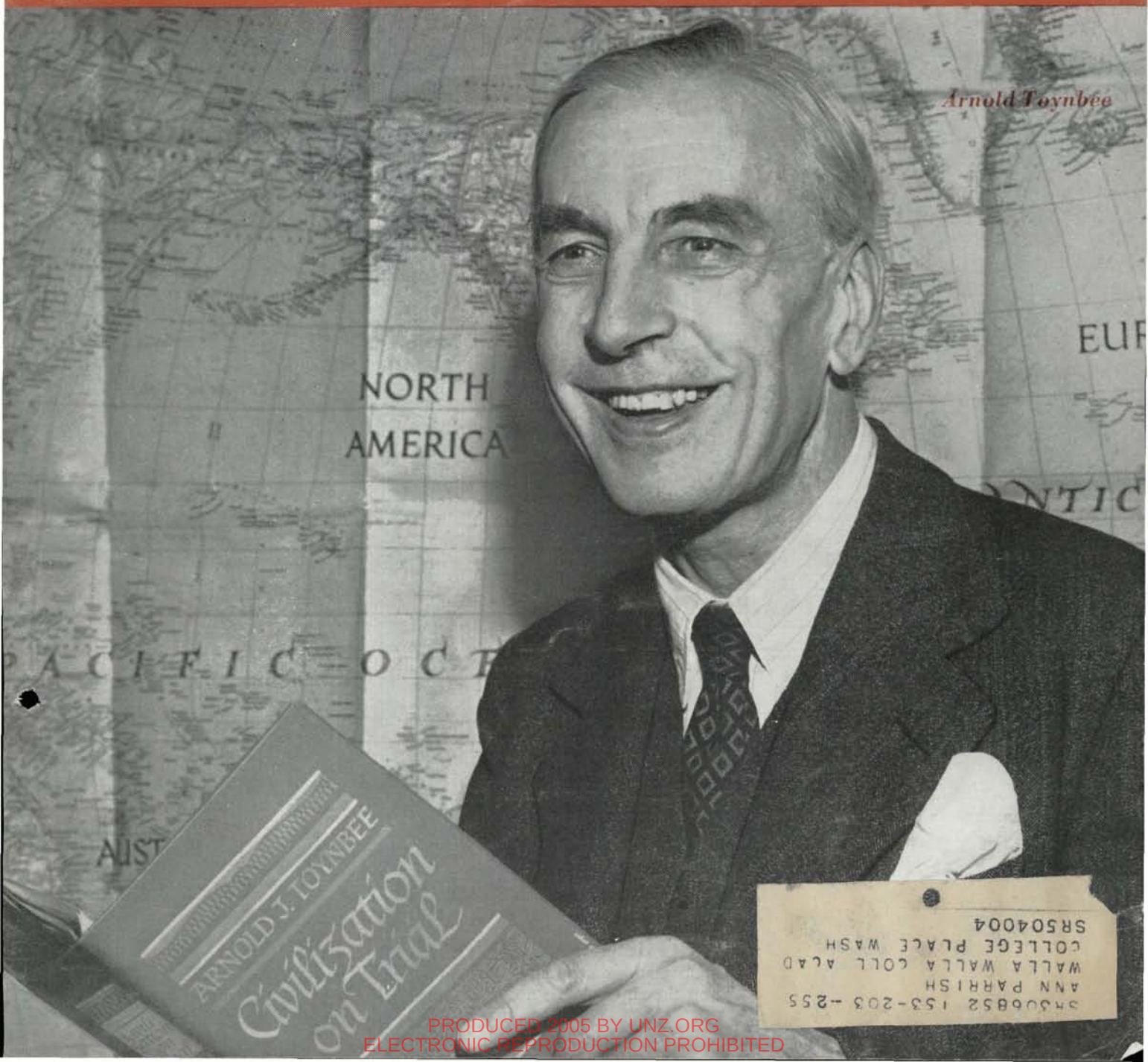
Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 19, 1960 / 25¢

EDUCATION: THE LONG VIEW
By Arnold Toynbee

THE WRITER'S CRAFT
By Andre Maurois



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Educational television in Puerto Rico: Don Federico discusses Don Quixote. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

The Columbia professor and Puerto Rico's educational TV

YOU ARE looking at a stimulating man. You might even have met him in New York. He spent twenty-five years as head of Columbia University's Spanish department.

Professor Don Federico de Onis is now living and teaching in Puerto Rico—and enjoying every minute of it. This thriving Commonwealth appeals to his idea of what a culture should be: "a society where a poet can walk proudly among physicists."

Here you see Don Federico talking to the viewers of Puerto Rico's Channel Six. This remarkable station broadcasts to a larger area than any other educational television station in the Western Hemisphere.

Channel Six is noncommercial, and is on the air six hours a day. It gives you a clue as to why so many U. S. executives and their families love living in Puerto Rico.

They love the warm, sunny climate and the warm, sunny people. But above all, they love the stimulating spirit of the place. They say that it gives them a new outlook on life.

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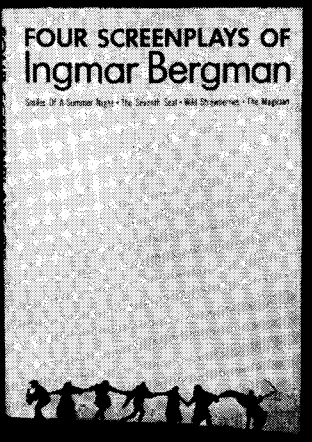

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I have read only two novels this year that could accurately be described as delightful. As it happens, both are first novels, but there the resemblance ends. The first, chronologically, is "To Kill a Mockingbird," by a young lady named Harper Lee. The second, just published, is "Pomp and Circumstance, by none other than Noël Coward.

That "Pomp and Circumstance" is Mr. Coward's first novel may be only an oversight on his part. He is, after all, a very busy man, and this space is too short to enumerate all his literary and theatrical triumphs. Suffice it to say that a list of those of his successes to appear in book form fills slightly more than one page single-spaced.

Like most very good things, the basic premise behind "Pomp and Circumstance" is simple: it is the story of the events leading up to a colonial visit by the British royal couple. The colony in question is the sleepy South Pacific island of Samola, a tiny gem in the imperial crown. Mr. Coward has peopled his cheerful paradise with a weird and wonderful collection of eccentrics. Pulling together (more or less) for the honor of Samola, they manage to reduce a straight-forward plan to a royal nightmare.

It's a truism that comedy resists analysis, if only because it's such a personal affair. So much I'll grant, but if you enjoy the very best high comedy, if you are amused by anything on this tired globe, I'm willing to bet you'll like "Pomp and Circumstance." In all his incarnations, Noël Coward has never been better.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Both "To Kill a Mockingbird," ($3.95) published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, and "Pomp and Circumstance," ($4.50) published by Doubleday & Company, may be purshased at your local bookseller's or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1144 Franklin Avenue, Garden City, N. Y.

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IT'S HARD to say what contributes most to happiness around the family circle, but income that can *grow* certainly helps.

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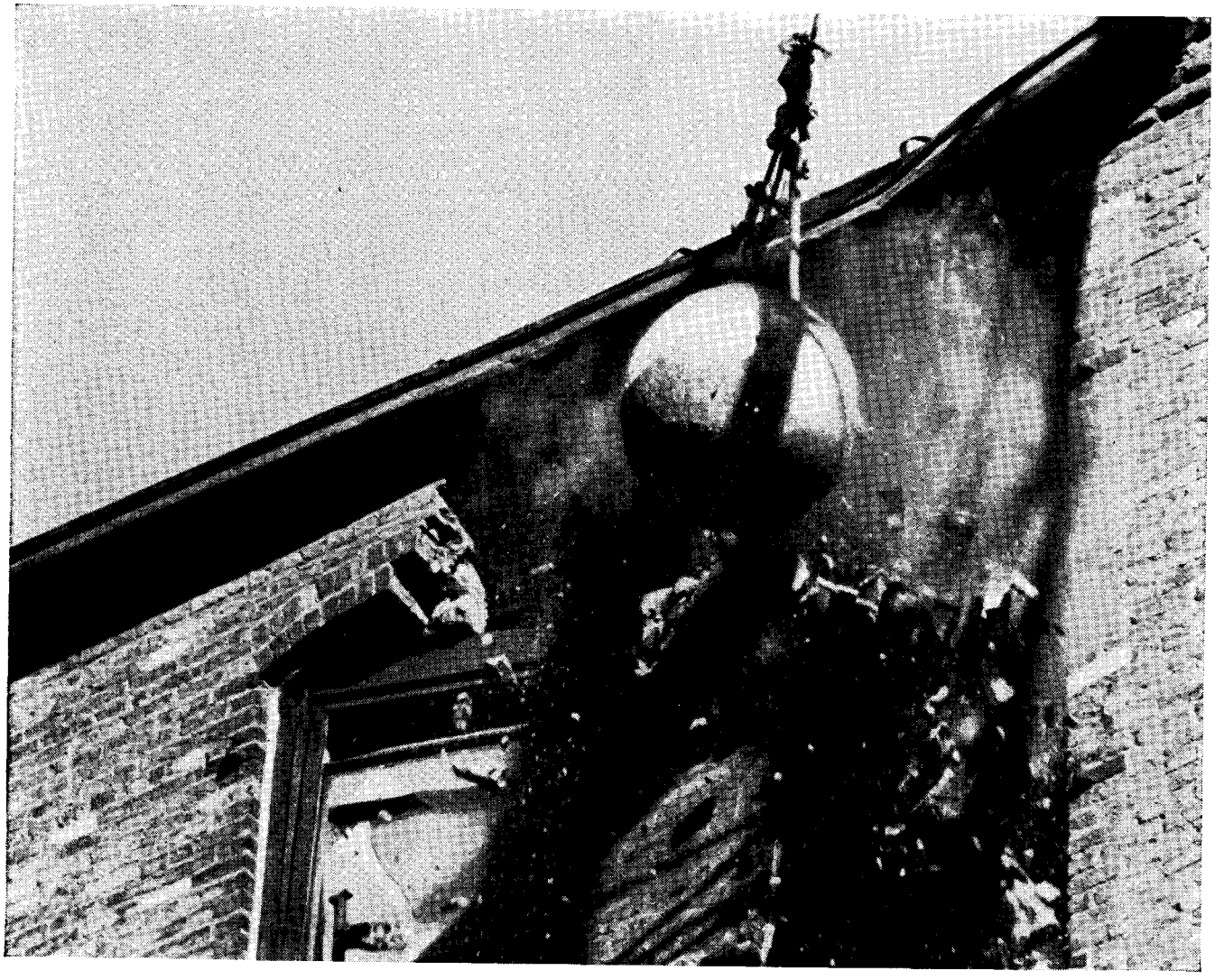


What makes a newspaper great?

The "Headache Ball" building wreckers call it. And whenever this massive chunk of steel caroms off some well-loved community landmark, city officials can expect the agony of sudden change to be widespread and vocal.

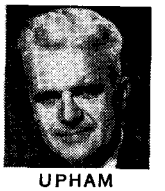
Best remedy for pains of progress: an informed citizenry aware of the need for urban redevelopment, convinced of the good that comes of it, conditioned to accept new patterns of living that sound city planning brings about. Best medium for keeping citizens so informed: the daily newspaper.

Since World War II, city planning and redevelopment have been a major reporting project of the Minneapolis Star and the Minneapolis Tribune. Led by Daniel Upham, executive assistant in the news department, staff writers, photographers and cartographers of these newspapers have helped keep readers apace with the growth of their community (and growing pains to a minimum) through clear, concise articles and picture stories.

As each new project is initiated and reaches completion—to the tune of *$200 million* in downtown Minneapolis alone in post-World War II expenditures—Minneapolitans are watching their city being transformed in the pages of the Star and the Tribune.

These newspapers, says Lawrence M. Irvin, Minneapolis Planning Director, "have given consistent support and excellent, broadscale and effective coverage to matters of urban planning. Almost all major projects, from research to physical construction and establishment of legal controls have been thoroughly covered and well related to the larger planning framework in a way which makes people more aware of the need for 'comprehensive' as compared to 'project' planning."

Last May 23, for the first time to any newspaper, special recognition came to the Minneapolis Star and the Tribune at the National Planning Conference of the American Society of Planning Officials: The Society's initial annual award "for public service rendered in the advancement of city and regional planning through outstanding journalism."



UPHAM

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EVENING

Minneapolis Tribune
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JOHN COWLES, *President*

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Faraway Places

Edited by Martin Levin

THE CHESTNUT PITY

Not long ago, a woman wrote a piece
About the time her mother's second cousin
Invited her and a demented niece,
Who liked to hoard horse chestnuts by the dozen,
Up to a country place to spend the summer;
And all about the way the niece, Danila,
Collected the chestnuts, placed them in manila
Envelopes, and hid them with a farmer
Down the road, a gruff, kind man. This story,
So deftly muted and so subtly weird,
Was written by a Britisher named Deirdre
Marchant, who gained a certain kind of glory
By taking up some forty glossy pages
In *The New Yorker.*
"Why, my deah, it's a-ages
Since I have handled anything so witty
Yet—how should I sa-ay, my deah—so dapely moaving
As this new thing of yours, *The Chestnut Pity*"
Said Deirdre's agent, who made a fair-ish living
By stretching clients' work as far as it Would go
The Chestnut Pity soon became
A play, and then a film with a Big Name
Cast, and Color, and a bulging budget;
And then appeared on Broadway once again
As a four-hundred-thousand dollar show
With Merman, and the decor by Picasso,
With book by Burrows, music by Berlin,
Produced by R & H and RCA;
And suddenly a television play.
Meanwhile, the piece, enlarged, had so impressed
The public as a full-length reminiscence
That expert shrinkers at the *Reader's Digest*
Prolonged the sturdy, fragile thing's existence—
A fragile thing, yet sturdy, don't you see?—
Still further. At last, within four years or so,
After the general rule, it passed away,
Leaving a residue, a golden glow
Across our Country's face.
O, art of thrift!
O, thrifty art! O, recluse buried in money!
O, Deirdre Marchant! O, your meticulous gift!
O, agent, yours! O, shrewdness thus uncanny!
We mourn this day, in poverty and grief,
When art lasts long as long as art is brief.

—W. A. Benedick.

• • •

THE RIDE

"THE Plaza if you please," said the man, settling back in the cab and unfolding his newspaper. The spice of the carnation in his buttonhole made the driver sniff, and smile. He turned around.

"Any particular way you want to go?"

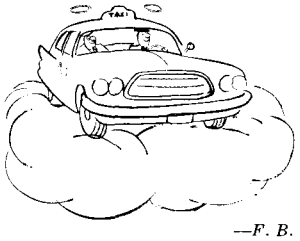
"Take your choice," said the man.

"Good enough," said the driver. "I'm driving a cab twenty-seven, going on twenty-eight years right here in Manhattan and most people, they like to go a certain way, that's why I asked you."

"Go whichever way you enjoy going," said the man.

"That's what I like to hear," said the driver. His eyes twinkled. He felt good all over.

"When we get to the Plaza," said the man, "I'm going to give you a



—*F. B. Modell.*

hundred-dollar bill, for which I know you will have the change."

"You bet," said the driver. "I just started out an hour ago, and right away I had to change three other hundreds and a couple of fifties, but I still got lots of change left."

"Fine," said the man, returning to his newspaper.

The driver settled back. "I like this town," he said. "Do you?"

"Love it," said the man. "I make a great deal of money, have a lot of fun, and my wife likes it too."

"It's a great town," said the driver. "I wouldn't want to live anywhere else. I like the crowds, and the traffic. They make you feel alive. I like the heat in the summer. And I like the humidity."

"The market is in bad shape," said the man, tapping his paper, "but I don't mind."

"You like TV?" asked the driver.

"Sure," said the man.

"So do I. We got a color set now. My wife complains we don't have color, like her sister in Farmingdale, so I says to her I'll get you one sweetheart, and I do. I says I'll get you one because I love you."

"That's the way to do," said the man.

"I think so," said the driver. He pulled up at a light and pointed out the window. "Look at them pedestreens," he said. "See how nice they wait, there, on the curb? Real cooperative."

"They're people," said the man, "like all the rest." He straightened his tie, and admired its shimmering silkiness.

"Right," said the driver. "Right. Ah, we got good people in this town. You just notice how they wait for lights, and when they're not waiting for lights they're picking up litter, and putting it in the litter baskets."

"I do that," said the man, "myself. I even save the cellophane strips off my cigarette packs, and put them in my pocket, waiting until I come to a litter basket."

"It makes a cleaner New York," said the driver. The light changed to green. "You got any kids?" he asked.

"Yes, four."

"Got three, myself. All through college now. No help from me, either. They all worked their way."

"I worked my way through," said the man. "And so did my kids. I've got six grandchildren."

"I've got four so far," said the driver. "You carry their pictures?"

"No, I don't," said the man. "I don't believe in that."

"Neither do I," said the driver. "Most people I notice carry pictures of their grandchildren but I don't. It's boring to other people. You see much of your grandchildren?"

"Not now. We don't have room for them to come stay with us now."

"No *room*?" The driver thought of the building the man had come from. He pictured its ten- and fifteen-room apartments and its broad terraces with real trees, tall trees.

"No, not any longer," said the man. "You see, we sublet half of our apartment now to a Puerto Rican family. They have three bedrooms, their own sitting room, and they share our maid, and they have kitchen privileges."

"Gee," said the driver. "And I bet

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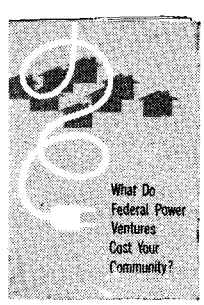

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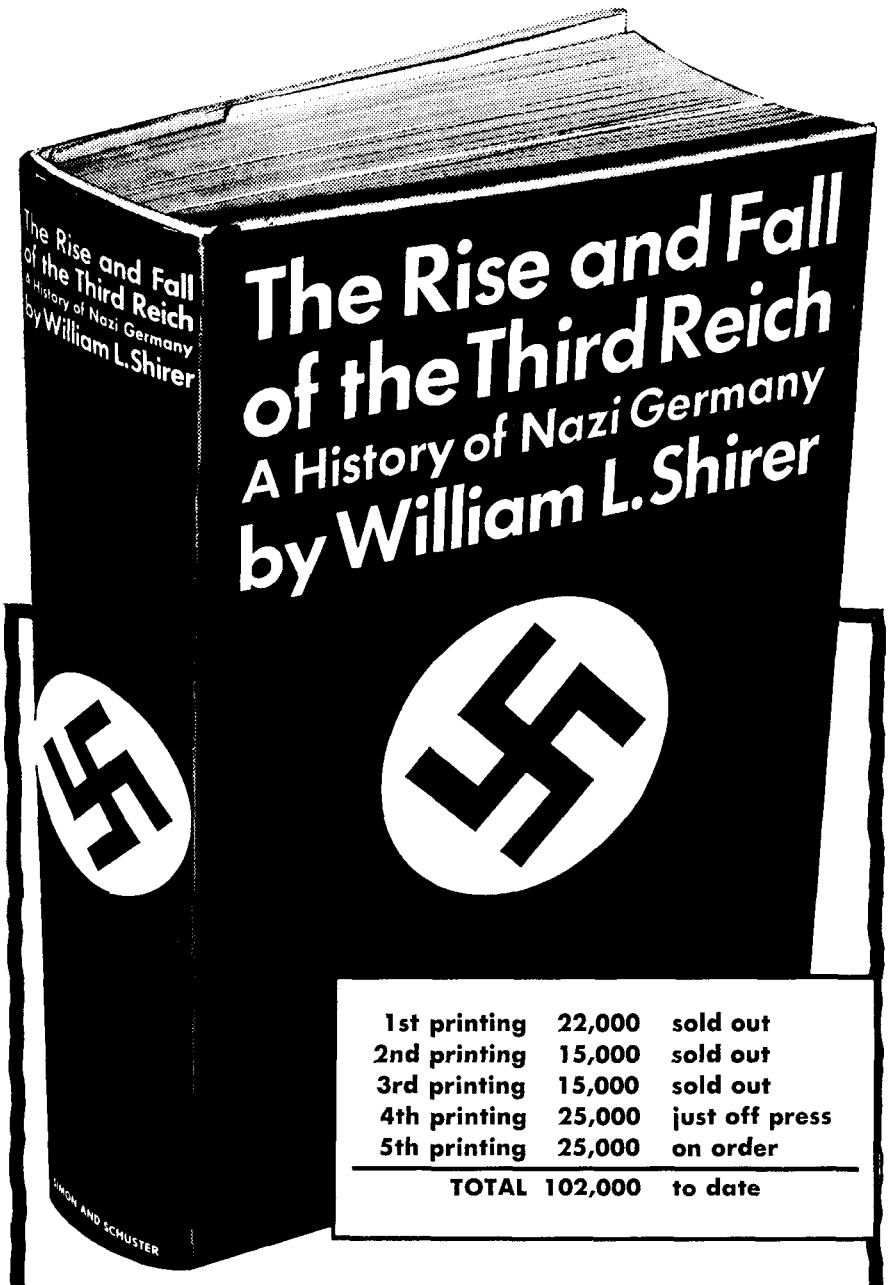
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you don't charge them much, either."

"Enough," said the man. "Fifteen dollars a month."

"That's nice," said the driver. "I love the Puerto Ricans."

They were in front of the Plaza now, and the man pulled a hundred-dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to the driver. The meter read $1.40. "Give me ninety-five dollars," he said.

"Right," said the driver, counting out the bills. "And thanks."

"You're most welcome," said the man. He got out of the cab and closed the door gently, without a slam.

The cab pulled away from the curb and quickly—almost too quickly—vanished around the corner. The man turned to face the entrance of the hotel, and then, in one large, graceful leap, he soared from the sidewalk—up, up, up. He hovered over the roof for a moment and then, with arms extended, he banked sharply to the right and disappeared over the green of the trees of Central Park.

—HAYES B. JACOBS.

• • •

HEROES IN YAK SKIN

(Bringing the World to Your Doorstep Series)

DEEP in the dank and steaming jungles of Manit-Poo Province in Northern Tibet is a small, brave band of men who—each day—in any kind of weather, see that you lead a full life. In our busy workaday world it is so easy to forget. But, we musn't. No.

Without the fruits of these heroes' labor we would be back in the horse-and-buggy days. Without them there would be no pleasant Sunday afternoon drives, no gas stations down at the corner—indeed, no auto! For, deep in those murky jungles, this brave band is gathering yak hair for you! Without it the manifold gear filter of your auto would not work!

Dawn has scarcely broken over the shaggy peaks of Northern Tibet before Dr. Hamhousen Durant, a genial smile on his happy face, is astir. He goes hurriedly from one huddled, sleeping *ganau*, or native worker, to another, awakening them. Soon the sound of the *gasna*, or native horn, pierces the thin, bright air. The *ganaus* are soon busily at work stirring huge caldrons of boiling yak hair, readying it for your manifold filter. Native cooks scurry about the camp as they prepare the breakfast of congealed horse blood and goat's milk, a dish which dates back to the time of Ghengis Khan. This savage brute, however, was farther north in Soo Ming Province—or what is now Soo Ming Province.

The hearty breakfast stimulates

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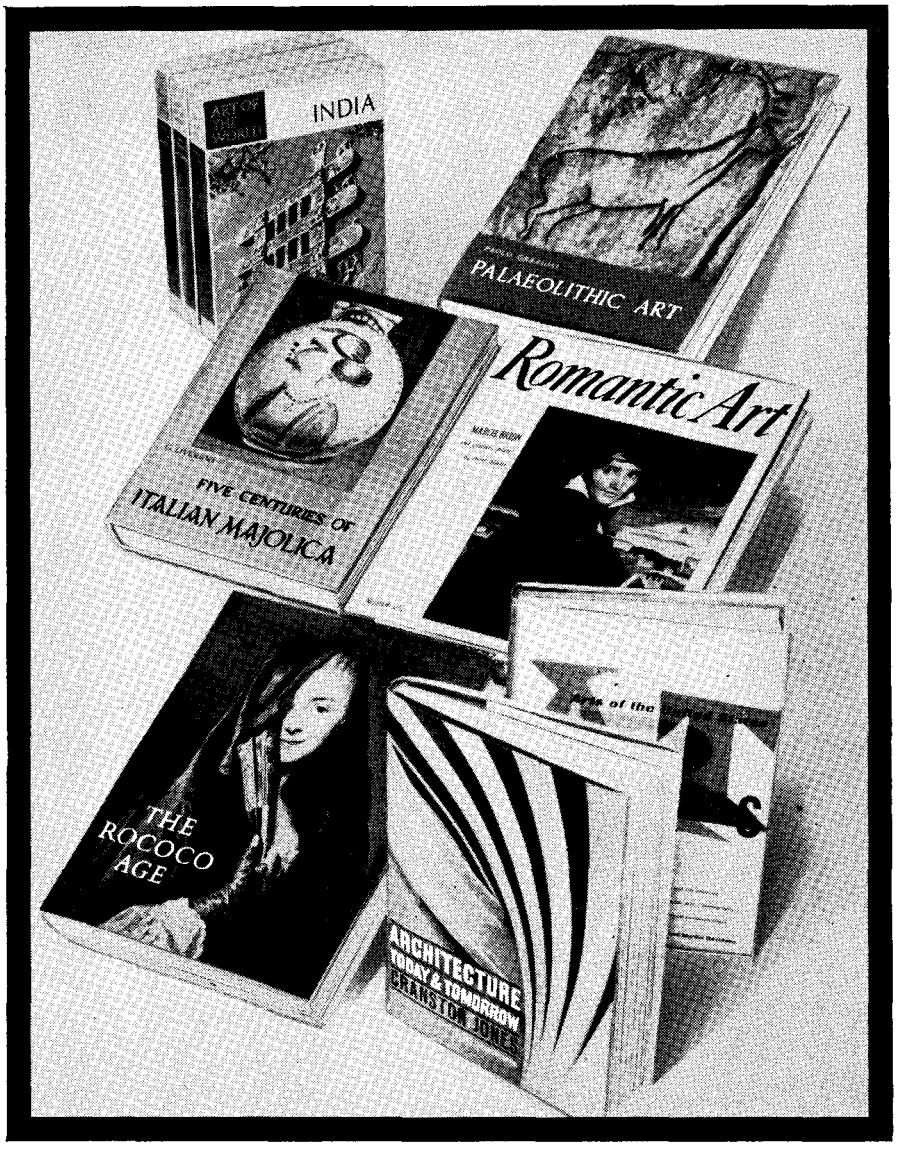

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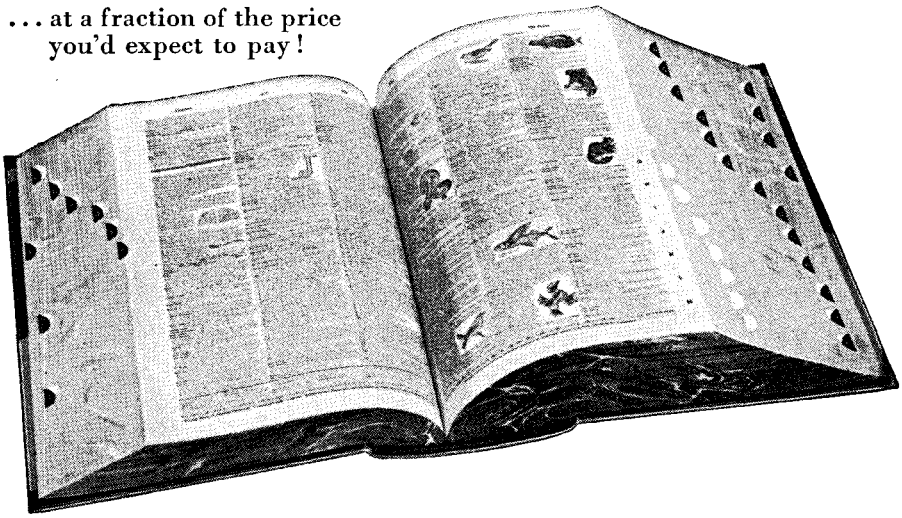

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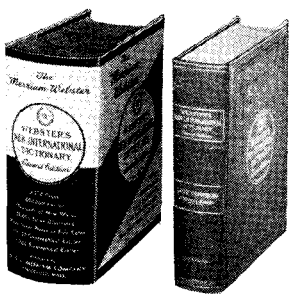

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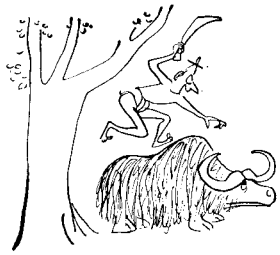
everyone. After a steaming bowl you are ready to crawl into your yak-skin greatcoat, gather the warm collar about your ears, and climb quickly to the higher ranges—where the Tibetian yak abounds! Just waiting to offer its pelt to become a part of your manifold filter to take you to work each day.

Hunting the great yak is a bold and hazardous venture. Native priests silently chant incantations to the rising sun. The dull hum of prayer wheels soon drives the mighty yaks to the lower crevices of the stark Tibetan range. There, *ganaus* leap upon the slow-witted creatures and their pelts are quickly shaved with carved jade knives, which are passed on in *ganau* families from generation to generation. Off they go to camp, huge packs of hair to be dipped in boiling caldrons and then shipped out to the industrial West where they are processed—for your manifold!

After a hearty lunch back at camp everyone crawls back into his yak-hair greatcoat. You are off again. The prayer wheels sound again and the mighty yaks snort and pant as they seek the Tibetan valleys. And so to bed.

Later the yak hair is bundled and forwarded to New Jersey, where it ends up in huge vats at the Tibetan-American Oil Co. Here huge quantities of potassium are added, to soften the



—F. B. Modell.

bristles. Then it is refined. Then processed with hydroxide. It is then sent to huge shredding mills in Haiti where it is, also, mixed with residue from the fine native rum. Then back to a smoking plant at Boston where the hair is ground into fine particles and it is ready for your manifold!

Scientists have tried substitutes. But none has been found. In the daring and intricate process of bringing the yak hair to you one small slip can ruin the whole process. So—on a bitter cold morning when you press on your gas pedal, be thankful to the mighty Tibetan yak and a small brave group of men for making life simpler for you. Without them, you would be back in the horse and buggy!

—Richard Mathison.

Editor's note: *Humor and verse which have appeared in this column over the years are collected in "The Phoenix Nest," just published by Doubleday.*

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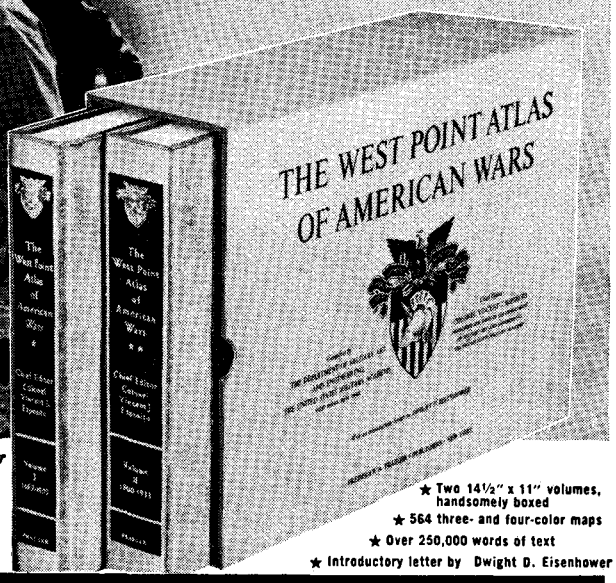

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TRADE Winds

IN ENGLAND'S tart and penetrating periodical *The Listener,* a recent article by Geoffrey Wagner lacerates the American book editor, scolding him unmercifully for the decline of the American author.

"For a variety of reasons," writes Wagner, "the intellectual and artistic

gap between literary creator and midwife has been closing rapidly in America. I constantly meet authors in America who talk with a proprietary right about *their* editors. This phenomenon, the enhanced prestige of the editor over the past decade, will not surprise anyone in the literary world. Its effect on the author is, in general, to turn him into a fairly junior member of the team organized to purvey merchandise to the public. . . ."

Wagner goes on to point out that Hemingway, Faulkner, Dos Passos, Steinbeck, and others have boasted of their lack of formal education, and that they are responsible for the "decline" in American moderns. The American editor, he says, has acquired prestige by becoming a go-between linking writer and audience. He declares, for example, that Maxwell Perkins made his name by nursing Thomas Wolfe along. In Europe, on the other hand, "the author is presented directly to his public, as D. H. Lawrence was, and Thomas Wolfe was not, in all his weakness and his strength."

WHETHER OR NOT Mr. Wagner is right in his charges is a question that may never be fully answered. But in Elizabeth Nowell's absorbing book "Thomas Wolfe: A Biography" (Doubleday) there's a relevant comment from Thomas Wolfe himself:

"It is words, words—I weary of the staleness of words, the seas of print, the idiot repetition of trivial enthusiasms. I am weary of my own words."

And during the time of his greatest depression, when he felt he might never write another word, Wolfe said of Maxwell Perkins:

"I was sustained by one piece of inestimable good fortune. I had for a friend a man of immense and patient wisdom and a gentle but unyielding fortitude. I think that if I was not destroyed at this time by the sense of hopelessness which these gigantic labors had awakened in me, it was largely because of the courage and patience of this man. I did not give in because he did not let me give in . . . and it is to his tenacity I owe my final release."

The question then remains: Is one Tom Wolfe worth fifty assembly-line novelists?

A FAR CRY from the prolific Thomas Wolfe and his millions of words is the writer of telegrams. It's one form of writing where self-editing pays off in hard cash savings.

Perhaps one of the shortest wires came about as a result of a gag once pulled on a well-known writer who had suddenly become commercially successful. A friend of his wired him saying: UNDERSTAND YOU ARE NOW GETTING A DOLLAR A WORD. MONEY ORDER FOR THAT AMOUNT ENCLOSED. PLEASE SEND SAMPLE.

The author pocketed the dollar and sent back another telegram reading: THANKS.

ANOTHER SHORT TELEGRAM was reportedly sent by a fun-loving gagster who picked out ten of his friends and

sent them the one-word message: CONGRATULATIONS.

Nine of them replied with thanks, and went into detail about some recent activity they thought deserved such praise.

And along the same line is the classic telegram perpetrated by a Hollywood jokester who sent a cluster of his friends into a frenzy by wiring each of them: PLEASE DISREGARD PREVIOUS WIRE.

PERHAPS ONE OF THE MOST frustrating telegraphic tricks was the one in which a bookseller sent a surplus copy of a huge, dull technical volume to a friend, and followed up with the message:

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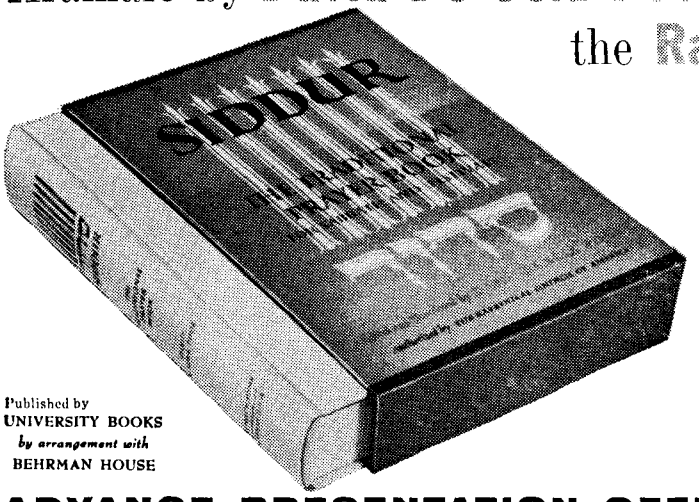

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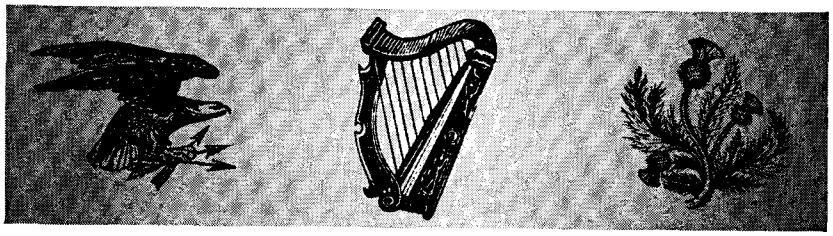

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AN IMPECUNIOUS ACTOR resorted to a telegram after he had struggled desperately to figure out a way to buy a wedding present for a producer from whom he hoped to get a role in a new play.

He went to a very elegant store and, after explaining his plight, persuaded them to sell him a broken vase for a pittance. The clerk was sympathetic, and agreed to send off the once-expensive but now broken vase. When, after

several weeks, the actor had received no acknowledgement, he finally got up the courage to send a timid wire: AM CONCERNED ABOUT WEDDING PRESENT SENT RECENTLY. HAVE YOU RECEIVED?

Within a day, he opened a wire from the producer: RECEIVED PRESENT BUT BROKEN ON ARRIVAL. WHY EACH PIECE WRAPPED SEPARATELY?

BUT THIS ISN'T the only wedding present that was involved with a telegram. One young couple received a monstrous and hideous cheese-cutter as a present, handsomely monogrammed with the proper initials. They kept it in a closet for many months until some friends of theirs were about to be married. They then sent it back to the original store, asking for a rush job in having the monogram changed.

It wasn't long before a wire came back from the store: MONOGRAM REMOVED SO MANY TIMES IMPOSSIBLE TO DO AGAIN.

JACK BELL, a teacher who lives in Fairfield, Connecticut, tells a telegram story that could only happen once.

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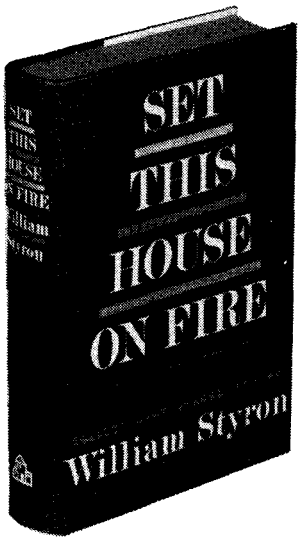

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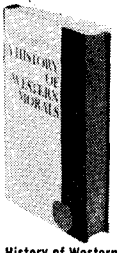

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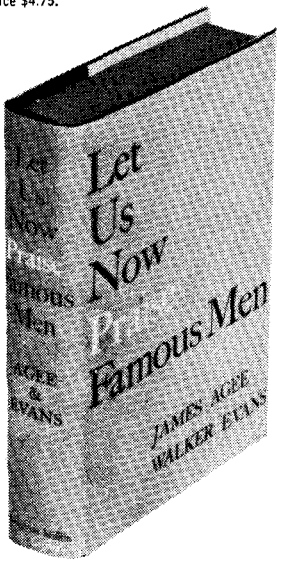

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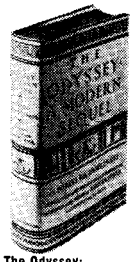

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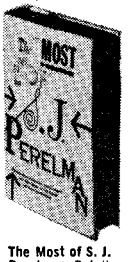

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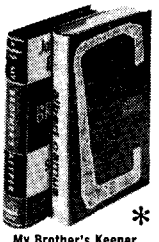

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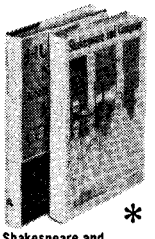

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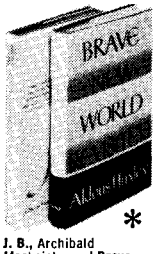

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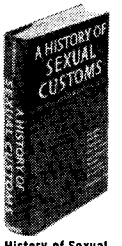

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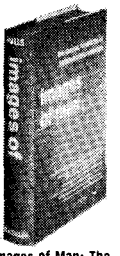

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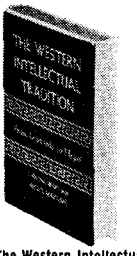

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Because Coronet is lighter, milder than your present before-dinner drink make your next highball with Coronet Brandy...you'll love the change. And after dinner enjoy a traditional snifter of Coronet VSQ Brandy.

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considerable time, but finally advised Mr. Bell by telegram: TOOK THE PLUNGE THIS WEEKEND. GOT MARRIED.

Puzzled, Mr. Bell mumbled to himself: "I wonder if it was Joan or Margaret?"

The Western Union boy, who was halfway out the door, turned back and said: "It must have been Margaret, because I just delivered the same telegram to Joan."

WE'VE RUN INTO some telegraphic problems personally while writing and producing some remote broadcasts for one of the television networks. Having run short on expense money, we wired the

boss, who shall remain nameless, asking him to send additional expense money by telegraph.

It arrived promptly, but the wire accompanying the money order read: DAD WANTS TO KNOW WHERE IT HAS ALL GONE TO. THIS IS THE ABSOLUTE LAST. LOVE, MOTHER.

ONE THING that would be difficult to send by telegram is the solution to the Lewis Carroll game mentioned in this space some time ago, which we have neglected to supply up until now. They are: AGAMU (ragamuffin); RYG (dry-goods); ERGRO (underground); HTH (eighth, diphtheria, phthisic); RND (dirndl); YZY (syzygy); MIKA (mikado, kamikaze).

Caldwell Titcomb, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, offers several more to be solved, in increasing order of difficulty: TSWA, GHTSM, SSELL, AIEU, CHCL.

Any telegraphic message like that might well arouse suspicions that the sender was an international spy.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1390)

LIPPMANN:
THE NATIONAL PURPOSE

The remedy will be found in the innovation of political formulae, concrete measures, practical programs by which our ideals can be realized in the greatly changed world we now live in. Innovators will appear with the new generation that is rising to power.

A young man's hundred and one adventures of the spirit and of the flesh

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now tells a subtly ironic tale of two married couples – noble in their intentions and in their affections – whose friendship asks more than they can give and offers more than they can take.

THE BODY OF A YOUNG MAN

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HARCOURT, BRACE

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America's women wield some mighty "clubs"!

IN 1868 an American newspaper woman, Mrs. Jennie June Croly, was barred from a press club testimonial dinner for Charles Dickens because she was a woman. Angry and determined, she and eleven of her newspaper sisters formed "Sorosis," America's first women's club.

Today, less than a century later, over 35,000,000 American women are women's club members. Joining together to accomplish good things that no one woman could do alone, these women are organized into more than 200,000 varied and useful clubs.

Just how mighty are these women's clubs? Mighty enough to play a major role in the formation of the first Federal Child Labor Law. Mighty enough to become a strong force in the adoption of the Pure Food and Drug Act and workmen's compensation acts. Today they build community hospitals...fill libraries...support churches...contribute to the public welfare of every community in our country.

Does your wife belong to a women's club? Why did she join? Isn't it because she knows that her desire to improve her own family's life must extend beyond her own home. She knows this desire must reach out into her local community, to her country, and the world.

There are many ways in which your wife works to bring better living into your home. Some are big—like her membership in a women's club. Some may be small—like the little luxuries she brings home with S&H Green Stamps.

Whether your wife is seen in her role as one of the millions of women, shopping for half the families in America, who save S&H Green Stamps or as a member of one of the thousands of women's clubs serving communities across the nation, you can be sure she has but one basic goal—the happiness of her family.

An American Way of Thrift for 24,800,000 Families...

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11 fabulous reasons why "Spring" will delight you now in South America

Only $476, including lowest air fare ever, takes you on this 11-day guided tour of Panama, Ecuador and Peru—where it's Spring right now . . .

Now you can take that "Someday" trip to South America and get more than ever for your holiday dollars. Lowest round-trip air fare ever, rooms, transfers and sightseeing—all are yours for only $476.

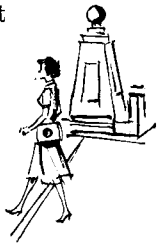
There's time to see all the sights on this "two-week" vacation tour. You stretch time on a tour where everything is planned in advance, including English-speaking guides to meet you wherever you go, point out what to see and do.

Ready to start? Then let's take off!

1st Day—South to Spring. Leave Miami or New York after dinner for a starry night flight across the Caribbean. Arrive in Quito, Ecuador, after breakfast. Although on the Equator, this City of Eternal Spring is cooled by mountain breezes. Your host takes you to the magnificent new Hotel Quito.

2nd Day—Almost 2 Miles Up. Spend your morning roaming delightful Quito. Its white houses with red-tiled roofs nestle in an Andean valley 9,000 feet high. In the afternoon, tour museums and visit San Francisco Church, famed for its altar of gold. Shop for Indian handicrafts that are fun to bring home. Return to your hotel for dinner, dancing . . . and a visit to the hotel's Casino.

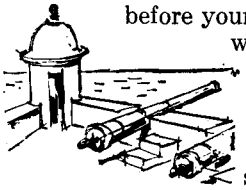
3rd Day—Step Across the Equator. Next morning your host drives you to the Equator Monument—32 miles away through spectacular mountain scenery. Here, where a French expedition pinpointed the location of the Equator in 1735, you stand with one foot in the Northern Hemisphere, and the other in the Southern!



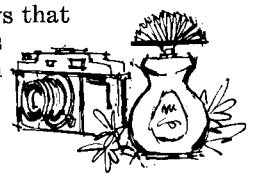
4th to 8th Days—Pizarro's Name Didn't Stick. After a short flight to Lima, Peru, (it's Spring in Lima too, where the seasons are the reverse of ours) you're at the Grand Hotel Bolivar in the City of Kings! That's the name Francisco Pizarro gave this sophisticated city he founded. You see the Spanish heritage in the balconies and graceful arches of 400-year-old architecture, a famous bull ring over 200 years old. You drive the Pan American Highway to the pre-Inca City of Pachacamac . . . return to superb Peruvian cuisine in old-world restaurants. Your guide will tell you where.

Fascinating side trip to mysterious Machu Picchu—$117. While you're at Lima, you can choose to take three days to visit the showplace of South America—amazing Machu Picchu—for only $117 more. First you fly to Cuzco, capital of the Inca Empire. Then on by autocarril, a bus on rails, to the "Lost City of the Incas," awesomely perched on a mountaintop. You walk hand-hewn stone stairs to Machu Picchu's temples, palaces and homes that remain just as the Incas left them 4 centuries ago. Machu Picchu, refuge from the Conquistadores, was only discovered in 1911.

9th and 10th Days—In the bootsteps of Morgan the Pirate. You'll have time to shop for silver in Lima before your evening plane to Panama City, where you stay at the El Panama Hotel. Next day, your guide shows you the giant Panama Canal Miraflores Locks in action . . . then you're off to see picturesque Old Panama and the ruins of the original city burned by freebooter Sir Henry Morgan 300 years ago.



11th Day—Go "World-Shopping." One way to spend your last day in Panama is to shop for tax-free bargains in goods from all over the world—that cost less than in their country of origin! French perfume, Swedish china, English woolens and Chinese silks are only a few of the wonderful buys that pour into this colorful crossroads country. After a final evening in Panama City, board your plane for home to arrive in Miami or New York next day.



From Miami, your 11-day tour costs $476. From New York, $537; Chicago, $545; Los Angeles, $573. It includes round-trip by DC-7 (slightly extra by Jet), drives to and from airports, guided sightseeing. Rates are for each of two in excellent double rooms with baths. Or choose from many other tours to suit your time, taste, and purse.

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Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 19, 1960

THE WRITER'S CRAFT

Since the appearance of his first published work more than forty years ago, André Maurois has earned a steadily growing reputation as one of the foremost critics and biographers of our time. In this article he draws on the experience of a distinguished career in letters to set forth his views on the craft of writing, charting its pitfalls and joys, its techniques and temptations. The article, never before published in the United States, appears here by special arrangement with Dutton, publisher of M. Maurois' new book "The Art of Writing" *(© 1960 by E. P Dutton & Co., Inc.)*

By ANDRE MAUROIS

THE starting-point of a writer's life is the sense of a vocation. The child or the adolescent feels impelled to give expression in the written word to the emotions or the ideas which people and things have aroused in him. At a very early age Marcel Proust was conscious of a desire to lay hands on an imprisoned beauty which, so he believed, was hidden under the appearance of certain objects. He had a confused notion that it was incumbent upon him to free some captive truth from confinement. At that time in his life he was as yet incapable of reaching down to truths which he felt to be lurking under the bushes, the orchards, and the sunlight of La Beauce. In "Louis Lambert," Balzac gives us a portrait of himself as a youth chock-full of works clamoring to be born. Victor Hugo, Byron, Musset, Valéry all wrote poems when they were young. It occasionally happens that the vocation of letters is a late-flowering growth (as in the case of Rousseau), but when that is so, numerous attempts in secret have preceded the ultimate fulfilment.

How comes it that this vocation is present in some people and not in others? One may say in answer to that question, though without laying it down as a rule, that the need to express oneself in writing springs from a maladjustment to life, or from an inner conflict which the adolescent (or the grown man) cannot resolve in action. Those to whom action comes as easily as breathing rarely feel the need to break loose from the real, to rise above and describe it. That is why so many of the finest writers have been the victims of ill health (Poe, Proust, Flaubert, Chekhov), men whose lives have known frustration from an early age or found their natural development impeded by some obstacle. Dickens, Balzac, Hugo, Kipling, and Stendhal all had an unhappy childhood which was too soon dislocated by family conflicts. With others the conflict was social or religious (Voltaire, Anatole France, and Tolstoy), while in some an oversensitive nature has been driven back on itself as the result of some invincible timidity (Mérimée). I do not mean that it is enough to be maladjusted to become a great writer, but writing is, for some, a method of resolving a conflict, provided they have the necessary talent.

It may be objected that many writers have been happy in their lives and endowed with a healthy temperamental balance. That, no doubt, is true, but I do not know a single instance in which that balance has not had to be achieved by a struggle from which a considerable body of work has resulted.

The only writers I have known who were perfectly contented with themselves and with the world in which they lived, were, I am sorry to say, bad writers. This is not to say that in order to write well a man must be a pessimist, but only that "optimism in an artist is something that has to be won by hard fighting" (Alain).

First, then, the vocation and the early attempts at authorship. Next, the problem of publication. Why is it so necessary for a writer to have a public? If his purpose is to express himself, ought it not to be enough for him that he should succeed in doing so? Is a cloud of witnesses really essential? The answer to this question is almost always in the affirmative. I say "almost" always because there have been writers of memoirs, Saint-Simon, for instance, and Pepys, who cared nothing for public applause. They wrote for themselves or for a posterity which they could never know. But such cases are rare. Nearly every writer wants to have readers, even though they should amount to only a small number of the elect. That is but natural. He has written with the deliberate purpose of revealing the truth about himself and about the world as he sees it. The revelation can have no point unless it reaches those for whom it is intended. To find readers who shall understand him, who may perhaps love, or at least admire him, is reassuring to an author, and if his own conflict resembles that of many of his fellow men, it may, through his efforts, become less obsessive and troublesome to them, in which case he will have the additional pleasure of having been helpful.

The aim of a writer worthy of his chosen profession is never merely to achieve Power and Glory. It does sometimes happen that these rewards come the way of those who deserve them, but many great men have been cheated of them in their lifetime. Mallarmé was the idol of a few discriminating admirers: to the wider public he was unknown. Stendhal said, with consider-

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able perspicacity: "I shall have readers in 1860"; he has still more in 1960, but he had few before his death. Tolstoy, on the other hand, Balzac and Dickens, enjoyed an enormous popularity. Success proves nothing either for or against a writer. It is desirable, because it gives him an assured independence, on condition that it does not come to him through scandal, the employment of such artificial means as excessive publicity, or vulgarity. The public interest in certain literary prizes does ill service, in the last analysis, to those who receive them. A sudden and exaggerated notoriety leaves them precisely where they were before. They may, indeed, show themselves worthy of their fame, and capable of responding to the hopes reposed in them. If, on the other hand, they drop back into obscurity, then failure is the more painful by reason of the generous promises of success so unexpectedly extended to them.

Power, Glory, and Money are only secondary objects for the writer. No man can be a great writer without having a great philosophy, though it may often remain unexpressed. A great writer has a high respect for *values*. His essential function is to raise life to the dignity of thought, and this he does by giving it a shape. If he refuses to perform this function, he can be a clever juggler and play tricks with words such as his fellow writers may admire, but his books will be of little interest to anybody else. If, on the contrary, he fulfills it, he will be happy in his writing. Borne aloft by the world as reflected in himself, and producing a sounding echo of his times, he helps to shape it by showing to men an image of themselves which is at once true and disciplined.

"There is as much craft in the making of a book as there is in the making of a clock," said La Bruyère. About this one might argue up and down for a long time. Undoubtedly, the making of a book involves the learning of a craft, and one that is mastered by the exercise of writing. Few succeed at the first attempt. Those whose earliest published efforts seem to show real skill are not, as a rule, strictly speaking, beginners. They will be found to have worked long and arduously in the privacy of their study, either writing themselves or absorbing the secrets of the masters. But though authorship is a craft it differs from that of the clockmaker in that the latter assembles pieces ready to his hand in a strictly determined order, whereas the writer, in the very process of putting pen to paper, has to invent not only the constructional plan of his book but the materials which go into it. Of what a nature, therefore, should his training be?

A book is made up of words. The first concern of the writer-to-be is to acquire a vocabulary and to master the rules of grammar. He must have so infallible a knowledge of his native tongue and its syntactical usages that he will never run the risk of employing a word to convey a meaning other than that normally attached to it, or of constructing an unintelligible or defective sentence. I am quite prepared to have it pointed out to me that very great writers have sometimes given a new meaning to an old word, or played tricks with syntax. That is so, but such liberties, though they may win approval when they stand out against the background of a perfect norm, will seem ridiculous when taken by a beginner, for in his case they will merely give the impression of ignorance.

THE first essential, therefore, on which the young writer must concentrate is the acquisition of an accurate vocabulary. Should it be more than usually extensive? No general rule can, I think, be laid down. The beginner's choice depends upon the nature of his subject. Technical phrases, admirably suited to the treating of technical matters, will seem pretentious when applied to narrative. The clear and simple words of common usage are always better than those of erudition. The jargon of the philosophers not seldom conceals an absence of thought.

The best training for the young writer is to be found in a reading of the masters. A close study of them will show him how a masterpiece is made. Familiarity with the methods of the great will provide him with great examples. At first he will read for pleasure, like any young enthusiast with a taste for books. Then, having become familiar with this or that work, he will return to it again and again with the purpose of "taking it to pieces" and seeing just how its effects are obtained.

But is there not danger in following a master too slavishly? What we ask of a young writer is not that he should be a second Balzac, a new Dickens, but himself. The danger is, I think, imaginary. In the first place, should the young writer suddenly and miraculously produce the very novel, dealing with our contemporary society, which Balzac himself would have written had he been alive today, that would be a great and happy event. In fact, if he is truly gifted nothing of the sort is likely to happen. He will have learned from his masters certain tricks of the trade, but he will use them differently. Even if he deliberately sets out to imitate them, a moment will come when, his own genius having taken charge, he will forget all about the imitation, take a good look at his subject, and handle it in his own way. Nobody expects us to write as though no one had ever written before we came upon the scene. In literature everyone is somebody's spiritual child. What matters is that the beginner, by studying other men's styles, should ultimately develop a style of his own.

But what, precisely, is style? It is the hallmark of an individual, which shows clearly in his use of language and in his view of life. Every man has a temperament which is personal to himself. But most men are incapable of impressing their temperaments on what they write. For most, the act of writing is something outside their usual competence. Consequently, they lack that flexibility which would allow them to give free rein to their instincts and their passions. As soon as they get a pen between their fingers, they find that nothing comes but a flood of commonplace clichés. They are used to reading bad prose, and cannot break free from it. Saint-Simon, who was a master of language and wholly indifferent to popular applause since he was writing only for himself, could give full play to his furies and his memories. The supremely right adjective came to him simultaneously with the thought he wished to express, or, rather, a cascade of adjectives which gradually encircled it. Passionately intent on what he was feeling and wanted to record, he did not much worry about the form in which it should be presented. He took the first word that occurred to him, no matter how trivial, with the result that he hit on those astonishing "finds," those powerful images which both surprise and flay. So torrential is the movement of his prose that the incidents flood the page. Circumstances come into his mind even while he is in the act of writing, but the very disorder in which they jostle gives life to his words. The touchy duke shows through the writing. That is what style means.

ALAIN laid it down that in anything worth calling style two conditions must be fulfilled: grace and ease in the movement of the prose, and, in the work itself, its visible trace. Grace and ease can be acquired as a result of that double training to which I have already referred: reading and working. A certain degree of modesty must also be linked with them. He who takes too much obvious trouble to write well falls below the highest level. Flaubert in his letters, where he is being himself without effort, is better than the Flaubert of the novels, in which every sentence has been so frequently worked over that the style loses all natural movement and becomes rugged or clumsy. Let me, once again, quote Alain: "Style, like

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good manners, should never be self-conscious, but must express a free improvisation in a way that laborious application can never achieve." The resistance of the material will do the rest, as can be seen in hand-wrought ironwork or sculptured stone. That is why, as we realize in classical tragedy, style is the outcome of constraint.

IT IS useless to advise a writer who is seeking to express himself to be a Kipling, a Chateubriand, a Flaubert, or, indeed, anyone but himself. But it is not easy to be oneself. Many writers have died without ever finding their true selves, or, at least, without succeeding in imparting their selves to their style. This is sometimes due to lack of culture and of skill in the handling of words, though sometimes, on the contrary, to an excess of culture. They have admired so many styles that they have failed to form one of their own. What advice, then, should be given to the beginner? That he should remain a rough diamond? No, for the rough diamond has no luster. The source of light is doubtless in it, but it remains invisible. My own advice would be to seek out those masters who best suit the young learner, those for whom he feels a natural sympathy and, having found them, to be assiduous in his study of their work.

Nulla dies sine linea. The aspiring author, whether genius or not, should never let a day pass without writing at least a few lines. The habit of writing is a good one, always on condition that one sets down on paper what one *really* wants to say, and does not fall a victim to the allurements of the easy cliché. Journalism can easily become a danger if it is not conducted with passionate sincerity. There is an art of saying nothing which is the very reverse of style. Journalism undertaken in the manner of Paul-Louis Courier or Diderot is, on the contrary, a wonderful training-school of good and succinct writing. Goethe's advice—start with short pieces—is, I think, excellent. The very fact of carrying through a piece of work *to the end* is of great encouragement to the beginner. To embark upon a "saga-novel" at twenty would be doubly foolish. At that age few men have the necessary technical skill or a sufficient first-hand experience of life on which to draw. Writing should never be allowed to become a substitute for living. Style cannot breathe in a void. It should not be forgotten that Dickens was at one time a reporter, Balzac a lawyer's clerk, and Chekhov a country doctor. Art is different from life but cannot exist without it.

"The business of getting going," says Alain, "should be reduced to a minimum," by which he meant that one should never spend months and years in planning how to start on a book. I have known writers, or, rather, men who wanted to be writers, whose whole life has been wasted in deciding to take the first step. "I still lack certain important elements," they say, "before I can begin my novel," or "I am burning to get on with this biography but there are still several essential documents on which I haven't, so far, been able to lay my hand." So, time goes by, and nothing is done. Once the choice of a subject has been made, one must jump into a book as one jumps into water. If one goes on testing the temperature with one's toe one will never learn how to swim.

THE first thing that a certain Scots professor used to say to his students when they handed in their essays was: "Did it never occur to you to tear up the first page?" Without reading it, he could guess that it was bad, because beginnings are the most difficult things to manage successfully. "It is there," said Chekhov, "that we do most of our lying." Before we are properly warmed up, we run the risk of being flat and pedantic. Speaking personally, I am never quite sure how I am going to begin, but, once afloat, instinct takes over the controls. That is why so many of the great masters make an abrupt opening. They fling the reader straight into a dialogue between characters about whom he knows nothing. It is for him to strike out and find his own way. The Scots professor was right. It is an admirable rule to "cut" the first page, which is almost certain to be groping, slow and didactic, as well as wholly unnecessary for the intelligent reader.

AS TO the art of concluding, that depends on the nature of the subject. If the whole purpose of a book has been to argue a thesis, it should end, as Beethoven ended, with a passage of affirmation in which the musical material was resolved. In biography and history it is well to gather all the motifs in the final pages, after the manner, say, of Wagner. In the case of a novel, or any imaginative work, especially if the tone is poetic, my own preference is for ending with a touch of symbolism which shall leave the reader brooding. A fine novel, a well-written story, "proves" nothing. Certain characters have played their parts, life goes on, and the final passage may be allowed to remain with one foot in the air, as is the case with some of Chopin's conclusions. But there is no absolute rule in such matters, and there are epic novelists who like to end on a powerful crescendo, as Ravel does in "Bolero," or Dvorak in the "New World Symphony." Composition has features which are common to all the arts, and the author can learn as much about his business in the concert hall as in the library.

The production of fiction, which has reached vast proportions in all countries, is what attracts and holds the attention of the public. The reputation of a great novelist easily outdistances that of the historian or the essayist, though not, perhaps, that of the dramatist. The Nobel Prize will go to ten novelists for every *one* philosopher. I

"Dad, what about all those quotes from Tolstoy on alternatives to violence?"

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know that the imminent death of the novel as an art-form is constantly being dinned into our ears. Some of these harbingers of woe tell us that its possibilities have been exhausted, that it depended for its popularity on the existence of a bourgeois society, that only such a society provided material for the portrayal of manners, that the individual, whose passions form the stock in trade of fiction, is losing his importance in an increasingly authoritarian and collective world. Others think that a craving for fictional narrative is still alive and kicking but finds its satisfaction in the dramas of the screen (whether cinema or television) and that novels written to be read are already under sentence of death.

BEFORE passing on to consider the technique of novel-writing, I wish to say a few words about this sweeping assumption. No useful purpose could be served by discussing a form of literature which is destined to disappear almost immediately. I will, therefore, say at once that I refuse to believe that there is any danger of its sad demise. Why should the novel depend upon the existence of a bourgeois society—which, by the bye, still lives on even if its health gives cause for anxiety? Collective thought has not yet destroyed individual passions, even in collectivist civilizations. Novels are still being written in the USSR and some of them are good. The demand in Russia for French fiction is very much in evidence. We are told that the Russian sales of "Le Rouge et le Noir" now amount to 7,000,000 copies, and that of a book which is a masterpiece of fiction. As to the dramas of the screen, they, I am convinced, can never take the place of novels in the eyes of ardent and searching readers. There is something scrambled and hustled about a portrayal of dramatic happenings which lasts, at the most, for two hours. The cinema is a far greater threat to the theatre. It may have a specific beauty of its own, but it does not permit that constant re-reading, that meditative brooding, those turnings-back to passages heavily charged with meaning, which form the especial pleasure of the novel-reader.

It is further declared that even if the novel does continue, it stands badly in need of renewal; that the old methods of fiction which, as used by a Balzac or a Proust, have many masterpieces to their credit, have now been squeezed dry; that the younger generation will refuse to a man, as Valéry refused not so long ago, to write such sentences as: "The marquise took a chair, sat down, and said . . ."; that the analysis of feelings—false at the best—must give place

(*Continued on page* 52)

POEMS THAT SING OF MAN

By WALLACE FOWLIE, *who teaches French literature at Bennington College. Mr. Fowlie translated the recent English edition of Saint-John Perse's "Seamarks."*

SUDDENLY, with the recent announcement that Saint-John Perse had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, the work of a relatively obscure poet became a public concern. The work itself had previously been scrutinized and studied only by that small public that is devoted to the cause of poetry and aware of the poetic ambitions of our age, though to a wider public the name of Saint-John Perse was known, as were the few biographical details that have been rehearsed so often in print: the birth of Alexis Léger on a coral island near Guadaloupe in 1887, his education in France, his choice of the diplomatic service in 1914, his sojourn of seven years in China, his high post at the Quai d'Orsay in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, his refusal to work for the Vichy Government, and his arrival in the United States in 1940, where he lived for seventeen years.

With this honor of the Nobel Prize, which in a sense is the world's recognition of Saint-John Perse, the wide international public that follows literary matters will ask, with perfect justice, such questions as: Why this man? Why a poet? Why a French poet so soon after the award to Albert Camus? Why this particular poetic work? Does it bear a relationship to that cause of man which we associate with the Swedish Academy awards?

From his earliest poems, those published under the title "Eloges" in 1910, through "Anabase" of 1924 (translated by T. S. Eliot in 1930), and "Exil," published in French in *Poetry* magazine in 1942, and "Amers" ("Seamarks"), published just before his return to France, to his most recent poem, the "Chronique" of 1959, this poet has continued to describe and analyze the condition of man in our time, the fate of man at this moment in history. His poetry has always had a singular effect in France. Yet no poetic work exists alone. The poetry of Saint-John Perse has affiliations with certain formal rhetorical aspects of Claudel, with poetic theories of Mallarmé, with psychic intuitions of Rimbaud. These affiliations have often been pointed out, although as yet they have not been thoroughly studied. However—and this is the miracle of every major poet—the work of Saint-John Perse is unique and incomparable.

If only one word were allowed for describing the subject matter of this poet, we would have to say it is history. His is a work relating the secular and the spiritual efforts of man to see himself as a part of the natural world, to tame the hostile powers of the world, to worship the endlessly renewed beauty of the world, to conjugate his ambitions and dreams with the changes and the modifications of time.

Saint-John Perse is a great lyric poet in the sense that one of his constant preoccupations is the will to approve of all the past attainments of man, and to magnify the work of man today as the heir of the past, as the only voice that can speak of the past and remember its accomplishments. This became especially clear in his last long work, "Amers," a massive ceremonial poem that revealed an extraordinary sensibility to historic man. The manner of "Amers" was a fuller development of the manner characteristic of the earlier poems. The poem involves all the diverse activities of man and states them in successive gestures. The world of this poetry has the freshness of a new creation. It is total and totally present. Whatever legendary elements remain are actualized in this poetry which is always praise, as the title of the first volume, "Eloges," revealed.

When news of the Nobel Prize reached M. Léger at his home in Southern France, his first statement expressed his satisfaction that it was poetry that was being honored. Indeed, this is perhaps the primary meaning of this literary event. The award represents an act of confidence in the belief that a single great line of poetry has the power to arouse awareness of the deepest problems of man, of the most difficult and persistent of his problems.

Such a historical event as the Nobel Prize announcement indicates the need and the duty to reassess the function of poetry, to increase our understanding of the very notion of poetry. A great art, whatever it may be, is one that

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—*French Embassy Press & Info. Div.*

Nobel Prize-winner Saint-John Perse (right) with Andre Malraux, French Minister of Cultural Affairs, from whom he received the "Grand Prix National des Lettres" in 1959.

comes from a precise moment in history, that reflects it and testifies to it, and that at the same time surpasses its historical moment. The virtue of transcendence has to inhabit every major work of art. The actual poetic work of Saint-John Perse is quite limited in its proportions, but it stands, in its modest totality, as a work that contains the full mystery of poetic form and utterance. It testifies to the mystery of poetic rhythm: the sheer weight and force of words, their resonance and their meaning. It is music, beyond a doubt, and it is more than music. It is an effort to rediscover the lost language of man.

Poetry today is jealous and watchful of its secret. But this experience of jealousy and watchfulness is not new in the history of poetry, as has sometimes been claimed. It is the ritual secrecy associated with early Orphic poetry. It is comparable to the youthful ambitions and pride of the French Renaissance poets, and to the esoteric theories of the symbolists. The poets today, as heirs of the oldest of poetic traditions, are fervently aware of the intangibility of their art, of the constant need to use disguises in the composing of their poems.

Why is this? Poetry has always been a protest. It has never been, in its great instances, a mere inoffensive diversion or entertainment. Poetry is that language which resists the conventions of language. It has to be a language out of harmony with social language. The poetic act is a testimonial to the insufficiency, first, of the poet himself, and then of all mankind. Poetry is always the compensation for some kind of distress. Saint-John Perse knows, as all his ancestors among the French poets knew, that man is made to live at peace with nature, that the first function of man is to establish a peaceful relationship between himself and the entire universe. The poetic act testifies both to the immediacy of this belief and to its imperfect, sometimes tragically imperfect, realization.

And this is why, despite varying poetic theories and emphases throughout the centuries, poetry has always been a token for the future, a pledge and a sign for the future of man. Such a pledge is as audible in the poetry of the German Goethe, of the American Whitman, of the French Rimbaud, as it is in the work of this year's Nobel poet. The Swedish committee chose this year to honor an art that is expansive and truculent and princely because it sings of the fulness and the jubilation of existence.

THE case of Saint-John Perse is one of the most exemplary in literature. It is well known that his early diplomatic career, had he pursued it, would have led him to one of the highest positions in the French Government. But he chose the secret destiny of the poet. And even in this vocation, he has always refused to be the professional man of letters. On receiving during this past year an important French prize, *le Grand Prix National des Lettres,* Saint-John Perse refused to answer the questions of reporters or to grant interviews. The chronicle of his real life is in his work. It is a personal work, in the deepest sense, and yet it has no trace of the confession. He is both seer and visionary, both the man who has seen what the world is and the man who sees what the world may become. If this poet could be read by the world, he would be recognized as the most useful of all men.

This is the despairing fact which the Nobel award calls attention to, without solving. The poet is invulnerable. The idea is on every page of "Amers" and in every stanza of the new "Chronique." He is the man who reconstitutes himself after every blow, after every assault. Out of his private destiny he is constantly formulating a protest. Poetry is the revelation of this man perpetually rehabilitated from the shocks and the clashes of his destiny.

In the same way, poetic theory is constantly being broken down, metamorphosed, and annulled. For each poem, the theory demands reconstruction. In "Anabase," in "Vents," in "Amers," the poet sought to express the wholeness of man, the integral forces of his life and his memory. Even more than that, he sought to project man ahead into the uncharted and the new, into a future that was impatient to live. It is not sufficient in the case of Saint-John Perse to say that rhythm and image constitute the essence of poetry. This definition applies, however, provided it is supported by the axiom that poetry is a creative impulse, a manifestation of human energy.

The many elements that compose a poem are not decomposable. This commonplace is admirably illustrated in the strong *verset* of Saint-John Perse where the form is one with the idea. There is no distance between the subject matter of the line and what it says, no distance between the periphery and the center, between the technique and the spirit. The miracle of poetry lies in this unique relationship, this fusion of art and its subject matter.

There is a dramatic movement everywhere in these poems where man, in his historical and natural environment, is playing the role of his existence. This sense of drama and the high nobility of the poet's language provoke from time to time a comparison with Racine. And yet the differences between the poetry of Racine and that of Saint-John Perse help to define the art of the twentieth-century poet.

In the tragedies of Racine, the universe is summarized and ennobled in the human figure. There is no sense of the world around the figure, and no sense of his past and his future. The human figure, the protagonist, is in the epic poems of Saint-John Perse: the conqueror in "Anabasis," the exiled poet in "Exil," the lover in "Seamarks." Whereas the Racinian protagonist has in his poetic utterances the elevation and the simplicity of his solitude in the world, the protagonist of the twentieth-century poems has the elevation and the nobility in his speech which are comparable to Racine's, and he has also the denseness and the richness of his memories of time and the natural world. The actors of Greek drama, the conquerors of the Renaissance, modern man in exile because of his wars, are the poet's protagonist portrayed in his dramatic intercourse with the world: with the deserts and seaports and oceans, with the erosions of time, with the abiding hope in the future.

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The Average Sinner

By Granville Hicks

LAST week, in reviewing "Short Stories from the New Yorker, 1950-1960," I quoted the editors: "Narrative writers of the present generation have so often drawn upon the material of their own past that there is no longer a hard and fast line between fiction and autobiography." Vance Bourjaily's **"Confessions of a Spent Youth"** (Dial, $4.95) is a case in point. It is not autobiography, if only because the hero-narrator is named U. S. D. Quincy, but I think the reader is supposed to believe, and I do believe, that Bourjaily is drawing quite explicitly, if not always quite literally, on material from his own past.

The problem is complicated by the fact that Bourjaily used some of the same material in his first novel, "The End of My Life." In that book Skinner Galt, like Quince in this, joins an ambulance unit at the beginning of World War II and serves in the Near East and in Italy. Despite this, however, the books are quite different. The earlier novel is not so much a record of experience as it is an expression of an attitude towards life that grew out of that experience. Bourjaily felt at the time he wrote it (1947) that the war had destroyed a generation that had grown up without illusions and without values, and he told a story that was true to what he felt. In "Confessions" judgment is suspended; the reader is shown what happened to Quince and allowed to draw his own conclusions.

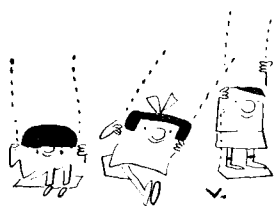
This does not mean that the book is a lump of unprocessed raw material. On the contrary, each episode has been closely scrutinized and re-created in the imagination. What Bourjaily has done is to take a careful look at a life that is, to put the case discreetly, a good deal like his own, and to show the reader exactly what he sees.

The novel describes Quince's life from his seventeenth to his twenty-fourth year, that is, from 1939 to 1946, the period in which he felt the war hanging over him, was taking part in it, was trying to recover from it. But, although the war dominates the book, less is made of it than is made of Quince's sexual adventures. This is deliberate. Quince writes in his preamble:

> When I think of the lives of my friends, of other lives I'm told about, of yet others the hard beginnings or grim ends of which I read of in the newspapers, and of my own life, too, I am inclined to say in all gravity that sex should have more, not less, attention in our literature. The best comedies in the lives of any century are sexual, but in our twentieth, in America, something further seems to me to be true: that many of our serious triumphs and failures, and almost all the personal tragedies I know, are sexual as well.

It is thus natural for Quince's story to begin with his initiation in a small Virginia town and to continue with a youthful romance. After that there is a more complicated and more serious affair, which ends when he sets off for the Near East. (This has some relation to Skinner's love affair in "The End of My Life.") After the war there is an infatuation from which Quince barely makes his escape. A separate chapter is reserved for experiences with prostitutes, beginning, during Quince's college days, with a taciturn and business-like New Englander. During the war, he records, there were "twelve whores, in seven countries, on four continents," and the women were as varied as the places in which he encountered them. The record further includes gonorrhea in Italy and a stay in a desolate, overcrowded hospital for the treatment of veneral disease. Also on the record is eighteen months of celibacy.

By writing about Quince's sexual experiences so fully and frankly and without any smirking or posturing, Bourjaily makes his point: these are essential data. On the other hand, there is much besides sex. There are Quincy's friendships: with the pathetic Cowboy Harris back in Virginia, with college classmates, and especially with members of the ambulance unit—Eddie, Hal, Ap, George, Christ Jennings. Bourjaily makes room for many aspects of Quince's life, for his experiments with marijuana, for his visit to relatives in Syria, for a quiet interlude in Tripoli. Early in the book there is a Madison Avenue smoker, complete with pornographic movies, and near the end a jazz band riots in a tavern up the Hudson. No one can complain that there is a shortage of incidents or a lack of variety.



The war is only briefly in the foreground. After seeing little action in the Near East and Africa, Quince sees a great deal in Italy, and what he sees and what he feels are effectively described. This experience convinces him that he must be more directly involved, and, instead of re-enlisting in the ambulance corps, he joins the infantry. Ironically, his decision removes him from action, for he is hung up in Hawaii until Japan has surrendered. But if Quince is exposed to the dangers of war only a short time, war is the dominant fact in his life from beginning to end of the book.

If Quince had written a novel immediately after the war, he might well have called it "The End of My Life," for the Quince of 1946 has no hope for the future. But Quince has gone on living, and, as he looks back, the wartime years are not altogether black. His chronicle is sometimes funny, sometimes idyllic, quite often high-spirited. He makes no claim that his life was tragic. "Old reader," he inquires, "was I one of the great sinners and sufferers in my youth? In my own judgment, I was not. I was only average." He would like to consider his story, "not as a record of unusual and exotic events, but as a specimen account of how a contemporary youth was spent—not misspent nor well-spent, merely spent."

This is not the note that Bourjaily struck in his first two novels: "The End of My Life" recorded the defeat of a generation, and "The Hound of Earth" indicted the madness of postwar America. On the other hand, "The Violated" (see *SR*, Aug. 23, 1958) is not so much a criticism of a particular culture as it is an exploration of the human condition. "Confessions" moves further in that direction. Although Quince sees plenty of evil in his wartime life, he sees good as well, and he has come to value experience for its own sake.

"You see," says Quince at the outset, "I am sure of this, that truth has value, even if I am not altogether sure just what value and why." He speaks for his creator. Bourjaily will not be diverted from his search for the truth by theories, popular or unpopular, nor will he accept the restriction of conventional ideas about form. He has found his own form, in order to make the story true to his experience, and he has created his own style, which is simple, flexible, vigorous. He has written a singularly honest, intelligent book about our difficult times.

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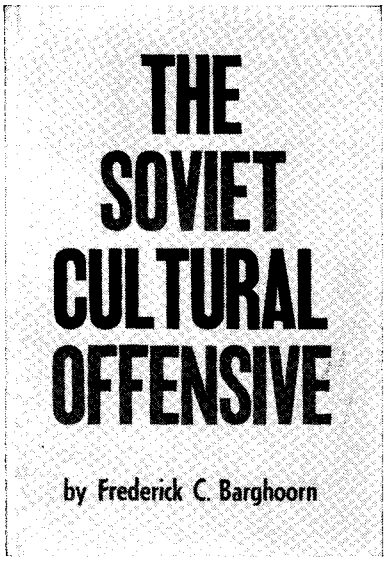
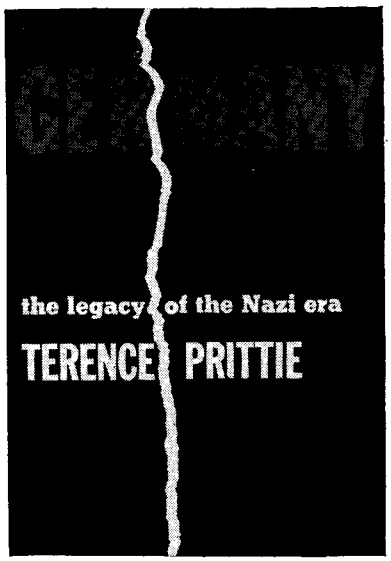
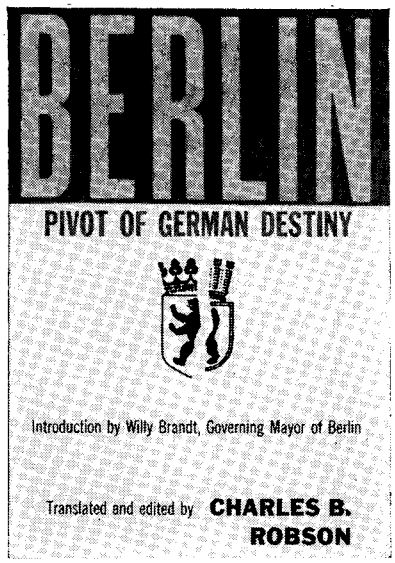
Books in the News






BERLIN
PIVOT OF GERMAN DESTINY
Introduction by Willy Brandt, Governing Mayor of Berlin
Translated and edited by CHARLES B. ROBSON

Warfare with Folkways

By Harrison E. Salisbury, *former Moscow correspondent of The New York Times, and author of "To Moscow—And Beyond."*

DURING his recent trip to New York, Premier Khrushchev was speaking to a Greek diplomat who mentioned some of the glories of Greek civilization.

"We value your culture," said Mr. Khrushchev. "You know Greek culture conquered Russia. That is the kind of conquest we welcome."

Whether contemporary Soviet society would "welcome" being conquered by an alien culture is another question. And it could easily be argued that Mr. Khrushchev grossly overstated the victory of ancient Greek culture in Russia.

But Mr. Khrushchev's conversation pointed up certain aspects of what Professor Frederick Barghoorn likes to call the "cultural offensive" in his book **"The Soviet Cultural Offensive"** (Princeton, $7.50). This offensive is now in progress by the Soviet Union—as is its counterpart, the "cultural offensive" or "counter-offensive" which has been undertaken by the United States.

There seems to be an impression on both sides of the badly riddled "iron curtain" that there is something new or unusual about the employment of national culture as an ally of national purpose. But, as Mr. Khrushchev's chance remark emphasized, the culture of nations for thousands of years has been both an active and a passive instrument of international policy.

Greek culture may not have actually conquered Russia. But as disseminated by the Greek Orthodox church and, to a lesser extent, by Greek traders and middle men influenced by Greece, it laid upon the Slav people at least a patina of tradition, custom, and mores which persists to this day. Any serious student of Russian history and Russian institutions quickly observes the contrast which has been produced—and which continues under Soviet society—by the dominance of Greek culture rather than that of Rome or of renaissance western Europe.

Long before the State Department organized its bureaucracy into an East-West Contacts Staff for the purpose of waging a cultural counter-offensive within Soviet borders the sharp cutting edge of American culture had carved its mark across the Russian steppes. This penetration occurred long before the enterprising promoters of "Porgy and Bess" managed to override the ramparts of the State Department and, for the first time, carry the contemporary concept of "cultural warfare" behind the enemy lines.

The initial American banner-bearers in the cultural penetration of the Soviet Union were not diplomats nor jazz musicians nor even organizers of reading rooms and photo-montage displays. They were rugged capitalist entrepreneurs like Henry Ford, Hugh Cooper, Thomas Campbell, the International Harvester Co., and David Wark Griffith.

These men, and their like, were the creators of an American culture which was superior to any the world had seen up to that time. It was an industrial and technological culture. And it penetrated Russia as it penetrated almost every corner of the earth without a nickel of appropriations from the federal treasury and without a single governmental specialist to contrive directives or program a series of consultations of interested agencies in an effort to arrive at agreed decisions.

And, although Professor Barghoorn barely touches on the fact, it is the deeply etched image of American efficiency, American know-how, American industrial skill, the production-line technique, the mass production concept which, even today, in the Soviet Union maintains what Madison Avenue would describe as a favorable image of America in the minds of Russian men and women despite years of energetic anti-American propaganda.

Professor Barghoorn's work provides a useful compendium of the minutiae of cultural competition between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. For anyone interested in knowing how many singers and ballet dancers Russia sent to Austria in 1957 the work provides a ready answer. It covers in intricate detail the minor coups and counter-coups of the U.S. and Soviet cultural bureaucracies. Much of his information has

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been culled from the press—Soviet, American, English, and that of some of the other European and Asian countries. The material would be vastly improved had it received more than a cursory editing. This would have eliminated many minor but irritating errors.

The work is also marred by what would seem to be an excessive partisanship in favor of American cultural operations and a tendency to view every counter-move by the Soviet in the darkest and most ominous colors.

Mr. Barghoorn describes Soviet Cultural Diplomacy as "the complex amalgam of propaganda, deception, and sometimes mutually profitable transactions". Nonetheless, Mr. Barghoorn concludes, "the free world need not fear the cultural contest." And, in any event, as he notes it "in an increasingly interdependent world it cannot be dodged."

Adenauer's Fourth Reich

By William Henry Chamberlin, *editorial correspondent of The Wall Street Journal, whose latest book is "The Evolution of a Conservative."*

THE POLITICAL and economic rise of the German Federal Republic from the moral and material rubble and debris and wreckage of the fallen Nazi regime is one of the most important and heartening developments of postwar Europe. Once the vindictive follies of the Morgenthau Plan and certain excesses and errors of early occupation policy were abandoned, American foreign policy in Germany achieved one of its biggest and most incontestable successes.

In the place of the wrecked, hungry Germany of the postwar years, kept alive only by substantial infusions of American aid, there is now one of the most prosperous countries of Europe, completely self-sufficient and able to contribute by its own successes to the recovery and stabilization of Europe outside the Iron Curtain. It seemed only too probable after the end of the war that another creed of violence, communism, would take over from Nazism or that, at the least, the Germans would lapse into sullen apathy.

Nothing of the kind happened. Germany, under the wise if paternalistic guidance of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, has been firmly integrated with the West, politically, economically, culturally. The Federal Republic is one of the most loyal and efficient members of NATO. The persistent fierceness of Soviet attacks on the Federal Republic is the best testimony to its vigorous anti-communism and to Adenauer's devotion to the Western alliance.

The story of Adenauer's Fourth Reich, which has evolved from the nightmares of Hitler into the middle-class virtues and achievements of a Switzerland or Holland on a much bigger scale, has not yet been adequately told. Mr. Terence Prittie, who has seen Germany as a student, a war prisoner, and as correspondent for the universally respected British *Guardian* (still better known under its old name, *The Manchester Guardian*) has very good credentials as an interpreter of Germany. In **"Germany Divided: The Legacy of the Nazi Era"** (Atlantic-Little-Brown, $6), he has written a generally excellent book. But, for reasons which will be indicated later, it falls short of its best possibilites.

Probably the best chapter in the book, certainly the most sustained and coherent, is devoted to the personality and career of Chancellor Adenauer, for whom greatness began at seventy. As the author says, "for seventy years Adenauer's story was one of decent mediocrity." He was best known for successful city planning as Mayor of his native city, Cologne. Under the Nazis he lived in political retirement and in fear of his life.

His hour came with the revival of political life in Germany after the fall of Hitler. As the author shows, there was an element of accident in Adenauer's assumption of the chairmanship of the newly organized Christian Democratic Union (CDU), the party which he was to lead to victory over the opposition Social Democrats in three successive elections. And after the first of these elections he was chosen Chancellor by one vote in the *Bundestag*. That vote was his own.

But there was no accident about the steady development of his power and prestige, at home, and abroad. A man of temperate habits, who drinks little, smokes not at all (according to Mr. Prittie the length of his Cabinet meetings is determined by the time it requires for him to consume a bar of chocolate), he possesses remarkable physical endurance and mental resilience. With his eighty-fifth birthday just around the corner, he can stand erect bareheaded in a burning sun during commencement exercises at an American university or come out of a grueling session of the *Bundestag* far less exhausted than much younger men.

The very reverse of a rabble rouser, a cool, aloof man except in the circle of his family, he acquired and held leadership because his policies were clear and unwavering, and because they were repeatedly vindicated by results. He won back full German sovereignty and esteem for Germany far faster than anyone would have anticipated after the end of the war. The author says of his style as a speaker:

> Famous orators usually have a fire and fervor in their persons or their words. Adenauer has none. But he speaks to the point, sticks to the point, and never wastes a word. His speeches have a Roman clarity of diction, a Roman economy of emotion, an utterly Roman logic and precision.

Mr. Prittie also discusses such subjects as the economic comeback of the Ruhr, headed by the great historic firm of Krupp, remarks that "it is hard for workers who are successful to remain militant Marxists"—an observation which applies to other European countries besides Germany. He discusses, usually in a rather discursive, anecdotal way, the amazing contribution which millions of originally destitute refugees from the lost eastern provinces of Germany and the Sudetenland have made to the German "economic miracle," the drab living conditions and political terror in the Soviet Zone, and various aspects of German foreign and domestic policy.

He is convinced that the Oder-Neisse frontier is final; and of course at the present time the problem seems to be maintaining the freedom of West Berlin, rather than unifying the sundered parts of Germany or redrawing the frontier in the East which was drawn at the end of the war.

But there are two shortcomings in this book. The organization could be much improved. The author carries over into the book a method of reporting briefly on incidents which is much better suited to journalism. Thus, there is a lack of sustained analysis.

Moreover, the author, deeply and naturally affected by the cruelties of the Nazis, brushes off too brusquely and impatiently some legitimate German grievances, uses up too much space in polemics with unreconstructed German nationalists, and devotes a disproportionate amount of space to incidents that indicate neo-Nazi trends among some Germans. The result is that one does not see the forest for the trees. The discovery of an occa-

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sional "war criminal" or an act of anti-Semitic hoodlumism, however deplorable, does not weigh heavily in the balance against the steady consolidation, over fifteen years, of a workable two-party parliamentary system, and the complete absence, under Adenauer, of the armed political organizations and riots that foreshadowed the dark period of the Nazi dictatorship.

There is an admirable introduction by former British High Commissioner Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick; one hopes it will have some effect on those of his countrymen who don't seem able to make up their minds whether Adenauer's Germany of free institutions, committed to the historic ideals of Western Christian civilization, or the truculent militarized Soviet dictatorship is the enemy that threatens the West today.

The symposium of articles by West Berlin officials and educators, edited and translated by Charles B. Robson, lacks the color and variety of Mr. Prittie's reporting. But **"Berlin: Pivot of German Destiny"** (North Carolina Press, $5), is a very useful sourcebook about the origin and development of this embattled outpost of freedom, surrounded by the enslaved Soviet Zone. The circumstances of the Berlin blockade are recalled; the special economic problems of West Berlin and the nature of the help which it needs and receives from the Federal Government are analyzed; the case for the maintenance of a free West Berlin, strong in law and still stronger in morals, is effectively presented. One of the more striking citations in the book is the historic message of General Lucius Clay, American commandant in Berlin, on the eve of the imposition of the Soviet blockade in 1948:

"We have lost Czechoslovakia. Norway is threatened. We retreat from Berlin. When Berlin falls Western Germany will be next. If we mean . . . to hold Europe against communism we must not budge. We can take humiliation and pressure short of war in Berlin without losing face. If we withdraw, our position in Europe is threatened. If America does not understand this now, does not know that the issue is cast, then it never will and communism will run rampant. I believe that the future of democracy requires us to stay."

With another arrogant, boastful, truculent Soviet dictator threatening the freedom of West Berlin, it is to be hoped that the spirit of General Clay will animate the decisions of the United States Government. Mr. Robson calls the Berlin air-lift "the only clear-cut triumph of the West over the Kremlin in the entire course of the cold war."

FICTION

Return to the Simple Life

"Green Henry," by Gottfried Keller; *translated by A. M. Holt (Grove. 706 pp. $6.50), presents a nineteenth-century portrait of the young artist seeking self-realization. Victor Lange is professor of German literature at Princeton University.*

By Victor Lange

TO NOTE the first publication in English of Gottfried Keller's "Green Henry" is like introducing French readers to "David Copperfield." German critics have long regarded this enchanting narrative as one of their most important and accomplished novels; indeed, it would be no exaggeration to call it the most attractive German contribution to nineteenth-century fiction. Few German novelists rank among the distinguished European masters; for whatever we take as the modern scope of the novel, whether it be to convey an awareness of the increasing isolation of the individual from the aspirations of the sustaining community, or whether we think more of the enormous extension in perception and formal devices which the great French, Russian, and English novelists have achieved in the past hundred years, the German contribution to this evolution seems curiously peripheral. In the more confined forms of the short story the Germans have undoubtedly produced uniquely impressive writers: Kleist, Hoffmann, and their romantic contemporaries have developed that symbolic blend of lyricism, satire, and philosophical imagination which has come to perfection in Mann and Kafka. But even this specifically German tradition operates all too often in a strangely provincial world that is far removed from the cosmopolitan subtleties of James or Maupassant or Turgeniev. If the tenor of so much nineteenth century German literature strikes us as provincial, it is possibly so because the fascination of a detached and non-political life tended, until late in the century, to absolve many of the best German writers from any analytical responsibility toward the individual or the political community.

It is no coincidence that two of the most admirable novelists writing in German during the Fifties and Sixties are Austrian and Swiss. Both Stifter, whose "Nachsommer" is as yet unavailable in English, and Gottfried

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PRIVATE EYES AND PUBLIC COPS

There are two kinds of fictional police: those who collaborate with, or even depend utterly upon, superior private detectives (or reasonable facsimiles of same), and those who look forward to the day when they can slap every peeper in the world in jail on a watertight murder charge. Both kinds of regulation policemen are assorted in Column One. Kindly affiliate them with the proper shamuses in Column Two. Bail furnished on page 50. Identification of authors is not mandatory, but these are given with the answers.

1. Superintendent Bell	( ) C. Auguste Dupin
2. Inspector Fergus Cramer	( ) Reginald Fortune
3. Prefect of Police G----	( ) Sherlock Holmes
4. Sergeant Ernest Heath	( ) Perry Mason
5. Inspector Lestrade	( ) Dr. Priestley
6. Superintendent Miller	( ) Dr. John Thorndyke
7. Chief Inspector Charles Parker	( ) Ludovic Travers
8. Lieutenant Tragg	( ) Philo Vance
9. Inspector James Waghorn	( ) Lord Peter Wimsey
10. Superintendent George Wharton	( ) Nero Wolfe

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Keller, the most indigenous and characteristic of Swiss poets, project their vision of the contemporary scene from the firm vantage point of a parochial culture which offered a larger measure of individual and collective self-assurance than existed in Germany itself.

TO REPRESENT an awareness of the paralyzing discrepancy between inherited communal values and the modern mobility of the analytical mind is, of course, the specific purpose of the German "educational" novel which Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" had brought to its most articulate form and which continued to be effective throughout the nineteenth century. In Keller's "Green Henry" this traditional pattern becomes superbly convincing; it is used with a freshness of imagination and a sure sense of human values that give the book an altogether modern appeal. The story is simple enough: young Henry, whose green coat gives him his nickname, grows up in a small Swiss community and decides to become a painter. In Germany, where he begins his formal studies, he encounters attitudes toward life and art that involve him in passion and deceit and threaten to destroy his faith in himself. He grows conscious of his own limitations as an artist and returns empty-handed to his native town where after some time he resolves to take his modest place in the life of the community.

This plain and largely autobiographical account is elaborated with an abundance of significant detail and filled with extraordinarily vivid figures and incidents. As Henry turns away from the security of his native village to the adventures of the spirit, and learns to understand the inescapable conflict between vision and reality, he is made to face the consequences of that disillusionment which is the productive element of all modern fiction. In an earlier and still more introspective version of the novel, Keller concluded (in 1854) that Henry's groping for self-realization could not sensibly be brought to a satisfactory consummation: the young man was not to survive his own romantic failures. But the novel which we now have before us (the edition of 1879) is a work of more definite perspectives: Henry Lee, though a contemporary of Flaubert's Frederic Moreau, transcends the despair and futility of the "Sentimental Education" in an eventual affirmation of his responsibilities toward a society which, however confined, has the coherence of purpose and tradition. In his vision of culture Keller is clearly closer to Tolstoy than to Dostoevsky; he illuminates the resources of strength and determination rather than the horrors of vacuity and the tragedy of private impotence and public deceit. If Flaubert could suggest that it might be the task of the nineteenth century to destroy the human being and, at any rate, to proclaim the anti-hero in fiction, it was Keller's wish to maintain the image of the creative individual even in the shadow of a social philosophy which his own experiences in Germany had persuaded him was corroding and destructive. In a chapter entitled "Work and Contemplation" this faith in the efficacy of the heart is stated without sentimentality or false pathos; he affirms "the self-surrendering love towards all that has come into being and exists, which respects the right and the significance of every single thing, and is sensible of the coherence and the profundity of the world."

This generous attitude gives Keller his absolute artistic poise: his detachment as narrator is deliberate but never inhuman; he knows that "the calm, passive spectator cannot look on without some effort and trouble on his part, just as the spectator of a holiday procession has enough trouble in getting and keeping a good place. This effort lies in the maintaining of the freedom and integrity of our eyes."

The book's instantly captivating quality is the charm with which a quietly sequential life of curiosity and perception is narrated in the pellucid recollection of the mature poet. Keller's eye for the colorful scene and his skill in endowing the concrete particular with something like archetypal significance make him an artist of rare integrity. Neither the text-book classification of Keller as a realist nor the description of his book as an "educational novel" does justice to a remarkably modern achievement of symbolic story-telling. Mrs. Holt's translation, which is a superb accomplishment of immense dedication and rare sensitivity, will assure this impressive work its conspicuous place among masterpieces. Through it our understanding of the nineteenth century, incomparably alive in its social concerns as well as its artistic genius, will be profoundly enlarged.

Fantasy Without Whimsy

"The Go-Away Bird and Other Stories," by Muriel Spark *(Lippincott. 214 pp. $3.75), conjures characters who move in a fantastic, suspenseful, yet moral world. English novelist and journalist Sybille Bedford wrote "The Legacy."*

By Sybille Bedford

VERY good writing is often dull to read. Not so, the fates be praised, Muriel Spark's. She happens to be, by some rare concatenation of grace and talent, an artist, a serious—and a most accomplished—writer, a moralist engaged with the human predicament, wildly entertaining, and a joy to read. She also has a specialty, a trade-mark.

"I must explain," says a character in one of the stories, "that I departed this life nearly five years ago." The character speaks casually if firmly. Readers of those wonderfully brilliant and original novels, "The Comforters," and "Memento Mori," have already experienced the always fresh shock of Muriel Spark's cool use of what to outsiders appears to be the supernatural. It is entirely deadpan—"No comment." (And, one must hasten to say, without a trace of whimsy.) The telephone speaks, the typewriter taps without the benefit of human voice or hand; like the Catholic Church, of which she is a member, Miss Spark never explains and never apologizes. She simply and quite literally has added, whenever convenient, the fourth dimension to otherwise sober and realistically tethered fiction.

Such employment of the *au delà* as a prop to plot was of course not at all unknown to the Victorians, but it is unusual in contemporary literature. Muriel Spark's way with it is her own; her result is a quickening of curiosity and suspense, the creation of high-jinks, zest, and fun, without—felicitous achievement—impairing either the intrinsic sadness of her unusual themes or the psychological plausibility of her stories.

Perhaps the most dazzlingly told of these is "The Portobello Road," the second longest story in the present volume. It opens with this lovely line, "One day in my young youth at high summer . . ." and for sheer virtuosity of presentment I cannot remember ever having read its equal. What managing of the operative fact! The unsuspecting reader can hardly fail to sit up with delighted shock and admiration at a certain point, which I shall be careful not to give away by one more word. Another favorite is "The Black Madonna" a story about a childless couple

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installed in one of those new English "New Towns laid out in arcs and isosceles triangles" applying somewhat half-heartedly for a miracle; here we have an exhilarating blend of social exposition (wickedly observed and faultlessly delivered), poetic irony, and the trade-mark.

"The Go-Away Bird," the title story, novella length, is A Life, the swift sad ruthless tale of the happy youth and fate of a girl, an English girl raised in an African colony on literary dreams of England, and soon tripped up by several sets of inevitabilities. This Candide who is also a rather irritating schoolgirl stoic—"Oh I see," is her unvaried response to disillusion and disaster—grows up amongst white planters and native chiefs, sleepwalking in the eye of the storm of an old feud, is delayed by the war, sails at last for England, is betrayed at every turn, goes back to the colony, and is met by a long-laid fate.

The eight shorter stories of this volume are unequal, and what collection of short stories is not? But some are fantastic and some are bold and some are very funny, and nearly every one of them drives home its own nail. Perhaps the most enduring is "The Twins," a blood-chilling puzzler, a kind of domestic "Turn of the Screw," built with incredible concision on seemingly innocuous lines. I have, I hope, conveyed something of the author's remarkable literary skill, but have I said anything about the quality of the dialogue? Have I mentioned the wit, the conjuring of character, the insight? Have I begun to say how well she writes? The fact is that Miss Spark has got about everything.

Mexico's Melting Pot

"Where the Air Is Clear," by Carlos Fuentes; *translated by Sam Hileman (Obolensky. 376 pp. $4.95), depicts life among all classes of people in Mexico City. José Vázquez Amaral is professor of romance languages at Rutgers University.*

By Jose Vazquez Amaral

THE VAST human hodgepodge that is Mexico City today defies portrayal in any manner save the merely descriptive. Mariano Azuela and Agustín Yáñez have attempted partial sketches with indifferent success. Carlos Fuentes's "Where the Air Is Clear" is the first full-scale drawing of the most ancient and baffling city in North America.

No other Mexican novel has been hailed with greater fanfare in the literary supplements of the Mexican capital. It must be understood that this hullabaloo was not all promotional. Unfortunately, serious reviewers were unwilling or incapable of rendering an informed judgment. Carlos Fuentes has thus become the most photographed and interviewed writer of novels in Mexican literary history. If we were to judge this novel on the basis of popular acclaim, it would easily merit the crown as the finest to come from a Mexican hand. But now the uproar has subsided even in Mexico and "Where the Air is Clear" makes its bow before the English-speaking world. Now we must tell all we know about the work.

Octavio Paz, the distinguished poet and essayist, has with great perspicacity said of the novel: "It is an ambitious work in the worst possible sense." Octavio Paz, more than anyone else in Mexico, knows whereof he speaks. Let us explain.

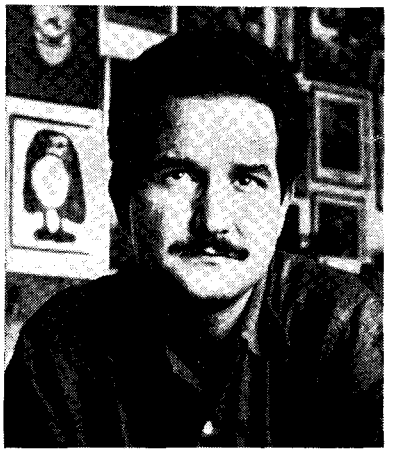
"Where the Air Is Clear" is a *roman à clef* in two ways. First, it is a novel in which the actual persons and places appear under fictitious names. The Manuel Zamacona of the novel, for example, is the poet Octavio Paz. Second, the most valuable part of the novel, that in which the author tries to define the Mexican as a sort of mythological beast or absurd living fossil of the Dawn Man, is a direct appropriation from Paz's "Labyrinth of Solitude." Herein lies Carlos Fuentes's most ambitious failure. Ixca Cienfuegos, the main protagonist of "Where the Air Is Clear," is the creature—legitimate child of Carlos Fuentes—chosen to incarnate the philosophy of Paz concerning a Mexican archetype. But Cienfuegos lacks the reality which only a true novelist can breathe into his characters. He is a dead symbol, a stand-in for the Mexican *homo fictus* no one has yet been able to create.

Technically, the English-speaking reader will note that Carlos Fuentes has many influences that he can immediately identify—most evident are John Dos Passos's "U. S. A.," James Joyce's "Ulysses," and the main characters and plot from Michael Valbeck's "Headlong From Heaven." The Hispanic influences are those of Pío Baroja and Camilo José Cela in the trilogy "The Struggle for Life" and "The Beehive." Judging from the author's insistence on the simple little tricks of the serialized stories of the *feuilleton* of the last century in his latest novel, "The Good Souls," this form is also a permanent influence and inclination.

It is understandable that the translator should have had his hands full with this novel. Carlos Fuentes runs the entire gamut of the rich, the poor, the middle class, the intellectual, the lowbrow, etc., in Mexico City, and presents each one of these groups with its own linguistic habits and peculiarities. Nevertheless, it must be said that we have seldom seen a "freer" translation than this. It is not fair to quarrel with the translator's difficulties with slang. But it is hard to justify inaccurate interpretations of standard Spanish.

"Where the Air Is Clear" is an ambitious pastiche. It contains a few good short stories rendered into an English that reminds us of William Burroughs's "Naked Lunch" in caricature. And yet, with all its shortcomings, the novel is still a courageous attempt to bring hermetic Mexico City into the domestic realm of literature.

Muriel Spark—"cool use of . . . the supernatural." (see review on page 28.)



Carlos Fuentes — most photographed and interviewed Mexican novelist.

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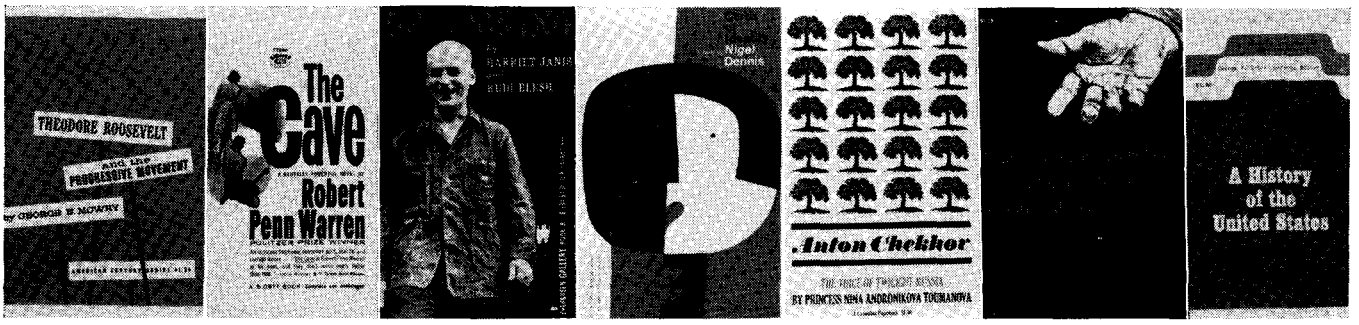

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY, the Nestor of the book world, recently included some vigorous criticism of paperback publishing by Robert Klonsky, a Los Angeles bookseller. Mr. Klonsky maintained, "Publishers are going hog-wild. They are flooding the market with paperbacks. Not all of these deserve to or will sell. . . . As a corollary to this, there is too much duplication." When we checked among a few titles we found that "Crime and Punishment" is available in five different editions, and "Pride and Prejudice" and "Wuthering Heights" each in six. (The sniff of "public domain" is in the air.) Yet we can't find a trace of "Mansfield Park" and there are Janeites who find this superior to either "P and P" or "Emma." We personally are partial to "Persuasion"; and there are two editions of that last happy volume available.

IN AND OUT: Volume Two of *The Noble Savage,* the Meridian periodical edited by Saul Bellow, Keith Botsford, and Jack Ludwig, has now appeared, with articles and stories by such luminaries as D. H. Lawrence, Nelson Algren, Jules Feiffer, and Mr. Botsford himself. . . . From New Directions comes the first novel of Lawrence Ferlinghetti ("fried shoes"), whose poetry collection, "A Coney Island of the Mind," is now in its seventh edition. The novel, way out, is called "Her," and the author explains that it is a "composite image of eternal woman and Beat Madonna" . . . Speaking of the ridiculous, or something really a good deal worse, let's mention and get over with Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes's wash-dirty-linen-in-public (or don't be afraid to speak ill of the dead) story of her life with Errol Flynn. A writer, Cy Rice, collaborated with the widow Flynn to concoct the nastiest, sleaziest, and least believable book of the month —any month. . . . The new Cornerstone Library turns its back on the solemn aspects of literature and will concentrate on fun and games. Their line will feature paperbacks on hobbies like coin and stamp collecting, chess, golf, poker, and one on painting as a hobby, written by the most famous of all Sunday painters, Sir Winston Churchill. And speaking of poker, "Chance, Skill, and Luck," by John Cohen (Pelican) is a hefty investigation of "the psychology of guessing and gambling."

—Rollene W. Saal.

FICTION

Joseph Conrad himself thought "**Nostromo**" (Signet, 75¢) was his greatest and "most anxiously meditated" novel. It enjoys, along with "Victory" and perhaps "The Secret Agent" and "Under Western Eyes," the highest place in the works of Conrad, whose own place among prominent novelists it would be hard to deny. "Nostromo," set in South America, elaborate in structure, complicated in plot, reminds us again that Conrad is no more a writer about the sea than Shakespeare was a historian of Denmark.

An earlier, less successful venture of Conrad's into the tragic vein is "**Outcast of the Islands**" (Pyramid, 50¢). And while we're on the subject of tragedy, Yale has recently published "**Tragic Themes in Western Literature**" (95¢). These essays by Yale professors touch some of the more significant treatments of tragedy between Sophocles and T. S. Eliot, including, as the only novel, Richard Sewall's comments on "**The Brothers Karamazov.**" That, by the way, has recently appeared in a new edition of Constance Garnett's translation (Signet, 75¢).

Two other novels largely concerned with the evils "within and without man, whatever bears him down," are Olive Schreiner's "**The Story of an African Farm**" (Premier, 50¢), which, since its original publication in 1883, has steadily gained in stature, and Robert Penn Warren's "**The Cave**" (Signet, 75¢), a sombre tale of deceit, brutality, and redemption, and probably Warren's best novel.

One of William Dean Howell's most ambitious novels was "**A Hazard of New Fortunes**" (Dolphin, $1.45), which tells about Basil March, whose move from New England to New York to edit a magazine reflected Howell's own move from Boston to an editor's chair at *Harper's.* An interesting historical note is that the streetcar strike which is the climax of Howell's book was the same strike used so effectively by Dreiser in "Sister Carrie."

Added note: Meridian's new fiction series continues to bring out in paperback excellent and unusual fiction titles, among them Pierre Gascar's "**Beasts and Men**" ($1.55), Nigel Dennis's "**Cards of Identity**" ($1.55), and Muriel Spark's flashing "**Memento Mori**" ($1.25).

ART

Laurence Binyon's "**Painting in the Far East**" (Dover, $2) has won high praise since its appearance in 1908. Binyon, a distinguished Orientalist with the British Museum, somehow manages to cover 1,500 years of Oriental art history without ever skimming too lightly over the surface. China, which is to the East what ancient Greece has been to the Western world of art, gets the major share of attention, yet Binyon pauses for a look at the great artists of Tibet, Persia, and Japan. The type is especially large and readable; but it's a pity that the reproductions are so pallid.

Cape Cod is a long way from the world of Oriental art, yet Charles W. Hawthorne might have been speaking for a Japanese landscape artist when he wrote, "The vision of the artist is the vision to see and the ability to tell the world something that it unconsciously thinks about nature." "**Hawthorne on Painting**" (Dover, $1) contains collected bits of advice, some epigrammatic, others instructive, which Hawthorne, a well-known Province-

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town artist-teacher, imparted to his students at the Cape Cod School of Art.

Of less practical use to would-be painters, but of great curiosity value is **"The Craftsman's Handbook"** (Dover, $1.25), by Cennino d'Andrea Cennini, who must have spent most of his days with his sleeves rolled up, mixing paints and plasters in the ateliers of fifteenth-century Florence. Chapters on "How You Should Burnish Gold or Mend Matters in Case It Could Not Get Burnished," "How to Gild Parchment," "How to Paint on Velvet," may not be a guide to today's painters, but they do give rich insights into the world of medieval art.

Two recent additions to the Evergreen Gallery Books, a series devoted to contemporary artists, are Dore Ashton's **"Philip Guston"** and **"De Kooning"** ($1.95 each), by Harriet Janis and Rudi Blesh. Guston's work, it appears, is difficult to describe; Ashton calls him an "introverted, northern, urban painter," but if you aren't already familiar with his harsh, dark abstractions neither the text nor the fuzzy reproductions of his paintings will help. The De Kooning book is more successful; one feels a sense of the painter's growth through the years, of the significance of his "Woman" paintings, of the meaning of his work.

HISTORY-USA

Thomas Jefferson is the subject of two new paperbacks. Daniel J. Boorstin's **"The Lost World of Thomas Jefferson"** (Beacon, $1.95) attempts to evoke the intellectual atmosphere in which Jefferson and his devoted circle lived. Albert Jay Nock's **"Jefferson"** (Hill & Wang, $1.45) was first published in 1926, 100 years after Jefferson's death. The aspect presented here is of the aristocratic farmer, the civilized gentleman who yet spoke so that the common people of his day understood him. An interesting sidelight depicts Jefferson abroad, studying with professional care the intricate English formal gardens.

A new addition to Meridian's Documents of American History Series is **"A History of the United States from the Age of Exploration to 1865"** ($1.55). Like its predecessors, this volume, edited by Hugh T. Lefler, presents chronologically many proclamations, public papers, and, most interesting of all, contemporary accounts of historic events. These the editor has gleaned from journals, diaries, letters, and newspapers.

James H. Kyner was a railroad contractor who, during the closing decades of the past century, helped build railroads through the West. He was also a vigorous, outspoken man, and his story, **"End of the Track"** (Bison, $1.60) is filled with colorful tales of an adventurous era.

The student already familiar with American political history will find George Mowry's **"Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Movement"** (Hill & Wang, $1.95) a lively discussion of the headlong impact between two powerful forces. The time is 1909-1919.

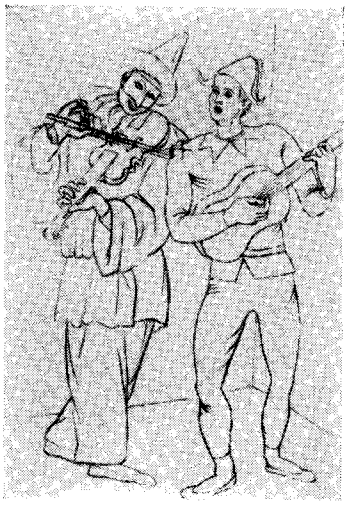
THE THEATRE

The youngest and most cynical of the three great Greek tragedians was Euripides, whose collected **"Ten Plays"** (Bantam, 75¢) is available in a translation by Moses Hadas and John McLean. Comparing his own style with that of Euripides, Sophocles once said that he wrote of people as they might be, while Euripides described them as they really were. Apart from the realism of Euripides, his plays are marked by the capricious interference of the gods. In none of the plays is the interference more bitter than in **"Hippolytus,"** when Aphrodite and Artemis ruin the lives of Hippolytus, Phaedra, and Theseus for their own jealous reasons. A new translation by Donald Sutherland, with a lengthy commentary by Hazel Barnes on the play and the myth from which it was derived, has just been published by the University of Nebraska (Bison Books, $1).

"To be read 200 years after your death is something, but to be acted is better," wrote Henry James. **"Guy Domville"** (Keystone, $1.65) is the account of James's failure as a playwright. The volume includes the play, the reviews of critics George Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, and H. G. Wells, and Leon Edel's brilliant essay on James during "The Dramatic Years."

In **"Great Russian Plays"** you will find no surprises. Norris Houghton has made the selections and they are traditionally correct: Gogol's "The Inspector General," Turgeniev's "A Month in the Country," and Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard." Good background reading is **"Anton Chekhov: The Voice of Twilight"** (Columbia, $1.50), by Princess Nina Andronikova Toumanova. It's a biography of the dramatist, an explanation of his plays as well as a swansong of the Russian aristocracy.

Noted: **"The Best Short Plays 1958-1959"** (Beacon, $1.75), edited by Margaret Mayorga, and the twenty-second annual collection of one-actors.



(Left) Pierrot and Harlequin, Paris 1918.

(Right) Picasso, Self-Portrait, Madrid, 1901.

(Lower Left) Portrait of Maya, Paris, 1943.

ARTIST'S LIFE: In "Picasso" (Praeger, $2.95), Frank Elgar and Robert Maillard have drawn a remarkably comprehensive picture of a man whose energies and versatility seem unending. Elgar, a French art critic, discusses Picasso's constantly evolving sculpting and ceramics. Maillard's friendship with Picasso has allowed him to present many sidelights on the artist's personal life. Yet more than anything else the illustrations—nearly 200—convey the richness of Picasso's creative imagination.

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Today's Fourth Dimension

TODAY more than ever, civilization may be, as H. G. Wells said, a race between education and catastrophe of which the outcome is uncertain. Certainly the twentieth century's resources for both education and catastrophe are the greatest in mankind's experience. It is significant, therefore, that the postwar phenomenon of world-wide travel for more and more people has come of age at a moment when men must understand each other in order to avoid destroying each other.

Last week's *SR* travel section, which surveyed the far reaches of the Pacific, underscored the fact that today even opposite sides of the globe are only a few hours apart as the jet flies. And it is symbolic that the jet passenger airliner was spawned by the jet bomber, as though men hungered for the peaceful fruits of person-to-person communication even while creating the instruments of war. They apparently felt that this time it would be too late to beat their swords into plowshares. It had become necessary to forge them side by side.

Thus the perceptive comment of the influential French economist André Siegfried that travel is "the fourth dimension of modern economics" takes on added meaning. Siegfried observed that tourism unleashed in its wake a complex interaction of new ideas, new desires, and new attitudes that profoundly modified traditional concepts of commerce and opened up fresh horizons of trade. It can be said with equal accuracy that travel is the fourth dimension of modern diplomacy and of modern education. In a shrinking world it is the ultimate dimension of communication.

That 1.5 million Americans journeyed overseas this year and spent $2.5 billion on foreign travel is a significant cultural and economic factor in the relations of nations, and a meaningful extension of the modern diplomacy that sent President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev on prolonged tours in recent months to win friends and influence peoples.

The sound and the fury that accompanied the gathering of chiefs of state at the current United Nations session often obscured the substance of their deliberations there. Yet there is no doubt that their presence in the United States was an important event in itself, for them and for the American people. Tito, Nasser, Sukarno, Gomulka, and the delegates from the new African states all gained some *firsthand* experience of each other and of America. This was the fourth dimension of travel at work. Just as Castro was publicly shown to be a colorful, calculating, and cynical opportunist, so also must the person-to-person contact with the shoe-waving Khrushchev have had more of an impact on the representatives from the new countries of Africa than tons of Soviet or U. S. propaganda.

It was prime proof of the basic validity of the current "Visit USA" program proclaimed by President Eisenhower and supported by the U. S. travel industry. Through urging the peoples of the globe to come and see us as we are, we are engaged in the most effective possible propaganda, based on the ancient principle of "seeing is believing." The pity is that the power of tourism was so poorly harnessed for this program, compared with the organized skill and energy with which we send American tourists abroad. But the principle is sound: We want the citizens of other countries to come here and see for themselves what we are and how we live.

As the great air ocean over the earth joins with the other oceans of the earth to make the doorsteps of all men everywhere accessible, the shift in traditional relationships is dramatic. San Francisco is now a gateway to Europe, and New York is becoming a primary gateway to Asia in the exciting new patterns of contemporary tourism and trade.

The peoples of the world are moving closer to each other in the race to head off catastrophe. Travel, as the fourth dimension of modern economics, diplomacy, trade, and culture, must be encouraged by the American Government and by the new President. "Visit USA" must not only be proclaimed; it must also be actively supported as a positive policy of the new administration in Washington. Issuance of visas must be expedited and our antiquated frontier formalities must be modernized. There must be an adequate government program abroad to stimulate travel to our shores, just as most of the governments of the world are now working to bring American tourists to their homelands. The new Congress must authorize the necessary funds and create the necessary administrative machinery.

IT MAY be true that "if an ass goes traveling, he'll not come home a horse." But this is no reason to hold back the broadest national support by government and industry for a world-wide interchange of our citizenry and those of other nations. For Samuel Johnson might have been talking of the fourth dimension of global tourism when he said:

"The use of traveling is to regulate imagination by reality, and, instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are."

This has been the official policy and serious business of most of the leading nations of the earth since the end of World War II. It must be the even more serious business of the American Government as well as of the U. S. travel industry to use the fourth-dimensional power of travel to strengthen our peaceful ties with the rest of our beleaguered globe. —W.D.P.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HERE AND THERE

THANKS FOR THE excellent, thought-provoking article "An Environment for Writers," by John Cournos [*SR*, Oct. 29]. He is quite right in saying that the young writer benefits greatly from the stimulation and encouragement gained from friendship with older and more experienced writers. All creative effort demands privacy, but nothing is more destructive of self-respect in a writer than the feeling that the most important part of his life—that is, what goes on in his mind—is lived in a vacuum.

I also agree with Mr. Cournos about the importance of living in other countries as a means of understanding one's own. I discovered I knew a great deal more about England when I came to live here. And when I revisited England, I realized that I knew much more about America than I had before. The eye needs to be refreshed by a change of scene. Too much concentration on the immediate object leads to myopia and blindness.

AILEEN PIPPETT.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Careful — don't spoil the pelt!"

I SHOULD LIKE to commend *SR* and John Cournos for "An Environment for Writers." I am, however, dubious about the suggestion that an American writer has to travel to stimulate his imagination. Neither Thoreau, Whittier, nor Whitman had to do so; they never went to Europe. And the novels and tales of Hawthorne, except "The Marble Faun," were produced before he went abroad. The writer who does not write from within, who must be prompted by external matters, is not worth his salt.

ALBERT MORDELL.

Philadelphia, Pa.

WHODUNIT

WE CAN, through faultless logic, point out the culprit who caused William Johnston's new novel "The Marriage Cage" to be erroneously listed as "The Marriage Code" in CRIMINAL RECORD [*SR*, Oct. 29].

1. It was not the reviewer, because none who read the book could conceivably make such an error.

2. It was not a married mortal because the restive ones would be all too quick to appreciate the name "The Marriage Cage" and the happily married ones would surely attribute their bliss to their felicitous choice of partner rather than an abstract code.

3. It was not the typesetter because it is a well-known fact that no bachelor ever thinks of marriage—cage or code. If he were not a bachelor, point two would apply.

4. Hence, it is an elementary deduction that the fault was that of an unmarried female, a typist, an incurable romantic, and charmingly conventional. She probably styles her hair in a pony tail and is given to wearing blue.

Pray deal with her gently.

EILEEN BRAND, Editor,
Lyle Stuart Publishers.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Off with her pony tail!*

BITTER BREW

IN YOUR ISSUE of October 29 there is a "poem" entitled "Coffee Jag," by Barriss Mills. I have read it several times, slowly and thoughtfully, probing for something that would suggest poetry to me. Can someone explain this piece of writing?

LILLIAN ROGERS.

North Hampton, N. H.

BARRISS MILLS's "Coffee Jag" is a masterpiece of un-poetry. Un-poetry is written by the pin method, in which you merely stick pins into the morning newspaper, and write down the words or phrases you have speared.

HENRY L. FOOTE.

San Jose, Calif.

STATION BRAKE

LET'S HOPE Robert Lewis Shayon's piece on educational broadcasters [*SR*, Nov. 5] helps overcome some of their timidity and makes them think twice before choosing the innocuous over the significant.

R. L. SNYDER.

Chicago, Ill.

DID THEY STAY AWAY?

HORACE SUTTON'S "Why They Don't Visit the USA" [*SR*, Oct. 15] is an excellent piece. I hope it will provoke more badly needed discussion and thought regarding this problem.

JOHN W. BLACK, Staff Counsel,
Committee on Interstate and
Foreign Commerce,
U. S. Senate.

Washington, D. C.

THE "Visit USA" piece was terrific.

ROBERT L. HOKE.

New York, N. Y.

I HOPE THEY wave the article around as Exhibit A when Congress reconvenes next January, at which time I understand legislation will again be introduced to get something under way.

SCOTT F. RUNKLE,
Puerto Rico News Service.

New York, N. Y.

I FIND MYSELF forced to take exception to a great many of the remarks in a recent piece entitled "Why They Don't Visit the USA."

To begin with, the heading is completely misleading. Foreigners do come to the USA. In 1959 they spent roughly $1 billion in this country.

In Mr. Sutton's opening paragraph, we are informed that several hundred representatives of the U. S. travel industry met to ask themselves the question "Who came to visit during 'Visit USA Year'?" Nothing could be further from the truth.

The President designated "Visit USA Year" and the official returns have not even begun to come in. For the record, informal opinion on early unofficial returns is that travel to this country in the first six months (hardly the peak of the travel season) is up 12 to 15 per cent over 1959. With 1959 only 7 per cent over 1958, it does not take a mathematical

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genius to figure out that if the trend continues, the result in hard dollars will be a net of at least $50 million, a very handsome increase. This hardly bears out the statement by your writer that the "Visit USA Year" was far from even a qualified success.

If we are to consider some of the other results of the program aside from potential money gain, I believe that you will find some very concrete things have happened since the National Association of Travel Organizations requested the President of the United States to designate 1960 as "Visit USA Year."

Let me point out a major shortcoming in the general impression left by the article. It seems to say all we need to do to double the foreign traffic is to appropriate a few million dollars, run a bunch of ads abroad showing what simple, modest, lovely people we really are, find out what foreigners would like to see in our country, and run a world's fair every year. I submit this is the farthest thing from the true meaning of travel.

Every year must be "Visit USA Year" and the domestic travel industry needs all the constructive help it can get in putting its program over.

JOSEPH J. HORAN, President,
National Association of
Travel Organizations.
Washington, D. C.

TRAVEL EDITOR'S REPLY

THE OPENING program at this year's convention of the National Association of Travel Organizations was an elaborate panel which debated and assessed "Visit USA Year." It was covered by *SR* and attended by Mr. Horan, and I'm sure both of us realized that the topic under discussion was the comparative merits of the program aimed to bring tourists to the U. S. While I don't doubt the vigor of NATO as an organization, I was, as I wrote, appalled by the apathy of some of its delegates. With "Visit USA Year" in its tenth month, the delegate from Colorado rose to ask how to send his leaflets abroad. The delegate from Virginia, holding in his grasp some of the most historic sights in America, indicated he was interested in foreign travel only if he could limit tours of his state to white Anglo-Saxons. The Department of Commerce was hobbled by the fact it couldn't even get a poster for "Visit USA Year." A bill that would have provided a small promotion campaign died in the House. The truth is that the government support was feeble and spiritless. The truth is that we seem to be able to sell cars and soap with great vigor, but we have trouble selling ourselves. As *The New York Times* wrote in an editorial of October 16 supporting the *SR* story, "Obviously we shall have to do better in the future if foreign tourism is to make its potential contribution to improving our balance of payments situation."

HORACE SUTTON.
New York, N. Y.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Vale, Mitropoulos—Simionato's Orfeo—NHK

THE circumstances in which the late Dimitri Mitropoulos fulfilled his own "Appointment in Samarra" decreed that it should be during a rehearsal at La Scala, Milan; but it could as well have been the Vienna State Opera, or the Metropolitan in New York, or Carnegie Hall. Inactivity was abhorrent to him, and it seems as much a certainty as anything can be (when the person involved can no longer bear testimony) that he preferred to go on working as long as he could rather than prolong his life by not working as much as he did.

Most conductors are remembered longest by the audiences for whom they performed and the orchestras with which they worked, but it is fair to say that Mitropoulos will be mourned most by the living composers whose works he played when others couldn't, or wouldn't. I am not thinking so much of persons like Darius Milhaud, whose frightfully difficult "Cristophe Colomb" had its only American hearing to date from the Philharmonic under Mitropoulos in 1952, shortly before he had his first heart attack. I am thinking, rather, of a host of young, obscure musicians to whose interests he gave as much care and consideration as he did to those of the big names of our time.

In an occupation where the phenomenal is the norm and the impossible is taken for granted, Mitropoulos's musical mentality was a thing of awe to the most seasoned collaborator. His ability to conduct the most complicated score from memory stirred much curiosity as to his "secret." (A concert production of Strauss's "Elektra" in which the musicless soloists relied on a scoreless conductor was but an instance.) He usually passed it off with a smile and some mumbled words about it being "not so difficult," but the root fact that it was mathematical was confirmed on an occasion when I looked over the score of a new Shostakovitch symphony on which he was working. Each movement was subdivided into its component elements in such a manner as 7 + 4 + 7 + 3. In other words, as a building, even the most imaginative and esthetically satisfying, is built up of foundation, floors, and superstructure of finite numbers of inches and feet, so Mitropoulos perceived the arrangement of the most complicated piece of music in mathematical integers, so many bars occurring in so many sequences.

How it affected his co-workers was clarified for me once when a well-known pianist was relating his experience in performing the Khachaturian piano concerto with him when it was new. During a pause, he was discussing some detail of the intrumentation with the concert master, who said: "Too bad—the only score is being used in the broadcasting booth." Replied the

Dimitri Mitropoulos—"The qualities of musician and man were completely intertwined."

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soloist: "Let's ask Dimitri. He has another one" (tapping his forehead) "up here."

Withal, his relationship with an orchestra was more that of co-worker than dictator, autocrat, or even limited monarch. On one occasion when one of his performances of a large choral work had been adversely reviewed, a chance meeting resulted in a discussion of one section, involving an instrumental soloist. "Why did you let him do it that way?" I asked. "After all, it's your performance, and you have to bear the responsibility." Mitropoulos answered: "I didn't want to hurt his feelings."

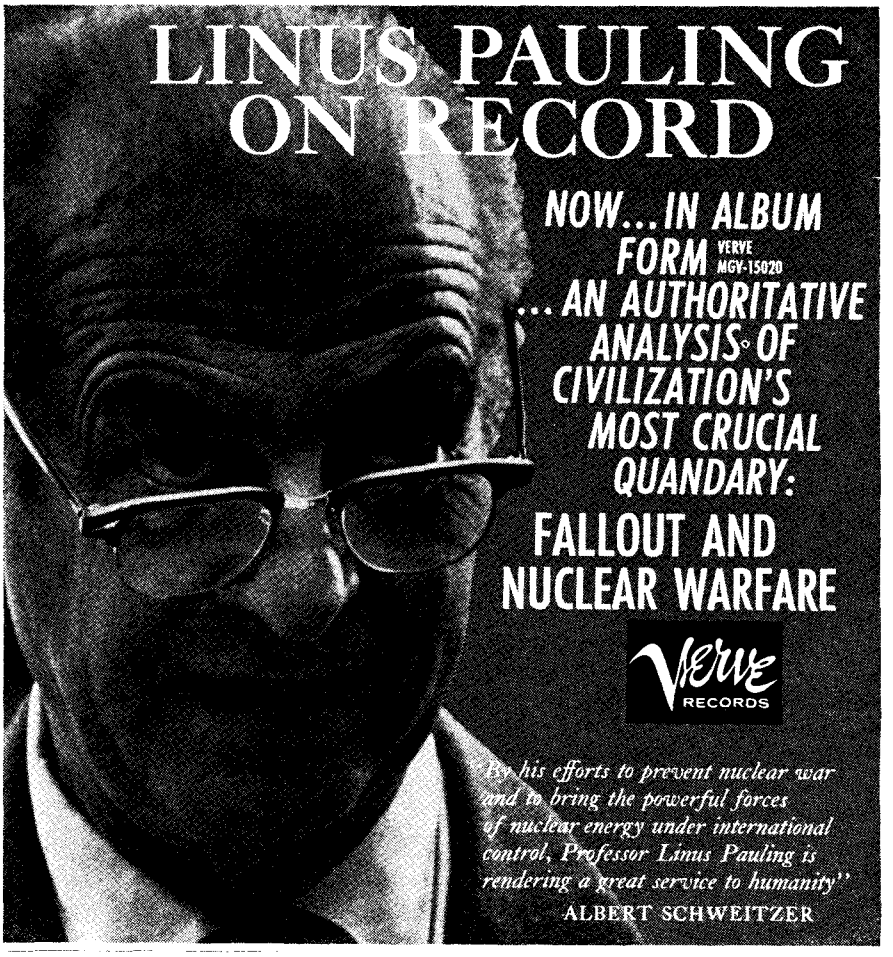
Perhaps, in the aggregate, Mitropoulos was not meant to be conductor of the leading orchestra in the most prominent city in this country, for such consideration may go against the interests of the end product itself. But it made for a working relationship which, very likely, returned dividends in other situations and under other conditions, when good will, cooperation, an effort above and beyond even the extraordinary were required.

So far as his effect on the listener was concerned, I can answer only for myself. In the concert hall his great talent was for making complicated music simple, for he often tended to make simple music overinvolved. As an opera conductor, he brought to the Metropolitan the most valuable thing a repertory theatre can have—energy, excitement, a sense of personal involvement which rejected routine as pure faith rejects disbelief. Much more could be written about Mitropoulos, but it is sufficient for now to say that he was a musical man in whom the qualities of musician and man were completely intertwined.

• • •

THE total of fine singing to be heard in New York during early November was substantially augmented by the reappearance of Giulietta Simionato in "Orfeo" and as Amneris in "Aïda." Unfortunately, only one was heard in the Metropolitan, and not the Gluck at that. But what she did in the less than advantageous surroundings of Town Hall in a concert version of "Orfeo" which began the American Opera Society's season made clear that a Metropolitan "Orfeo" with Simionato is an undischarged obligation.

On this occasion, Miss Simionato wore an off-the-shoulder gown of modish design, a diamond necklace, an elaborate coiffeur, and an air of disdain for her collaborators. She was, nevertheless, every inch, every note, and every syllable an Orfeo of poise, substance, and eloquent assurance. Her musical conception had classical directness and simplicity, and it was expressed through



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a vocal control that shaped the phrase as a sculptor molds clay for casting. She had one coloration for "Mille pene, Ombre sdegnose" in the scene with the Furies and quite another for "Che puro ciel!" amid the Happy Shades. The choristers, black-robed as Furies, evening-attired as Shades, seemed to invite Simionato's curiosity rather than her interest: from time to time she looked around at them, but the contact was never on the verge of infectious.

A rather ridiculous stage arrangement, in which the orchestra was arranged at the right, the chorus at the left, and the principal performers came and went somewhere between them, worked against any real blend of sound. This was intensified by the use of Gluck's scoring (rather than the amended version of Berlioz), which sounded scanty and thin under the well-meaning but insufficiently coordinated conducting of Antonio de Almeida. Irma Gonzales was an undependable Euridice, ranging from too slender to overopulent in sound, Mildred Allen a satisfactory Amore. But the performance was a stimulating experience, if only for its effect on the auditory centers which, like Pavlov's dog at the sound of a bell, respond eagerly at the mere mention of the word "Orfeo."

Not too many Americans have the opportunity to visit Japan to hear the performance of its NHK Symphony Orchestra (the initials stand for Nippon Hoso Kyokai, or Japanese Broadcasting System), but some New Yorkers were granted the privilege as it paused for a concert in the Hunter College Assembly Hall en route home from a world-girdling tour by way of India, the Soviet Union, and continental Europe. What they heard under the direction of Wilhelm Schüchter, who left Hamburg a year ago to undertake direction of Japan's longest-established (since 1926) orchestra, suggests that an extended tour here would be well worth while.

An immediately striking fact about the NHK ensemble is its youth: the players appear to be mostly under forty, with a substantial proportion nearer thirty. Whether performing the imaginative "Itsugi's Berceuse" from a symphony of Toyama, the same composer's lively "Rhapsody" on Japanese folk themes, or the accompaniment to Chopin's E minor concerto, the orchestra showed few weak spots, a string sound of sonority and color, woodwind playing of quality, and an excellent sense of interdependence. As soloist in the Chopin, the visitors offered sixteen-year-old Hiroko Nakamura. Attired *à la* "Madama Butterfly," she skimmed over the keys with a comparable lightness and grace. But there was also real understanding in her playing.

—Irving Kolodin.

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Care and Feeding of Practically Everybody

GENUG ALREADY: Two weeks ago we ran the sorrowful saga of a pioneer traveler of the jet age, one Jay Genug, who had to get to Europe in the worst way and did. First his plane was delayed twenty-one hours, then he got bumped into economy class where babies swung in hammocks from the overhead rack, passengers locked in the window seat were required to execute a front one-and-a-half to land themselves in the aisle, and the two cabin attendants, faced with feeding and attending nearly a hundred passengers, were about as pleasant as a governess minding twin sets of Dennis the Menace. Now we have a letter about the Genug case from another veteran of the jet age of transportation, one Gerald McBoeing-Boeing. "Too bad Genug couldn't get aboard first class. Only the other night I flew with Escargot Airlines from Jambon-sur-Rye back to the United States and although we were delayed fifteen or twenty minutes for a connecting flight that was full of Shriners returning to the U. S., we made it back in about eight hours nonstop. When we left the airport over there in Jambon they had a separate bus for economy passengers and a separate one for first class. No integration. No sir. First-class passengers walked the last few yards to the steps over a velvety red carpet. There was of course no carpet at the entrance to economy class, and while the mob trying to mount the stairs to the economy section did look like a coolie shape-up on the docks at Hong Kong, the passengers were neither prodded nor insulted by attendants as they made their way into the tail of the plane. Didn't see what happened to them after that. Up in first class there were two roomy seats at each side of the cabin, and after the life-jacket demonstration a steward went up and down the aisle dropping huge globs of caviar on everyone's plate. Somewhere after the pheasant and the endive, the *glâce*, the Brie, and the Grand Marnier, I fell asleep, and never waked until I heard the announcement over the loudspeaker that directed tourist-class passengers who wanted to buy cigarettes or liquor to line up smartly in the rear of the plane. The lights were out in first class, where only a blue dome glowed dimly in the ceiling, and if it hadn't been for that flying huckster on the airwaves, I would have slept clear to New York.

Latins in Manhattan—the ladies are making *bocaditos* in front of the *churrasqueria* or broiling wall at the Fonda del Sol—"Latin American should look so good."

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Anyway, we left Jambon-sur-Rye at shortly after six in the evening, and when we arrived in New York it was only a bit after nine the same night, so you see it's just the way the Boeing bounces. Your servant, Gerald McB.-B."

PARADISO FONDA: The most colorful corner of Latin America is on the main floor of the new Time and Life Building in a restaurant called La Fonda del Sol. Many will not be prepared to believe that it is a New York restaurant because people are not sitting all over people with their elbows in each other's conversation. As a matter of fact, the tables are spread all over the white marble floor as if nobody cared whether the cash box was stuffed or not. The Fonda del Sol gives an idea of what Latin America might be like if somebody like, say, Cecil Beaton were to stuff the best of it into one stage setting. As it happens, Beaton had nothing to do with it, but a chap named Alexander Girard did, and he and his cronies have hung the hall with as brilliant a collection of Latin American things as anyone has ever seen. Latin America should look so good. Besides the *objets d'art* which have been culled from lands that stretch from New Mexico to Argentina, there are woods from Brazil, and floor tiles and marbles from Cuba, perhaps giving rise to the theory that Cuba has lost its marbles. The doorman is from Cuba, too, even though they've got him decked out in a poncho and floppy hat, the costume of a *hauso*, which as everyone knows, is a Chilean herdsman. He made an unusual picture the other day as he chatted with pickets from a nearby strike-bound concern.

The centerpiece of the Fonda del Sol is an enormous rotisserie attended by chefs in white hats, where whole suckling pigs turn on spits, whole hams hang in chain baskets, chickens spin on sprocket wheels that turn toward you, and the beef goes round and round. Among the items from a rather flabbergasting dinner menu are Mexican foam soup, pumpkin cream bisque, lime-cooked shellfish salad, chicken in orange bread sauce, smoked and roasted pigeon, and an Argentine grillade that comes to the table on its own broiler in a fashion made famous by La Cabaña of Buenos Aires. You can get a banana baked in its skin, a small sweet tamale for dessert, and pomegranate sherbet. Some strolling *zigeuners* from Ecuador, no less, provide throaty embellishments at your elbow, and they sing with such emotion that one feels that the broiled bits of heart being served on the skewer, a delicacy of Peru, are perhaps their own.

La Fonda is another creation of Restaurant Associates, which also operates the Four Seasons and the Forum of the Twelve Caesars (with Irving and Edward G. Robinson it makes fourteen) among other bistros that stretch from Nassau, a suburb of New York, clear to Newark across the bay. It took trips to South America by at least six executives of Restaurant Associates to get the tortillas rolling. Frederick Rufe, the manager, feels the team came home with the conclusion that four cuisines bubble below the border: (1) Mexican, which is Spanish and Aztec; (2) Peruvian, which is Spanish and Incaic; (3) Argentinean, which is based on beef but takes influences from the large Italian population; and (4) Brazilian, which is African and Portuguese. Other countries fall in line, and only one is cosi-cosa. That is Chile, where the kitchen is largely French and German, once removed. "Listen to the folk songs of Chile and you'll hear one that sounds like a Bavarian beer hall, another that is reminiscent of a French cabaret, and a third that sounds like an Irish jig," says the manager, whose calling card now reads "Federico Rufe."

SPQR (SPAGHETTI, PROSCIUTTO, QUAGLIE, RAVIOLI): A new guide to gorging on the hills and in the dales of Rome is such a beautiful book to behold I am almost troubled by the flip title, which is "See Rome and Eat," a work by Beverly Pepper in collaboration with John Hobart. The book divides itself, more or less equally, between a rundown of Rome's best restaurants and a collection of recipes that one may find in them. As for Mrs. Pepper's restaurant list, it includes virtually all the familiar favorites—Passetto, Capriccio, Ranieri, and Romolo; some like Ernesto which I thought I alone knew, and many another I had never heard of before. If you're sitting down for a long watch on the Tiber and you aren't required to watch over the waistline, this is your handbook. It is further aided, though not in much depth, I thought, by a list of sources of Italian food products in the United States. Photographs by Bill Pepper, chief of *Newsweek*'s Rome bureau, decorate the title pages, a map of Rome spotting the restaurants decorates the end papers, and the hard cover is resplendent in a wide-screen etching of the Rome of yesteryear.

SANTE CLAUSES: The two fine ladies who gave us Menu Passport, a leather-bound set of cards that tell you how to eat in Serbo-Croatian and Esperanto, have come up for an encore with Santé, a collection of cards which are guaranteed to keep you comfortable and healthful in almost every European country from Austria to Yugoslavia. You'll have to fend for yourself in Al-

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bania and Bulgaria, but Russia is included with the English words listed on one side in black and their Russian counterparts alongside in red. Having been jammed into a theatre checkroom in the middle of winter when everyone was shedding their heavy winter clothing, there was one word I wouldn't have thought they had in Russian and that is deodorant, but they do and the equivalent is *deodorant*. (In Norway, where footpowder is *fotpudder*, deodorant is *transpirasjonsmiddel*.) In Russian a hot water bag, which would have done nicely some winter nights in Kazakhstan that come to mind, is simply a *grelka*. You need a doctor's prescription for everything in Russia including aspirin. Cleansing cream is *ochishchaiushchiy krem*, and by the time you get that out and get a prescription for it you're doubtless dead of skin poisoning. In New York, dears, it's at Abercrombie, Bergdorf's, and Mark Cross which carries it in a real leather.

FERRY SLIP: The shuttle ship that has been ferrying passengers and cars between Key West and Havana made its last trip October 31.

GO EAST, MAN: Seven nations of the Far East have banded together to hail 1961 as "Visit the East Year." The countries include Pakistan, Nepal, Ceylon, India, Afghanistan, Indonesia, and the Philippines. Pakistan has already announced that it will give tourists concessions on hotel rates and airline fares, and with Nepal, Ceylon, and India will launch a cooperative publicity campaign. This year of 1960 is, of course, "Visit USA Year" (see letters-to-the-editor page and *SR*, October 15, 1960). With the World's Fair scheduled for New York in 1964, that leaves 1962 and 1963 with no place to go.

LP: Some passengers who boarded a new airliner the other day got the surprise of their lives when, after a normal take-off and a smooth rise to 35,000 feet, the public address system came on saying, "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. We are now leveling off for our flight to Los Angeles and we would like to announce at this time a new aeronautic development. This plane is operating by means of a key punch tape which enables it to take-off, navigate, anticipate the weather, and land at its destination without benefit of a crew. Although there is neither pilot nor co-pilot in the cockpit, you are embarking on the safest possible flight. The system has been carefully tested and is guaranteed foolproof, foolproof, foolproof, foolproof. . . ."

—Horace Sutton.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Shoeless Moll from Leadville, Col.

THE SAGA of Molly Brown, who rose from illiterate beginnings in Hannibal, Mo., to mining wealth in Leadville, Colorado, and to social failure among Denver's "sacred thirty-six," is a quaint American fable that is at its best when it is being a parody of the foolishness of achieving refinement through conformity. But because it is also a Broadway show, "**The Unsinkable Molly Brown**" refuses to risk its seaworthiness with just this, and counts on an extra bulkhead of old-fashioned love. Thus, while Molly Brown is showing us a rip-roaring woman with an indomitable will to have the best things in life, her husband Johnny is portraying the unimaginative, eternally faithful he-man of old-time operetta.

Fortunately Tammy Lee Grimes is playing Molly with such marvelous energy, style, and virtuosity that the show is able to ride on her apparently unbreakable back. We see her first as a mop-headed tomboy stubbornly singing the show's catchy march, "I Ain't Down Yet." Then, as this self-activated Liza Doolittle sets out on her ascent, Miss Grimes contributes a Chaplinesque bit of humor and pathos as we watch her sit up all night learning to play a piano well enough to keep a job in a barroom. With precise timing she beats off her handsome suitor, as if the very temptation of his good looks had put her in mortal danger of stopping short of her predetermined practical objectives. And once she is wealthy, the refreshing directness of her social-climbing efforts excites our admiration.

In the second act, however, author Richard Morris is faced with the problem of shifting out of hard-boiled satire into conventional sentimentality. Molly's failure at a big party and her decision to flee to Europe do not seem tragic because nowhere along the line have we ever believed that the social-climb was anything more than a whim or that she really loves her husband. For while Harve Presnell, who plays Johnny Brown, is virile and has a powerful voice, the Meredith Willson ballads he sings seem formal and lifeless. Similarly, Molly's decision to return to Leadville at the end of the show seems uninspired even though there is a moving moment when Miss Grimes recognizes in her old social opponent's gesture of surrender the relative unimportance of her ambition. Yet here, in the most essential part of the story, neither the songs nor the dialogue do anything to lament or celebrate Molly's newly acquired knowledge that sinking to the true level of one's own reality can be preferable to thrashing around furiously amid someone else's unreality.

The production is dotted with good bits of dialogue, and with gorgeous costumes by Miles White that culminate in an effusion of gaily feathered hats bobbing up and down in Peter Gennaro's staging of a frenzied burlesque of a 1912 high society dance. One must also give Dore Schary credit for the occasional well-timed piece of comic pantomime that pops up, and Mr. Willson for his march, which never fails to rally the show out of the turgidity into which it sometimes lapses. While "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" is far from a totally rewarding evening, its homey story and Miss Grimes's sophisticated, irrepressible talent make this, of all the new season's shows to date, the most likely to please visiting relatives.

THE new Phoenix Theatre production of Oliver Goldsmith's sentimental comedy, "**She Stoops to Conquer,**" is filled with instances where the delivery is just right. The scene in which Donald Madden as the bashful young Marlow tries to make conversation with Gerry Jedd as the clever Kate Hardcastle is one. And the one in which Ted Van Griethuysen, as the suddenly passionate Hastings, says, "Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire" is another. And Ray Reinhardt's rough-hewn servant pleading with his master to "tell the story of Old Grouse in the Gunroom" is a third.

Nonetheless, the whole production suffers from an apparent each-line-for-itself approach that makes the polished performances more demonstration than play. Characterizations such as John Heffernan's Tony Lumpkin (which kept reminding me of Joan Plowright) seem overstudied, and one is exasperated by the way director Stuart Vaughan has filled in the areas between the most sure-fire lines with trivial bits of hokum. What this capable young company needs to do is play this play as if they believed in it as much as they appear to believe in their acquired style and their interpolations.

—Henry Hewes.

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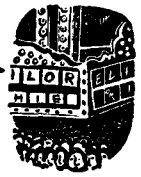

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Script Trouble

"BUTTERFIELD 8," a crisp, early novel by John O'Hara, has managed to interest new reading audiences for twenty-five years, and perhaps its success in pocket editions (over a million copies sold) led MGM to attempt its transference to the screen. The attempt was doomed to failure, I suppose, as soon as the story was updated from its period of the early Thirties to the present day. One of O'Hara's best qualities is his sense of the social coloration of a time. The book was a mixture of plain prose and highly readable dialogue; there was in it a reporter's fondness for detail. While Gloria Wandrous pursued her wanton day you could find out how the Yankees had done that same day, and the fact that Bethlehem Steel had closed at 44. You may remember that Gloria either fell or jumped from a steamer bound from New York to Boston; the script-writers (Charles Schnee and John Michael Hayes) obviously couldn't keep that in, since the run has long since ceased operation.

So much has changed, in fact, that an entirely new milieu had to be created for Elizabeth Taylor as Gloria. Mr. Schnee and Mr. Hayes haven't been equal to the task. Their contemporary New York City, even though some actual locations are used here and there, has an enormously unreal quality. The dialogue O'Hara wrote has been abandoned almost entirely, and in its place are platitudinous lines that seem to have been culled from previous movies about girls who go wrong. Professionals like Miss Taylor and Laurence Harvey (oddly miscast as the perennial Yale man, Weston Liggett) can only struggle with them in vain.

Gloria, as we are given her in big-screen color and stereophony, is a girl who was corrupted very early in life by an older man, and who then went in for a life of sexual abandonment. The writers permit some doubt as to whether or not she was a call girl. Her tragedy, according to the script, was that she was continually in search of love and respectability. Her problem, however, is not made very meaningful, since the way out of her dilemma appears to be through Liggett, a married, weak-willed socialite, who can't seem to make up his mind whether or not Gloria's past has ruined her for the second marriage he has in mind. Eventually deciding that it has not, he pursues her as she heads north along the turnpike to Boston. Tragedy strikes, and Gloria turns over and over in her sports car.

Since the script, the photography, and Daniel Mann's direction manage to achieve only a synthetic approximation of emotion from these events, one can't get too worked up over Gloria's destiny. (Truth to tell, she's rather dreary in the novel, too.) Miss Taylor obviously tries hard to get a tragic quality into the girl—Lord, how she tries!—but not even acting can help this script, and wasted too are such people as Mildred Dunnock and Betty Field in subordinate roles. Gloria's confidant throughout is played by Eddie Fisher, who is a non-actor, much as certain successful books have been called non-books. Dina Merrill, seen as Liggett's wife, is—to use the same terminology—a non-actress. She has appeared in movie after movie, always with the same woodeness. One of the puzzling elements of the movie is Gloria's habit of calling Butterfield 8 for messages. No other numerals, just Butterfield 8. I tried it, and got only a little crackling on the line.

A NEW Rossellini film, "**General Della Rovere**," has an intriguing story to tell about a scoundrel who fleeces the families of captured Italian partisans during World War II by pretending he has contacts among the German occupiers of Northern Italy influential enough to free the prisoners. When his schemings are discovered by a German colonel, the Italian is persuaded to impersonate a dead Italian general; the idea is that another partisan leader will then reveal himself to the supposed general. As the scoundrel, a man given to gambling and prostitutes, Vittorio De Sica gives a fascinating performance, and equally good is Hannes Messemer as the clever German colonel. The film generates considerable power and realism for most of its course; it only falters when De Sica (and Rossellini) must convince us that the masquerading general can be so hypnotized by his new identity that eventually he becomes a patriot, a hero, and a martyr. The change in his personality struck me as more facile than believable. Nevertheless, it is refreshing to see Rossellini once more demonstrating that he can still make a forceful, realistic movie; it is only at the end of the picture that he loses his touch.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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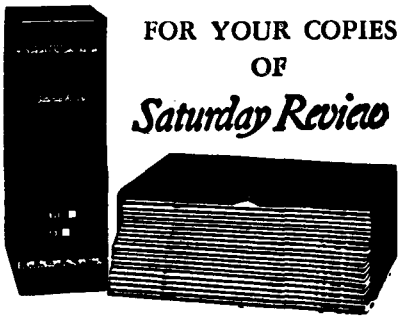

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WHISTLER WITHOUT HIS MOTHER

AMERICAN art critics are busy these days "re-evaluating" James McNeill Whistler, an activity resulting from the first major comprehensive exhibition of his work to be held in this country for over half a century. Sponsored by the Arts Council of Great Britain and the English-Speaking Union, the show, first seen in London and currently in New York at Knoedler's, is remarkable for many reasons: for its splendid catalogue by Andrew McLaren Young of Glasgow University, who also assembled the exhibition; for the almost seventy rarely-seen works lent by that institution, which, except for the Freer Gallery in Washington, has the largest Whistler collection in existence; for occasional profoundly realized portraits; and, not least, for certain dazzling watercolors, so spontaneous as to "out-Dufy" Dufy.

The show is also memorable for the opportunity it offers to compare Whistler's paintings, watercolors, pastels, drawings, lithographs, etchings, and decorative designs—a curiously puzzling experience in view of this artist's frequent duality. Why, one asks, should the hand that tackled drawings and etchings with such incisive economy at the same time have produced compositions in oil where structure is deliberately lost in amorphous mists of good taste? And it is, indeed, this very taste that sometimes alienates modern eyes. For today, when robust and explosive expression is in high favor, Whistler's self-conscious "Nocturnes," "Symphonies," and "Arrangements" can seem chillingly effete. But, oddly enough, some of these same works have a genuine affinity with present-day vision. The Tate's "Symphony in White," better known as "The Little White Girl," no longer strikes us as unduly sentimental; on the contrary, its composition, based on rectangles and straight lines acting as foils for the figure of Jo (Whistler's famous model), seems masterly in its discipline and geometric order. Exploiting his whites with the greatest dexterity, the artist here transcended virtuosity to evoke in both his sitter and in her mirror reflection a sense of quiet contemplation and reverie. No wonder this pensive portrait inspired Swinburne to write his poem "Before the Mirror, Verses under a Picture." One even questions whether Picasso knew it when he painted his renowned double image, "Girl Before a Mirror."

Two self-portraits also merit careful study: an early one from the Seventies daringly painted with loose, powerful brush strokes, and a later full-length likeness done only a few years before Whistler's death. Both provide extraordinary psychological clues to a character too often more closely related to his highly publicized eccentricities than to his serious preoccupation with art. In each case Whistler appraised his own image with a wary, almost cynical eye, accepting but not underlining himself as a prima donna. Certain other portraits, however are woefully slight or else too dark to be read, the pigment presumably victimized by time and dirt. But the likeness of Thomas Carlyle (to my mind a greater work than the more highly touted portrait of Whistler's mother, which is not in the American show) can hold its own with the major paintings of the period, no mean claim considering that Manet, Monet, Degas, Cézanne, and Renoir were a few of the important men working at the time. In the Carlyle portrait, as in many of Whistler's canvases, the influence of Japanese prints is clearly evident, an influence that became both his strength and weakness, for at times he carried Oriental simplifications to the brink of preciosity, while at best he used them with geometric restraint as a means to

—The Tate Gallery, London.

"Symphony in White No. 2," by Whistler.

—Thomas Carlyle Glasgow Art Gallery.

"Arrangement in Grey and Black," by Whistler.

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—*The Detroit Institute of Arts.*

"Self-Portrait," by Whistler.

greater expression. Thus he saw Carlyle as a dark pyramidal figure placed in a sparse rectilinear setting, the skilful spacing throughout reminiscent of Japanese compositions. Here Oriental methods were used less for decoration than to enhance the austere sobriety of the subject and to isolate the thoughtful figure of Carlyle.

The exhibition is especially abundant in river scenes and seascapes, appropriate themes for an artist deeply interested in atmospheric conditions and shadowy mists and fogs. His moody paintings of the Thames and the occasional rapid seascapes done in France seem more successful than his overly romantic Venetian works, the latter recalling his predecessor Turner, who was no less interested in romantic atmospheric effects, but better able to handle them without sacrificing scale and structure.

There are moments when one feels that Whistler worked best in small dimensions. Some of the finest pictures in the show have an intimate *fin de siècle* quality reminiscent of the Nabis and specifically of Vuillard's early paintings. Informal domestic scenes lent themselves gracefully to Whistler's shorthand technique. One need only glance at the tiny sketchbook (3 by 4¾ inches) from Holland to realize that he could transform the most mundane, familiar figures into miracles of suggested activity. These drawings reveal his admirable draftsmanship, as do no less his often neglected lithographs.

An enigma to me is the famous "Falling Rocket" from the Detroit Institute of Arts, famous, I would judge, chiefly because it provoked John Ruskin's much-quoted remark: "I have seen, and heard . . . but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public face." Today the picture seems dark, contrived, and, even taking into consideration its date (about 1874), it still appears too innocuous to have caused such bitter controversy.

Wisely included in the exhibition is a variety of designs for mosaics, porcelains, books, catalogues, pamphlets, furniture, and interior decorations. In many ways Whistler was the first authentic interior decorator, predicting as he did the style of Art Nouveau well before it became a popular movement. It is possible that his agility in this field sometimes interfered with his more creative work, permitting the eye of the decorator to challenge the hand of the painter.

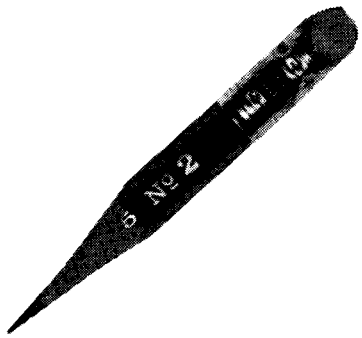
A moot question relating to expatriate American artists like Sargent, Mary Cassatt, and Whistler concerns the debt they owe their own country. Personally I find few indications of Americanism in Whistler's work, though it is interesting to remember that, even while away, he became the first important influence on John Marin, one of America's top twentieth-century artists. The quality of forthright, uncompromising realism, characteristic of nineteenth-century American art, rarely touched Whistler. He seems far more a product of Europe, of the French and their nineteenth-century rediscovery of Japan, of the English and their poetic Pre-Raphaelites. Less concerned with the science of sunlight than with the mysteries of dusk, he was never an impressionist though nonetheless affected by the spirit of this movement. In its company and despite a long period of neglect, Whistler's star once more seems in the ascendency. Can we, perhaps, assume the same for the Pre-Raphaelites? —KATHARINE KUH.

Goodnight

By John Ciardi

AN oyster that went to sleep a billion years ago
Tucked itself into a slime-bottom, yawned (so to speak),
And woke a mile high in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

If I am not here for breakfast, geologize at will.



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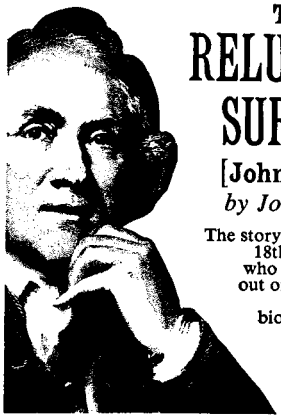

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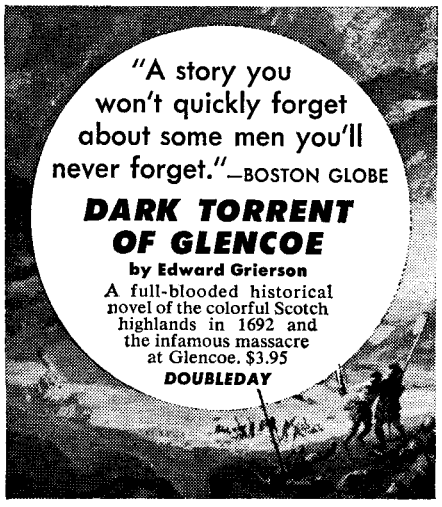
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A Culture out of Chaos

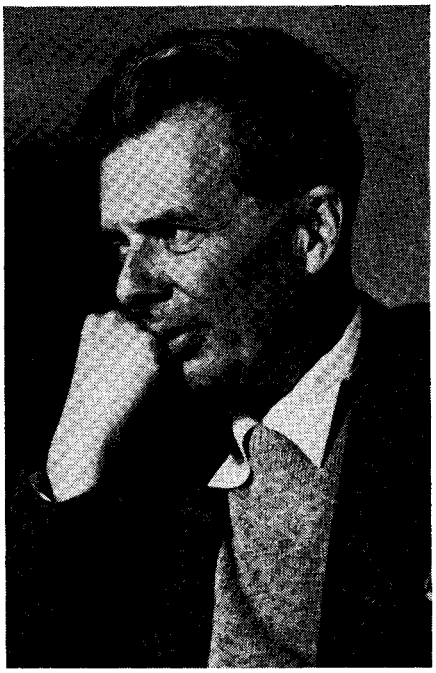
"Aldous Huxley On Art and Artists," edited and introduced by Morris Philipson (Harper. 320 pp. $3.95), ambles wherever the author's curiosity takes him—through art, literature, the creative process. Sir Herbert Read's most recent book is "The Form of Things Unknown."

By Herbert Read

THE ESSAYIST is out of fashion: the magazines that used to publish his elegant effusions have disappeared. And yet here is Mr. Huxley, who has practised the art for the past forty years and can now, from the contents of several volumes characterized by their variety (as volumes of essays should be), select another characterized by its unity. That, at least, is the excuse for this anthology, but Mr. Huxley remains as various as ever, for he never had the ability, which is again a virtue in the essayist, to keep to his subject. The subject of this volume is art, but the reader must be prepared for divagations on the sexual taboos of the Eskimos, the dangers of overpopulation, or the pathological effects of an overdose of mescalin. For Mr. Huxley has a curiosity that ranges haphazardly over the whole universe, and his favorite reading (and reading is his only recreation) is the encyclopedia.

I remember how he came one day in the early 20s to a tea party in Edith Sitwell's and drew a volume of Buffon's "Histoire Naturelle" from his pocket, from which he proceeded to read with great gusto a passage he had just discovered on the amorous activities of elephants. The essay is a record of such discoveries, linked together by the author's zest. If the zest is apparent in the writing, the reader does not ask for consistency (for consistency, as Mr. Huxley remarks in one of these essays, is a verbal criterion and cannot be applied to the phenomena of life).

Since the contents of this volume have been deliberately selected and its subject is art, we must ask nevertheless if any consistent philosophy of the subject emerges. What, according to Mr. Huxley, is art? The answer, as we might expect, is that it can be almost anything provided the artist has talent. The artist himself is an accident, the chance product of random assortment of chromosomes, and it cannot be shown that either society ("a vast roulette table"), or environment, or religion, has the slightest effect on his development. Art is a logic of formal relations, an individual's attempt to reduce the chaos of appearances to some comprehensible unity. This attempt is rarely successful—most art is bad or indifferent, at all periods. And what we call a tradition is at best a partial substitute for personal talent; it enables people with little talent to produce good work because it relieves them of the necessity of using their own second-rate, or tenth-rate, imaginations. A good tradition may be defined as "the ghosts of the dead artists dictating to bad living artists."



Aldous Huxley—"has a curiosity that ranges haphazardly over the whole universe."

It follows from such a philosophy of art that little good can be said of the art of our own time, which is basically vulgar. It is vulgar because it must be addressed to a vastly increased population of semi-educated people agglomerated "in cities of interminable monotonies, of hopeless dreariness, and suffocating oppression." Such urbanization of the population becomes automatically suburbanization, an environment deadly to all creative life. "The inhabitants of a small city can take part in all its activities; they are able to experience their native place as a single living unit. A large city cannot be experimentally known;its life is too manifold for any individual to be able to participate in it." To defend or excuse this complex monotony, modern man has evolved a philosophy of industrialism which Mr. Huxley calls Fordism, a philosophy which demands that we sacrifice the animal man to the machine.

> Of all the ascetic religions Fordism is that which demands the cruelest mutilations of the human psyche, —demands the cruelest mutilations, and offers the smallest spiritual returns. Rigorously practised for a few generations, this dreadful religion of the machine will end by destroying the human race.

A gloomy prospect, therefore. Perhaps the wisest thing to do, concludes Mr. Huxley, is to abandon the popular arts, which can never be good, "to their inevitable vulgarity and ineptitude and concentrate all available resources on the training of a minority that shall be capable of appreciating the higher attributes of the spirit"—what might be called an oasis culture. But who, in this world of diasporic tourism, who is to protect the oases?

Mr. Huxley offers no adequate solution of the problem he poses with such eloquence and urgency. In the end he retreats to his ivory tower and like Montaigne, whom of all authors of the past he most resembles, cultivates his own radiant and ambling spirit. The second part of this volume is entitled "Criticism" but it should have been called "Appreciations." Here, to read once again, or with what joy to read for the first time, are the essays on Chaucer, Ben Jonson, Crebillon, Swift, Baudelaire, Piero della Francesca, Goya, Breughel, El Greco, Lautrec, and Gesualdo. No better appreciations of such artists have been written by anyone since Pater, and their virtue lies in their lack of pretension, in their sensuous sensibility (the choice of artists is indicative of that quality), in their tolerance and wit. We may perhaps object that occasionally the moralist (for the anti-puritan is also a moralist) displaces the hedonist: for example, so many pages to reprove Baudelaire for being a satanist, and only a line or two to admit that he is, nevertheless, a very great poet. The art, we might insist, is somehow related to the artist (that surely is implicit in Mr. Huxley's philosophy) and it is the business of the critic to reveal the mystery of that connection. But Mr. Huxley is not a critic with "a business." We are made to realize once more that the best writing about art is not academic, nor even professional, but the product of curiosity and leisure, and that its only law is sympathy.

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Talent Scout of Letters

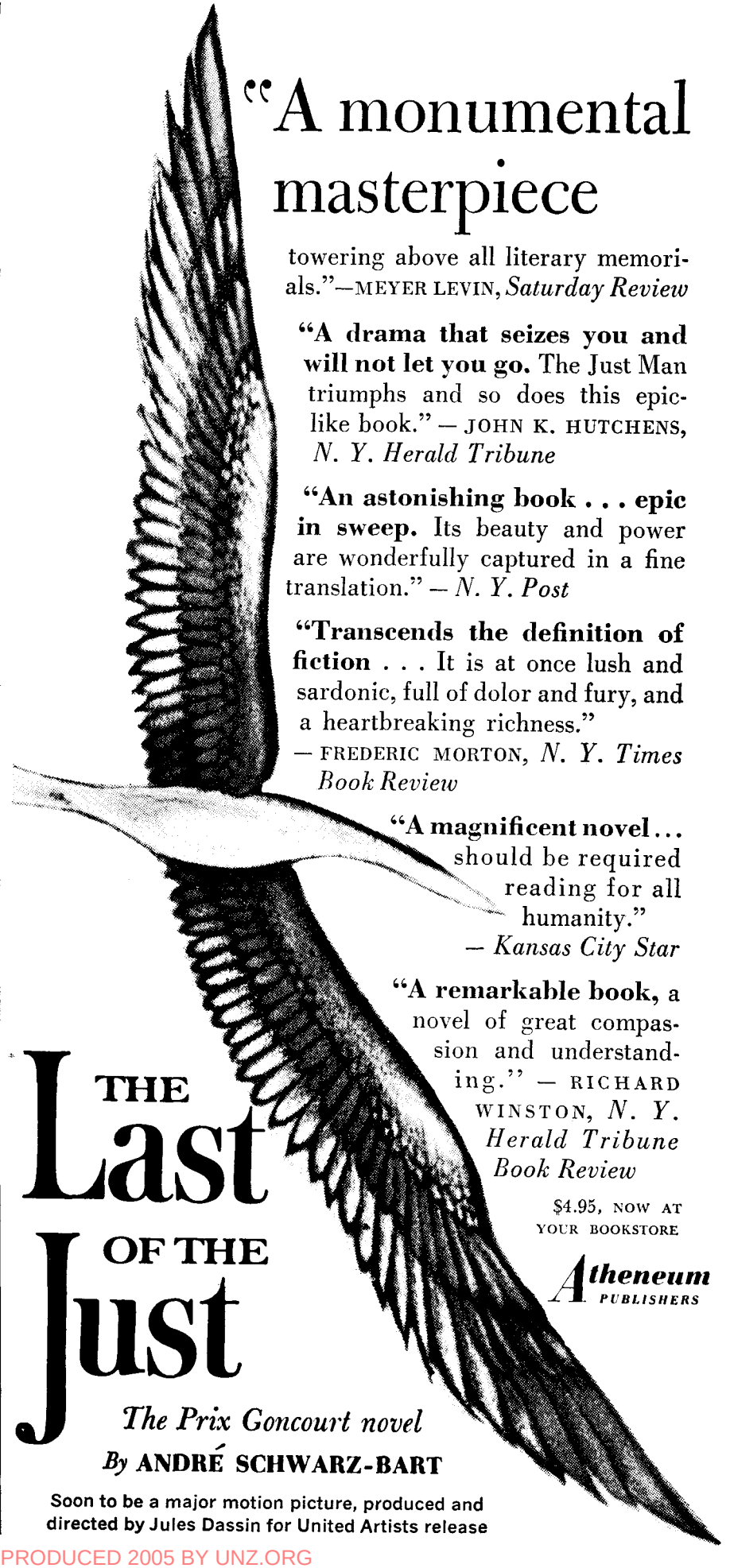
"The Ideal Reader: Selected Essays by Jacques Rivière," *edited, translated, and introduced by Blanche A. Price (Meridian. 278 pp. $1.45), reveals the extraordinary perceptions of this French critic and editor of the Nouvelle Revue Française. Translator of André Gide and Albert Camus in America, Justin O'Brien is chairman of the French department at Columbia University.*

By Justin O'Brien

TO INTRODUCE to an American public of 1960 a French literary critic who died thirty-five years ago and whose interest was limited to what was then contemporary art and thought is a bold undertaking indeed. But Jacques Rivière was no common critic; he saw his epoch with the exceptional penetration that also foresees the future. From 1907, when his first essay appeared, until his untimely death in 1925 at the age of thirty-nine, his concerns with literature and art did much to mold those of today. "Jacques Rivière honored the literary life of his epoch," wrote Saint-John Perse, whose recent Nobel Prize Rivière would have applauded. One of the earliest to recognize the greatness of Claudel, Gide, and Valéry, of Debussy and Stravinsky, Rivière also contributed more than anyone to building Proust's vast and deserved reputation and to disseminating in France the ideas of Freud. As editor of the most vigorous and influential literary review of the twentieth century, he guided the efforts of the leading creative artists and critical minds of the age.

T. S. Eliot, who in the last months of Rivière's life was arranging for Rivière to give in England the brilliant lectures on Proust he had given in Switzerland, said of him: "His wonderful definition of the role and function of literature should become a subject of meditation for every one of us." Indeed, Eliot admired him to such an extent that the example of Rivière's *N.R.F* became a determining factor in his own founding of *The Criterion* in London, which occasionally published Rivière in translation.

Never was a man more ordained by nature to direct such a periodical as the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. Rivière's keen and subtle mind, his intellectual idealism, his noble disinterestedness, and his catholicity of taste combined to make of him the ideal guide and counsellor. In a letter he spoke of his "abjuring of self and con-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suming preference for others." It was this gift of empathy that allowed him, during his too brief editorship, while publishing his elders like Gide and Proust and Valéry and discovering the talents of his contemporaries such as Giraudoux, Martin du Gard, Montherlant, and Romains, to bring out the first poems by Raymond Radiguet, then eighteen years old. He never spared his advice, his encouragement, or his time; and his innumerable long-hand letters to contributors, when they turn up now in autograph-collections, amaze by their perspicacity and tact.

THE same qualities that distinguished Rivière the editor—his subtlety, pertinence, intellectual integrity, and that "secret effusion of the intelligence" that the poet Perse remarked—made of him the capital critic and essayist of the first quarter of the century. Hugo von Hofmannsthal tells how, the first time he read an essay by Rivière, he knew at once that he was in contact with a spiritual leader, an unknown friend with whom he could indulge in a dialogue on the arts. Another kindred spirit, the cosmopolitan French writer Valery Larbaud, stated when Rivière died that literary history would most certainly be concerned with Jacques Rivière "as essayist, as novelist, and as editor of the *N.R.F.*" Larbaud was wrong only insofar as the novelist was concerned; Rivière's two novels have not lived, but his few collections of essays and the volumes of the periodical he guided are monuments to his great critical acumen.

Two years ago, a volume by many hands entitled "From the *N.R.F.*" rescued for English-speaking readers the best of the critical essays from his review. And now Blanche A. Price (who contributed to that volume) has brilliantly done the same for the finest of Rivière's own essays from three or four French collections. Under such headings as "Perception of New Trends," "Proust and Freud," and "In Defense of Literature," she groups nineteen writings on such subjects as sincerity, the adventure novel, aesthetics, Dadaism, and moralism in literature. Except for a single essay on Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" (which was such a dazzling revelation in 1913), she omits the essays on music and those on painting, since she is concerned with "the ideal reader" rather than the ideal listener or the ideal observer, both of which Rivière also was.

As a reader, Rivière read himself into and out of the books he loved. Miss Price justly says: "With him, criticism became a kind of interpenetration, a continuous movement between the critic and the work: the critic interpreted the work, and at the same time, the work incited the critic to inner growth." Only so could he rise above his initial whole-hearted subjectivity to a consideration of the eternal verities that should be the essayist's domain. And this explains why even his most general reflections remain suffused with a warmth that makes them eminently re-readable.

Awkward as it is to review a book that contains its own built-in review in the form of introduction or preface, the thwarted reviewer must remember how useful to the reader, long after reviews have been clipped and forgotten, are the information and appraisal contained in the preliminary pages of the book itself. Not only has Blanche A. Price faithfully and feelingly rendered Rivière in English, but she has also told us, in a long and beautifully composed introduction, all we need to know and just what we should think of the French writer. And, as if this preparation were insufficient, Henri Peyre of Yale has prefaced the introduction with a masterful and more succinct appraisal of the critic whom Claudel called "the ideal reader of whom every writer involuntarily thinks while he writes."

Accent on the Negative

"No! In Thunder," by Leslie Fiedler *(Beacon. 328 pp. $5), covers a gamut of subjects from Dante to the Leopold-Loeb case. Author of "Age of Criticism," William Van O'Connor is general editor for the five-volume Reader's Bookshelf of American Literature.*

By William Van O'Connor

LESLIE FIEDLER takes his title from a comment Melville made about Hawthorne: "There is the grand truth about Nathaniel Hawthorne. He says No! in thunder; but the Devil himself cannot make him say *Yes*. For all men who say *yes*, lie; and all men who say *no*,—why, they are the travellers in Europe; they cross the frontiers into Eternity with nothing but a carpetbag—that is to say, the Ego."

That is a stirring declaration, and probably it is true of the greatest art. It is true of Donne's best love poems, of Flaubert's Emma Bovary, Conrad's "Nostromo," Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury," or Camus's "The Stranger." No flicker of affirmation is allowed, except the ironic one that comes of itself after the worst has been confronted. In his way, Camus was examining this theme in his strangely simple yet deeply moving book, "The Myth of Sisyphus."

One wonders when this title occurred to Fiedler: some years back when he was assessing his own work as a critic, or fairly recently when he was collecting some of his articles for a book and needed an arresting title? There are essays on Dante, Shakespeare, Whitman, R. L. Stevenson, Jewish writing, Faulkner, Warren, Cesare Pavese; reviews of books on the Twenties and Thirties; discussions of un-angry American writers, "angry" British writers; Leopold and Loeb; pieces on minorities and on innocence; and two on literary theory. One's guess about the answer to the question asked above is that Fiedler discovered his title recently.

One side of Fiedler's mind seems honestly drawn to Melville's commitment to "No! in thunder." The other side is satisfied only when he can show he's the sharpest and wittiest guy in class. "I'm Oliver Cool, the cleverest boy in school." Fiedler has a good eye for pretense, he can worry an idea like a cat toying with a mouse, but he has a terrible need to be a show-off.

The various Fiedlers appear to write in different tones. The treatment of Warren is quite deferential until near the end, that of Faulkner is patronizing, and the article on Kingsley Amis and his contemporaries is fairly sober and well considered. One is never sure what the tone is going to be. But one is never surprised to see Fiedler sitting astride his subject, pressing its nose in the dirt, and saying grimly and gleefully, "Say Uncle!"

Fiedler, although trained in the graduate school at the University of Wisconsin, does not write in either the historical-method manner of the older scholars or the analytical method of the New Critics. He is what undergraduates often call the "*Partisan Review* type writer." His subject is Culture, popular culture, shifts in culture, and high art. He is as likely to refer to Marlon Brando or Al Capone as to Guido Cavalcanti or William Blake.

Fiedler's vocabulary is *Partisan Review*ish:

> The holiest Ikon of the Cult of the

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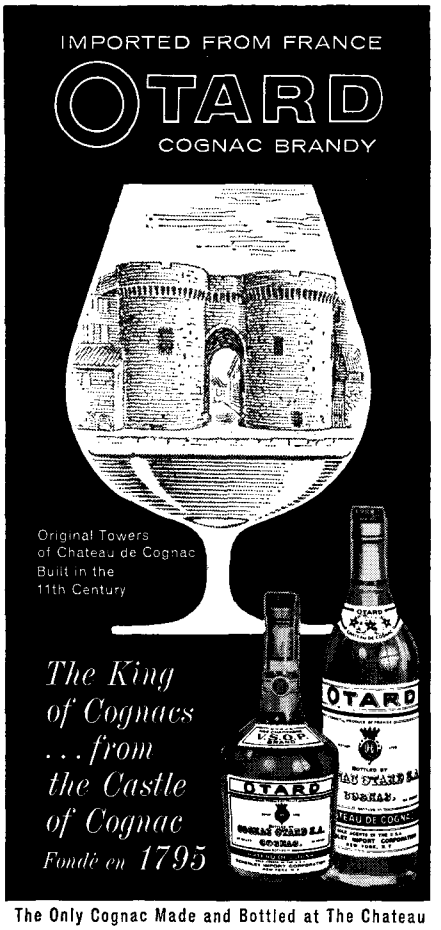
Child, of the Dream of Innocence in its pristine Anglo-Saxon form, is the Good Good Girl, the blonde asexual of nursery or orphanage, reincarnated from Little Nell to Mary Pickford. In this single figure are satisfied the middle-class desire to idealize womanhood; the Protestant resolve to celebrate pre-marital chastity; the North European wish to glorify the fair and debase the black; as well as the sentimental need to deliver childhood from the odor of diapers and the simplications of Original Sin. Only the girl child seems a sufficiently spotless savior to the imagination of the North, which rejected the austere orthodox Trinity and the gaudy baroque one, the Son of the Father and the Virgin's Babe.

If twenty years from now there is a musical about this sort of thing, there will be a young lady in a leotard, with long black hair, greenish eye shadow, and white powdered lips, saying, "How very mythic!" She could take some of her lines right out of Fiedler.

Even more tiresome than this constant mythicizing of heterosexuality is the preoccupation with homosexuality. Everyone who has seen certain Broadway plays, read certain poets or novelists, recognizes the homosexual cast of thought, and the strange distortions of motive and sympathy it invites. But Fiedler not only mentions it frequently, he gives it the Vocabulary Treatment: "Their pre-adolescent protagonists confront still the decaying plantation house, the miasma laden swamp, the secret lives of the Negro. Like the circus freaks, the deaf and dumb, the idiots also congenial to their authors, they project the invert's exclusion from the family, his sense of heterosexual passion as a threat and an offense; and this awareness is easily translated into the child's bafflement before weddings or honeymoons or copulation itself." What is self-evident to begin with does not seem any clearer because of the "symbols of exclusion" pitch.

IN the introductory essay, explaining his title, Fiedler asks that the writer give a "Hard No" to whatever is too easy, too simply affirmative, and too easily "knowing." One wonders what sort of essay he might write, if in the fashion of George Orwell, he gave his own essays a "Hard No" going over. If there really are two Leslie Fiedlers, the one that controls the Vocabulary ought to make like an anchorite on the Mohave and let the other Fiedler do the writing.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The Expiation

By George Abbe

WHERE I lectured, the platform was ankle-deep in water.
The crowded stadium soared, dimming from view.
The people read programs, laughed, played cards, ignored me.
Down the center aisle, ankle-deep water flowed;
the shoes of latecomers descending made no splash;
through diamond liquid, brown and black leather glowed.

My notes slid down into wet; I bent and shook them,
knew suddenly this was wrong lecture, crowd, and place.
Leaving by the center aisle, my shoes made no sound.
Down long meadows of shallow water I hurried, recalling
my love. I had betrayed her; but how and where?
Here, in the winters of youth, we had skied. Was this water
that melted world? Had she passed this way, fearing?

Now a dam, hissing, and thunder; but under it, canyons of
dryness.
I walked far. I was naked on a vast beach.
There was no horizon, no water anywhere; I burned
with invisible sun. Then in that void of yearning
I felt arms about me. They were hers. But when I turned,
she kept at my back, behind me always. Violent,
I twisted, revolved; but always the soft arms clung;
she was there, but evaded. I stood on the sand,
the expanding and limitless beach, the wind cool; but I could not
face her, or ever draw her to where I could see.
There was no horizon; only wind without variation.

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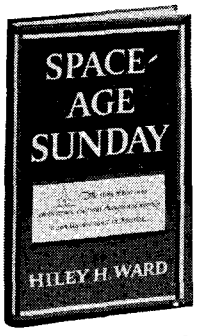

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Safari from Zanzibar

"This engraving, for which I supplied the materials, represents my meeting with Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji, Lake Tanganyika; and is as correct as if it had been photographed."
—Henry M. Stanley.

"Stanley's Way," by Thomas Sterling *(Atheneum. 258 pp. $4), compares Stanley's trip through Africa ninety years ago with the author's recent journey over the same ground. Elspeth Huxley's most recent book is "The New Earth."*

By Elspeth Huxley

HAD Henry Morton Stanley not existed, it would have been necessary for a psychologist to invent him, in order to illustrate with classic perfection the principle of compensation. Illegitimate, abandoned by a sluttish mother, rejected by foster-parents, his boyhood was spent at the mercy of a sadistic master in a pauper orphanage amid conditions of such appalling misery that his nature had either to be crushed forever, or crystallized into an unbreakable diamond. Stanley's upbringing squeezed out of him all humor, grace, and compromise—though not, miraculously, a desire for love and the capacity to feel it.

Through luck and accident, he became an explorer. For this he had no scientific equipment, but he had what really mattered—the indomitable will, the power of leadership, the relentless pursuit of the aim. He made the world eat its words: the outcast orphan, scum of the Welsh valleys, lived to be lionized by the rich and mighty, acclaimed by the multitude, knighted, honored and consulted by Queens and Kings. It is the perfect Cinderella story of the male. No wonder it has fascinated many writers, and will fascinate more as his Africa of cannibals and assagais becomes more and more remote and astonishing.

The latest biographer is Mr. Thomas Sterling, who had the excellent idea of following Stanley's path through Africa from East to West and of making a dual report: one chapter about Stanley's experiences, the next about his own. Starting in Zanzibar, crossing to Bagamoyo on the mainland, he pursued the trail along the old Arab slave-route to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, where he interviewed the Propagating Secretary of an African nationalist political party and inspected the memorial to Stanley's encounter with Livingstone.

Up Lake Tanganyika he went to enter the Congo—Belgian then—and follow the great river down to Stanleyville. There he met a statuesque, unruffled, generous-hearted African girl called Epis who acted as his guide, landlady, and companion, but not as his lover—she wanted no more children, having given birth to five already, but she did, with single-minded passion, want a bicycle. In Stanleyville, Mr. Sterling frequented the feckless shoddy, hand-to-mouth society of the near-*evolués*, who lived on the fringe of a society without heart, soul, or purpose, neither Western nor African, drawing basic wages, sleeping in dreary, two-roomed stables, and spending their cash in honky-tonks on beer, juke-boxes, and flashy clothes. Mr. Sterling was touched by Epis, she lives in his mind and in these pages. Perhaps it was an accident that the parallel pages dealing with Stanley's journey tell of the death, almost within sight of triumph, of his sole surviving white companion, the young and faithful Frank Pocock.

Events have been kind to Mr. Sterling: since his journey the Congo has erupted into the news. On the whole he is fair to the Belgians, the world's most prosaic colonizers, dedicated to the task, as he says, of banalizing the Congo. He is less than fair to Stanley—not unfair so much as patronizing. The light touch so effective on his own travels jars when he applies it to that terrible journey made nearly ninety years ago. Stanley may have been a pompous, vulgar, ruthless, self-important little man but he was not cheap, and the knowing wink at his pious earnestness, the nudge which calls attention to his Victorian absurdities just will not do. So for my part I found the book lopsided—excellent on straight reportage, often irritating about Stanley. The tribal life in which about ninety per cent of the Congolese remain embedded stays out of reach and Mr. Sterling seems as uninterested as his trail-blazer in their arts and social organization.

He has nevertheless produced an entertaining, sharply-pointed sketch of equatorial Africa of the common black man in those regions where a Western economy has prized him from his tribal setting. The extracts from Stanley's writings perform the function of a chorus to remind us that changes that took the rest of the world a thousand years to encompass are happening here in less than half a century.

—Illustrations from Bettmann Archive.

H. M. Stanley—Portrait of the Explorer looking for M. DeBrazza.

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Bloomsbury Old Guard

***"Sowing," by Leonard Woolf** (Harcourt, Brace. 220 pp. $4.50), reveals the beginnings of the famous Bloomsbury group. English novelist and critic Frank Swinnerton wrote "The Georgian Literary Scene."*

By Frank Swinnerton

DURING the First World War, a formidable association of Cambridge writers and aesthetes began to be recognized in England. Its harbingers were Roger Fry, Desmond MacCarthy, Clive Bell, and Lytton Strachey, behind whom loomed the majestic philosophical figures of G. E. Moore and Bertrand Russell. Almost all these men had means and distinguished family connections; and, having gained additional prestige from the earlier-established E. M. Forster and the immensely gifted J. M. Keynes, they co-opted T. S. Eliot, added (by marriage) another novelist, Virginia Woolf, and with minor members made a phalanx of pride, culture, and acumen altogether new to the land of *laissez faire*.

It was Roger Fry who sponsored the Post-Impressionists; Desmond MacCarthy who spoke for the intellectual theatre of Shaw, Barker, and Galsworthy; Clive Bell who delighted us all with a witty exposition (now, alas, "dated") of Fry's artistic doctrine of "significant form"; and Lytton Strachey who ridiculed Victorianism until the great turned in their graves.

When, immediately after the War, the old *Athenaeum* was polished up under the editorship of Middleton Murry, the phalanx invaded. I do not think Murry welcomed the invasion; he was not a Cambridge intellectual, and his rather plastic personality could not dominate an army of well-equipped minds. *The Athenaeum* was merged with *The Nation* which in turn was merged with *The New Statesman*. In those mergers, while editors tottered and disappeared, the Cambridge group gained strength and marched forward into power.

It became known, I do not know how or why, as "Bloomsbury"; but it should really have been called "Cambridge." With the exception of T. S. Eliot, its members were all bound together by friendship and years of privately-indulged dialectic. These men were not popular characters, like Shaw, Wells, Bennett, Chesterton, and Belloc, who addressed themselves in salutary terms to the multitude. They were a sect despising fools and opponents, and seeking to impose new strict standards of taste upon the twin worlds of art and letters.

Caring only for what they called "the first class," and limiting that description to the very few, they did a remarkable piece of propaganda, and earned a reputation for arrogance as great as their dogmatism. The chief beneficiary of this propaganda was Virginia Woolf; her successor was T. S. Eliot. Eliot, in a sense, is the Last of the Mohicans.

One of the less conspicuous, though not the least able, of the phalanx has now published the first volume of his autobiography. It is a good and honest book, which all who are interested in modern English literary history, or in English social manners, should read. Though it does not reach the days of Bloomsbury's power, which will be treated in a sequel, it vividly pictures the early twentieth century Cambridge intellectuals, and provides the key to those days.

It will also enlighten American readers about what they have lamented as an intolerable superiority of manner in members of Bloomsbury. The manner often conceals admiration, envy, and a longing for some bridge between themselves and those who have easier standards of behavior. The Public School System in England develops in boyhood what Mr. Woolf, speaking of himself, calls a carapace or facade arising from fear of ridicule or disapproval. In ordinary types, this carapace takes the form of a Galsworthian "stiff upper lip," which many non-Public Schoolboys cultivate from personal pride. In the intellectual type, to which Bloomsbury belonged, it encourages the close society.

IT WAS the close society of Cambridge men, carried into letters, that gave them strength and divorced them from popular taste. It forced them to declare that all who were not of their number were third-rate. They were wrong. The others were not third-rate; they were merely not Cambridge men, and, having a wider range of experience and sympathy than the close society allows, were often not intellectuals at all.

Some may find Leonard Woolf (who says that at the age of ten, as at twenty, fifty, and seventy, he was "mean, cowardly, untruthful, nasty, and cruel") an unpleasant personality. I did not do so. Having reached the age of eighty, he is able to discard carapace and facade and give himself very truthfully to the story of Bloomsbury's beginnings. As its leading figures die, this movement loses luster. It no longer fights current vulgarity. Mr. Woolf is of the Old Guard, and keeps the flag flying.

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Loved But Lonely

"Cora Crane: A Biography of Mrs. Stephen Crane," by Lillian Gilkes *(Indiana University Press. 416 pp. $6.75), portrays the troubled life of the woman Stephen Crane wanted to marry. Gay Wilson Allen, who teaches English at New York University, wrote a prize-winning biography of Walt Whitman.*

By Gay Wilson Allen

THE PICARESQUE life of Cora Howorth "Taylor," Stephen Crane's common-law wife, provides abundant opportunity for a lurid biography, and Lillian Gilkes deserves high praise for resisting temptation. She has written a sober, thoroughly documented, and exhaustive account of the woman Crane would have married if she had succeeded in obtaining a divorce from her British husband.

To summarize the life of Cora Howorth (the appended "Taylor" is still a mystery) is like giving the synopsis of "Moll Flanders," with the pathetic ending of "Nana." We see the same rise to financial success, association with people of great reputation, one passionate and honest love affair, tragic decline, remorse, and lonely death. She was born in Boston, the daughter of a respected artist and art-dealer. Her great-grandfather, George Howorth, was an authority on the restoration of oil paintings and accumulated a fortune. When her dreamy father died, her domineering mother remarried and Cora left home in her late 'teens.

In New York in 1886, at the age of twenty-one, Cora Howorth married a merchant, Thomas Murphy, whom she quickly divorced. Two years later in London she married Captain Donald Stewart, son of a baronet and former commander of the British Army in India. There are indications that Cora had inherited a portion of her famous ancestor's fortune and that the Captain married her for her money. Anyway, she soon left him, and he refused to give her a divorce. Ten years later she was owner of the Court Hotel and "sporting" night club in Jacksonville, Florida, where Crane met her in 1896 just before his famous "Open Boat" adventure.

When Crane decided to go to Greece to report that country's impending war with Turkey, Cora gave up her lucrative business in Jacksonville to accompany him (she did not follow, as is usually stated). Their adventures at the battle front and subsequent life in England, posing as man and wife, is

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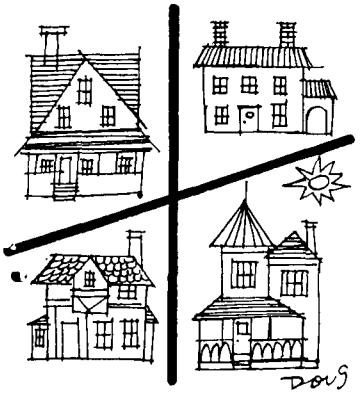
fairly well known. There seems no doubt that Crane would have married her if she had been free. Though these last years of Crane's life have been explored by his biographers, the wealth of correspondence, Cora's diary, and other data only recently available, have enabled Miss Gilkes to give a fuller account, in which we see Cora as a completely devoted wife and companion. But she was as impractical and impulsive as Crane himself, and was ineffectual in saving him from the tuberculosis that killed him. One is reminded of the frenetic Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald.

But this is the story of Cora Crane, and it does not end with Stephen's death in 1900. She lived ten years longer, during which she re-established her business in Jacksonville, after frustrating efforts to sell unpublished manuscripts and an unfinished novel, "The O'Ruddy." She made a foolish



third marriage (to her knowledge, polygamous), saw her husband commit murder, and fled to England to avoid testifying at his trial. While strolling in the crypt of St. Paul's she learned from a brass plaque that Stewart was dead. After the trial she returned once more to Jacksonville and led a pathetic life until 1910.

Crane's best work had already been published before he met Cora "Taylor," and this book does not essentially change our view either of the man or his literary stature, but it does show as no other critic-biographer has done the milieu of his last years. It is valuable, too, simply as social history, not only of the "red light" district of Jacksonville in its lushest period, but of woman's place in the world of 1870-1910.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 1, 5, 8, 9, 6, 10, 4, 7, 2. Names of authors (keyed on Column One): 1. H. C. Bailey. 2. Rex Stout. 3. Edgar Allan Poe. 4. S. S. Van Dine. 5. A. Conan Doyle. 6. R. Austin Freeman. 7. Dorothy Sayers. 8. Erle Stanley Gardner. 9. John Rhode. 10. Christopher Bush.

The Writer's Craft

Continued from page 22

to a concern with objects. I must confess that I have no more belief in this revolution than I have in the other. Obviously, the form of the novel changes whenever a novelist of genius appears. Proust is totally different from Balzac. But though that is true, he differs far less from George Eliot and Dickens. It may be possible, it may even be probable, that the novel is finding fresh inspiration in the technique of the screen; that dialogue is supplanting the author's comments on the action of his story (Compton Burnett, Claude Mauriac); that the "interior monologue" (what the characters think, not what they say) has now a recognized place in the technique of fiction (Nathalie Sarraute); that concentration on external objects is the sole means of expressing the interior world—but these variants will not change the essential nature of the novel.

ALMOST all the great novels have as their *motif*, more or less disguised, the "passage from childhood to maturity," the clash between the thrill of expectation, and the disillusioning knowledge of the truth. Proust extracts the very essence of this movement when he shows us a young boy confronted by a world of things, attaching to *names* ideas which, later, he will have to root up one by one before he can make the names coincide with a perceived reality. Swann is in love with Odette who exists only in his imagination. The transformation of this fictious Odette into the formidable Odette of flesh and blood is, in itself, a subject for a novel. Natasha, in "War and Peace," passes from mistake to mistake. One of our younger novelists, Michel Butor, sets before us a youthful Frenchman arriving in an English town. He cannot understand it; to him it seems monstrous. The subject of the novel is the hero's coming to grips with the real nature of the town. "Lost Illusions" is the undisclosed title of every novel. By this I do not mean that the mental development of the protagonist necessarily proceeds from illusion to cynicism. One can love a real woman after having loved her imagined counterpart. Similarly, one can adapt oneself to a society which, previously, one held in contempt. Another blanket title which would fit all the finest novels is "The 'Prentice Years."

But if the main subject of fiction is always of the same general nature, every gifted writer chooses the variant which will allow him to express his own personal view of it. There are autobiographical novels, though they are so only in part. The really great novel, on the contrary, tends to be the exact negative of its author's life. "The characters crowd onto the page," writes Mauriac, "there to accomplish all those things which the personal destiny of the author has kept at bay. All temptations overcome, all frustrations of love, combine to produce the embryo of a being who slowly takes on form and substance until, at last, he emerges into the light of day, uttering his newborn cry. The road never trodden by the father, the child will surely tread." That is true enough, but the choice of a subject is, all the same, linked with the secret desires of the writer, and this explains how it is that the greatest novelists never cease, under a variety of masks, from writing the same book. Fabrice and Julien Sorel are two aspects of the man Stendhal would have liked to be; Mme. de Renal and Clélia Conti, of the woman he would have liked to love. In Mauriac the conflict is always between Faith and Flesh. The truth is that, from the immense spectacle of the world, each novelist retains the one adventure which enables him to give expression to his own essential self, just as the painter sees in nature only pictures painted in *his* manner.

THE subject once decided upon, what part, in treating it, is played by the observing eye, what by the inventive imagination? Most novelists base their work on a *milieu* with which they are thoroughly familiar. Balzac's world is vast because life had brought him into close contact wtih many different types of men. Fictional characters are not portraits, but they are transpositions of real people. We are told that Rastignac was M. Thiers, and Micawber, Dickens's father. We may, however, be sure that many of the peculiarities of those characters were borrowed from other models. The Duchesse de Guermantes was Mme. Straus, but she was also Mme. de Chevigné. The really good novel is never a *roman a clef*. Nevertheless, it needs the support of reality, and the background of an actual society; otherwise it will not stand firm. If a novel is to come to life it must make contact with the facts of a society, its operative influences, its external relations, its politics and its rituals. The pastoral idyll is always a defective novel, because the lovers live their lives in isolation, as though situated in some enchanted bubble.

On the other hand, the external world in a novel must be seen through the eyes of its hero. In that form of novel which we call our life, we circle round many human beings, we see them under a succession of different lights, we are witnesses of the changes which take

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place in them, and it is thus that they hold our attention. Similarly, in a well-written, well-constructed work of fiction, the world presented will be three-dimensional only if it circles round the reader as well as round the hero.

There are many different ways of writing novels. The story may be told directly by the author speaking as eyewitness of the action, in which case his surprises must be our surprises. The hero, on the other hand, may be the narrator, speaking in the first person, and this is the easiest method because in it the confidential tone comes naturally. Finally, the novel may be written "from the point of view of God." Of this type, "War and Peace" is a good example. In it the world revolves round several different persons, and the reader sees it now through the eyes of Prince André, now through those of Pierre Bezoukhov, now through Natasha's.

TO BE more precise: in the great novels of the world the characters fall into two main types—objects and subjects. A novel presents us with the picture of an individual life in such a way that we get to know it as well as we know our own. This life belongs to the "subject" (or to more than one subject), and all the other characters who make their appearance in the course of the narrative are objects only. Old Grandet is an object to his daughter. But *she* is a subject, and that is why the book is called "Eugénie Grandet." Balzac's famous descriptions, which some critics find too long, are the visions of a subject-character, and, as such, are made vividly alive. What is described is not Grandet's house *in itself*, but Grandet's house as seen by Eugénie and her cousin, Charles.

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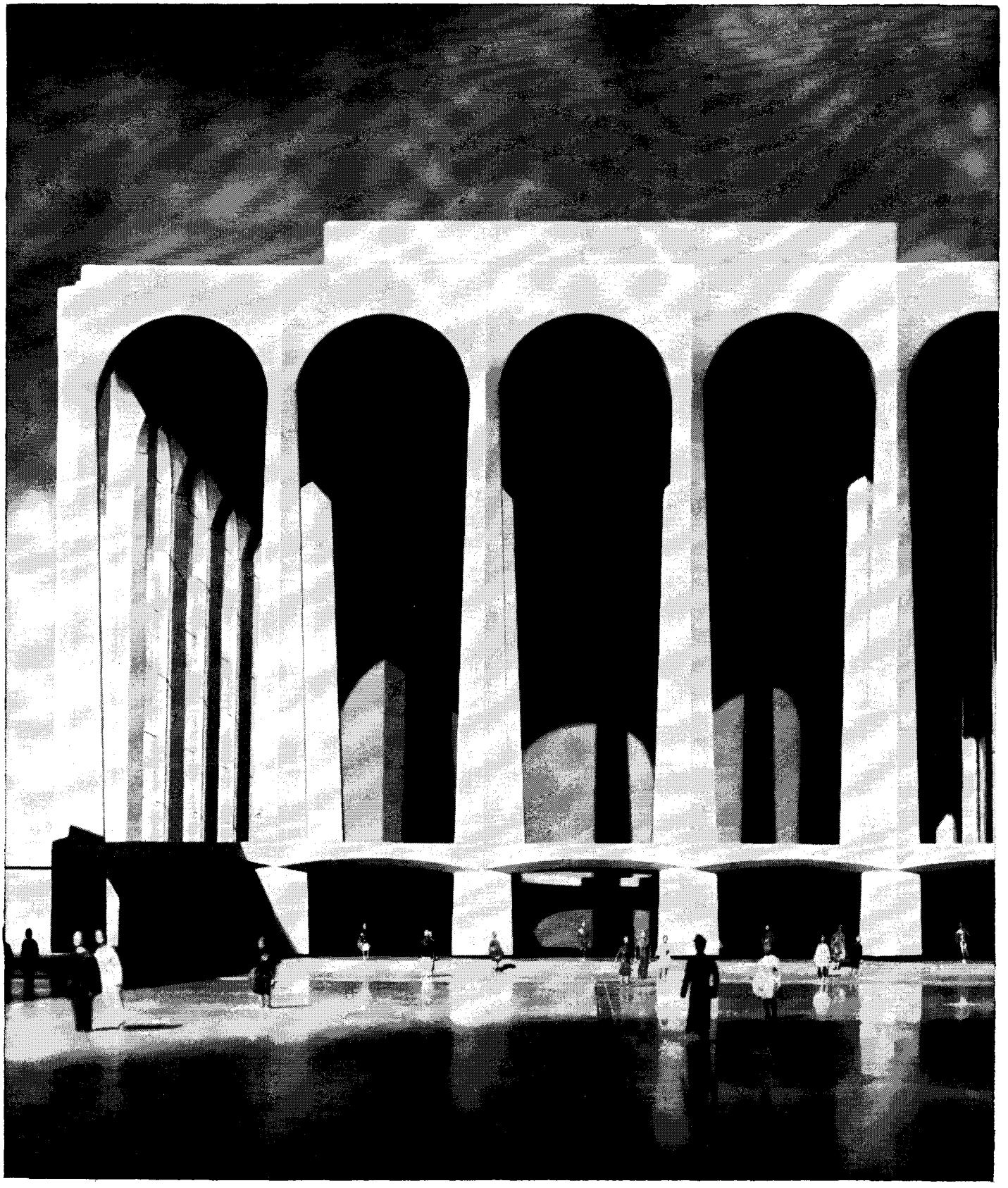

At Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, hundred-foot arches will soar above a spacious plaza. The model above shows the façade of the new Metropolitan Opera House. Lincoln Center will also include new homes for the New York Philharmonic and the Juilliard School, a repertory theater, a dance-operetta theater, a chamber music and recital hall, and a library-museum.

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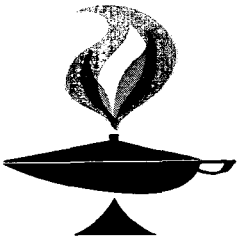
EDUCATION IN AMERICA



Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING

Associate Education Editor: JOHN SCANLON

SR/EDUCATION

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which has prepared its contents in cooperation with the staff of Saturday Review. The editors of SR retain responsibility for the material appearing in this supplement. Correspondence regarding manuscripts or editorial content should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.

Challenge and Change

AMERICAN education is built upon two fundamental articles of faith. As a people we belive that all individuals are educable. We believe also that everyone has a right to be educated. To these two articles of faith, each generation has given its own unique interpretation and each has added a chapter to the continuously expanding book. We have come to accept the ideas that the individual should be given the opportunity for education for so long as motivation and progress justify, and, increasingly, that he should be given this opportunity at public expense. It will not be amiss to remind ourselves of the fact, too frequently overlooked, that nowhere else in the world have these concepts been so long embraced or so nearly attained.

The challenge that now confronts us calls for a test of our continuing commitment to these historic articles of faith. It emerges in relentless intensity from the facts of our day. These facts have their focus in the growth of population, the expansion of knowledge, the explosion of physical energy, and the developments of technology. The triple task is to provide education and training for vastly increased numbers of individuals, for substantially longer spans of productive life, and at sharply heightened levels of competence and skill. The challenge is whether we will rise to the occasion and do just this. Our past performance as a people suggests that we will; our present national posture on these matters is far less clear. To this statement of the challenge must be added our commitments to excellence in learning *and* equality of opportunity for quality learning. Both are inherent in what is done in every school, college, university in this country. The true battlefront in our unceasing quest is the individual institution itself.

Institutions are established to meet the needs of society. Their forms are intended to preserve *that which is.* This intent is further reinforced by law, by regulation, and by custom. Institutional improvement is usually sought through a process of refinement, the sources of which are existing premises. Change becomes a threat to the institution itself and to the process by which the institution characteristically seeks ultimate fulfillment. Significant changes require redefinition rather than refinement, but such efforts do violence to the institution. For these reasons, no other area of education is so difficult to change as our institutionalized arrangements.

The unique purpose of formal educational institutions is the cultivation of the mind, the promotion of learning, and the pursuit of intellectual inquiry. Learning occurs only when change takes place in the learner. Rigid institutional arrangements are not the best setting for the encourage-

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This guest editorial is contributed by Lester W. Nelson, who before becoming an officer of the Fund for the Advancement of Education was high school principal in Scarsdale, New York, for twenty-one years. He is a past president of the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools and a member of the board of trustees of Sarah Lawrence College.*

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ment and support of learning. If learning requires change in the individual, the support of learning requires appropriate changes in the settings, under which it goes forward. The increased number of persons to be educated, the rapidly expanding knowledge of man, and the accelerating pace of development of resources require that we use new knowledge and new resources for the education of all individuals. Unless this is done with courage and skill, our fundamental commitments to quality and equality will remain unhonored. Those commitments will be honored only as we re-examine the conditions which are essential for learning, reassess the resources available to us, and redeploy those resources effectively. These things require the active embracement of change.

Great need exists for change in the existing ratio between current investment in the physical facilities for education and investment in the learning resources we provide within these facilities. This ratio between investment in plant and investment in tools may be disproportionate. During the past fifty years, one sector of our national effort, American industry, has changed this ratio radically. At the beginning of the century, industry was investing approximately three-fourths of its capital dollars in plant and one-fourth in its tools of production. Today, however, the ratio is virtually reversed. One cannot view the changes that have occurred in productivity, purchasing power, or standard of living without suspecting they are directly related to the increase in relative investment in tools. Education has made no comparable effort at redressing any imbalance in the conventional allocation of its resources. Such changes merit exploration.

It is reasonable to hypothesize that any such comparable change in educational investment policies will manifest itself in the quality of learning. The ability of the learner to assume greater responsibility for his own learning is widely recognized. The satisfaction of intellectual curiosity, under conditions that make such responsibility possible, requires that resources be abundant, diverse, and of high quality. Educational resources are increasingly present in our society but, paradoxically, most educational institutions have been laggard in recognizing their existence or in utilizing them. The marvels of modern technology represent a rich reservoir of resources for viewing, listening, reading, doing, yet education as a whole has not invested these resources with respectability nor accepted them into partnership. The educational possibilities of modern electronics for producing, storing, retrieving, and distributing information have scarcely been scratched. To achieve the realization of such potential requires that changes be made in our educational investment policies.

A second direction of change involves our organization and use of time. The most effective use of time involves both the teacher and the learner. The emancipation of the teacher from repetitive activities of low productive value cries out for a priority which education has not assigned to it. The teacher must be enabled to function at the top level of his professional competence, for so much of his time as possible and for the benefit of more learners.

The time within which the learner now pursues his learning must be revised and extended. Unless this is done, individual needs cannot be met adequately. Changes in time requirements, degree requirements, and organizational practices will have to be made. What we do here will directly affect the deployment of our educational dollars, our utilization of plant and resources, and the number of students who can be taught.

The area most urgently in need of change is in the relationship between the several levels of our educational structure. The traditional approach to the problem has been primarily curricular. We have given much thought to establishing priorities for the content of learning, but relatively little attention to revising the time allotted to the various phases of education. We generally assume that the quality of learning is a function of time and that this function is constant within each level of the educational structure and for all individuals within each level. Thus, elementary education requires six years for its completion, secondary education requires another six years, undergraduate education requires four years, and graduate work requires a widely divergent length of time. Our institutional arrangements, our budgeting of educational finances, and our utilization of personnel are all predicated on these assumptions, which have been vigorously supported by law and custom. The requirements of the accreditation process often operate to preserve this fiction.

As increasing numbers of secondary schools develop programs of advanced work, the problem of articulation between the secondary schools and the higher institutions will become more acute. It is seriously misleading to assume that this movement is destined to have only peripheral impact on higher education. This impact is being felt already in many colleges and, in some, it is having the effect of requiring a virtual reordering of the undergraduate program. When, as seems likely, the numbers of students graduating from our secondary schools in eleven years rather than twelve, and with academic stature equal to that commonly existing at the end of the freshman year in college, has reached major proportions, it will be much too late for higher education to begin to plan for it. Such changes are in the making, and educational institutions at all levels would do well to recognize this fact, to encourage it, and to be prepared for it.

The challenge presented to education in our time is not of the same dimension or intensity as that which we have faced in the past. Population has never grown so rapidly nor has human knowledge expanded so explosively. Never before has there been so much to be taught to so many. Never before has there been so much to be learned by the many. If our commitments to quality and equality of education are to be reaffirmed and honored, we must make imaginative and creative use of the new knowledge and the new technology. This requires important changes. The challenge will not be met nor will our commitments be fulfilled unless these changes are made.

—Lester N. Nelson.

Rat Race of Status Symbols

It is easy to define sin in others—in this case in "Madison Avenue," in "the monkey business of public relations." It is even easier to cherish illusions about yourself—in this case about our colleges and universities. Ask yourself one leading question. What—honestly now!—is the truth about higher education in relation to the rat race of status symbols? Are not the colleges and universities deeply involved in this rat race? Do American students typically choose their colleges on the basis of the enhanced social status that is deemed to be attached to their baccalaureate diplomas? If we are—and rightly so—critical of the spiritually empty rat race for status symbols, would it not be more relevant to look to ourselves rather than to that much-flogged horse on Madison Avenue?

President Harry D. Gideonse *of Brooklyn College, in an address at Syracuse University, April 18, 1960.*

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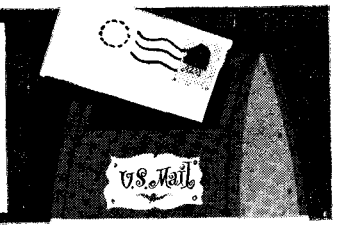
Letters to the Editor



TWO VIEWS FROM WISCONSIN

We view the Education Supplement with strong reservations.

William Jenkins,
Professor of Elementary Education,
University of Wisconsin,
(Milwaukee Branch).
Milwaukee, Wis.

I know I am among many who applaud *SR*'s decision to devote a monthly supplement to education.

Lindley J. Stiles,
Dean School of Education,
University of Wisconsin.
Madison, Wis.

OCTOBER ISSUE

Readers of Dr. John S. Diekhoff's article "Untaught Teachers" [*SR*, Oct. 15] will be interested to know that Syracuse University's Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs has successfully established the sort of program the author advocates: a course of preparation for college teachers of the social sciences in which quality of scholarship is maintained while teaching competence is emphasized. This program, which leads to the interdisciplinary Doctor of Social Science degree, typically comprises fifteen semester hours of course work more than the Ph.D., with emphasis on breadth and effective presentation; and fifteen fewer hours of credit for the dissertation project which, while subject to standards as rigorous as those of the traditional program, is of more modest size.

Thomas F. Powell,
Syracuse University.
Syracuse, N. Y.

You note, in passing, the *Reporter* article on "The Affluent Professors" and piously add, "We hope the time will come when colleges can pay high salaries to those who stay on the campus and teach school." In turn, I hope you won't hold your breath until this happens.

Hilbert Schenck, Jr.,
Associate Professor,
Clarkson College of Technology.
Potsdam, N. Y.

College Board aptitude scores *can* be influenced significantly, although not by drill. When my wife taught senior English at Northwestern Military and Naval Academy, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and I supervised an intensive reading program, we found that guidance and encouragement toward variegated reading regularly increased the CEEB verbal score average fifty points from the junior to senior year. The twenty-eight-member class of 1958 averaged a verbal score increase of 71.5 and a mathematics score increase of 52.8 without the use of drill or changing class instruction. A tempting library, the opportunity to read, shared interests with other students, and class relationship with reading faculty members appeared to account for the difference. The average senior read twenty-five books during the school year.

William R. Cantrall,
Lyons Township High School.
LaGrange, Ill.

NEW BOOKS

I am surprised to note the omission in your list of new books of "The Case for Basic Education," edited by James D. Koerner, and "A Citizens' Manual For Public Schools," by Mortimer Smith, which is a guide for school board members and other laymen.

V. W. Cather.
Portland, Ore.

Editor's note: *These were omitted because, although the editors recognize their significance, they are not "new books." Both were published a year ago.*

SUGGESTION FOR FUTURE ISSUES

I hope it will be possible to include in future issues articles relating to the problems of private higher education. I think one of the aspects of the revolution in education proceeding in America today is the decrease of private higher education, which for so many years was the backbone of our educational system. Perhaps this is a good thing, but I believe America should recognize that a change is taking place.

R. A. McLemore, *President,*
Mississippi College.
Clinton, Miss.

THE ROLE OF THE PTA

L. B. Rosenstein in his letter [*SR*, Oct. 15] asks a good question: What can and what should Parent Teachers Associations do? After two years of challenge, reward, and frustration trying to buck private and public indifference, I have come to the conclusion that PTAs are far less effective than either *ad hoc* or standing citizens committees. In my judgment, the reason is the ossified attitude of the powers that be, which is the PTA leadership at the national, state, and district levels.

These worthy dignitaries are hopelessly committed to an unquestioning deference to established ways, and utterly distrustful of experimentation, new approach, and re-examination. As in any national organization, the local associations can perform only within the general framework provided from above. This should answer the question of what PTAs *can* do. What *should* they do?

Their function, as I see it, is twofold. First, to disseminate information about things educational where it is sorely needed, namely the much-maligned "grass roots." Secondly, to provide the citizens with a forum for informal expression and exchange of ideas among themselves and between the parents and the school board, the faculty and the administration.

Alfred E. Reichenberger.
Deansboro, N. Y.

DR. CONANT

Your article on James Bryant Conant [*SR*, Oct. 15] was most fitting, but I believe there is one area of his background which your editor seems to be unfamiliar with.

The article says Dr. Conant "shocked his private school friends by expressing the opinion that 'the greater the proportion of our youth who fail to attend public schools and who receive their education elsewhere, the greater the threat to democratic unity.' However surprising such a statement may seem, coming from a graduate of the Roxbury Latin School, it is entirely consistent with Conant's view of democracy and of life."

As a graduate of Roxbury Latin School, I cannot agree that this viewpoint is at all surprising. At the time Dr. Conant attended it, the "grammar school in the easterly part of the town of Roxbury" required no tuition, and to this day does not take boarding pupils. In my time, during the Thirties, the only criterion for entrance was the competitive examinations; the social status of the pupils was very definitely from the upper middle class down.

From an educational approach, this third oldest school in the country was much closer to the oldest school, Boston Latin School, than to any of the other institutions in the area which are generally categorized as "private schools."

Actually, I believe that Conant's approach to public education may have been conceived in the atmosphere of the Roxbury Latin School.

Robert Atwater.
Bloomfield, Conn.

There are a great many responsible critics of our schools who cannot accept Dr. Conant as the new educational mentor. What real qualifications does Conant possess for his present task? It takes more than visiting and compiling statistics to see the schools as they really are. One must have known them daily from the inside, from having worked in them, and from having known intimately the people who run them as well as the students. Many of Dr. Conant's observations about the junior high school reveal only an academic knowledge.

Mary T. Reed.
Seattle, Wash.

TEXT

As a young teacher I find the material in your Education Supplement as valuable as the text in my present graduate course, "Modern Philosophies of Education."

Dorothy Kelley.
Mattapan, Mass.

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EDUCATION: THE LONG VIEW

Our educational patterns have deep roots in the past. American scholars and educators are well aware of their indebtedness to Greece and to Western Europe but often less aware—or not aware at all—of the history of education in other cultures, past and present. Yet each of the many civilizations that have flourished on five continents and through many millennia has found it necessary to educate the young. It would therefore be unforgivably ethnocentric to assume that our world can learn nothing from them. No living historian has studied the institutions of ancient and living civilizations more broadly and exhaustively than Arnold J. Toynbee. This article was commissioned by the Fund for the Advancement of Education and also appears as the concluding chapter of "Education in the Perspective of History," by Edward D. Myers (Harper, 388 pp., $6).

By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

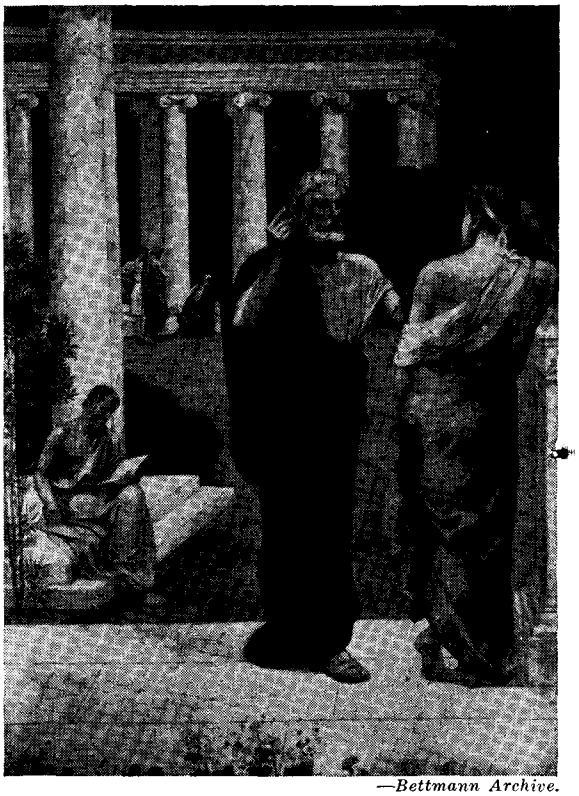
EDUCATION is a specifically human activity. Unlike other animals, man inherits something over and above what is transmitted to him automatically by physical and psychic heredity. He inherits a culture which the members of the rising generation acquire, not as an automatic birthright, but through being inducted into it by their elders. Human culture is not built into human minds; it is a mental tool that is transmitted, held, and operated by them, and it is detachable and variable. Our minds are like handles to which alternative systems of culture can be fitted. Our culture does resemble our physical and psychic constitution in that it changes in the course of transmission; but its rate of change is incomparably faster than nature's. Even when the intentions of all concerned are conservative, the transmitting generation never succeeds in handing on its cultural heritage in quite the form in which it received it from its predecessors; and the time span of one generation is infinitesimally short compared to the age of the human race.

In most human societies in most times and places so far, education, in the broad sense of the transmission of a cultural heritage, has been unself-conscious and unorganized activity. People have mostly acquired their ancestral culture in the way in which they learn their mother tongue. They associate with their elders and learn from them unconsciously, while the elders, on their side, are hardly more conscious of being teachers.

This unsophisticated kind of education continues to play an important part even in societies in process of civilization in which organized and formal systems of education have come to be established. Even in educational institutions in which the official staple is book learning, the forming of habits and the training of character are still largely left to be taken care of by the spontaneous effects of the social relations between the rising generation and its elders; and what the child brings with him from his home may count for as much as what is deliberately impressed upon him at school. The importance of the home's contribution comes to light when an educational institution that has been the preserve of some privileged minority is thrown open to a wider public. One of the most effective privileges hitherto has been the privilege of being heir to a richer cultural heritage than is accessible to the unprivileged majority, and this richer heritage is transmitted through the family as well as through schools and colleges. This becomes apparent when children with a poorer cultural heritage are admitted to the minority's schools. They find it difficult to obtain as much benefit as their privileged schoolfellows obtain from the same course of formal education, because they bring less with them. To him that hath shall be given. This is not just, but it is one of the facts of life. It takes more than one generation for a family that has made its way out of a less privileged into a more privileged social class to acquire the full cultural heritage of the class to which it has won admission.

A SOCIETY enters on the process of civilization as soon as it can afford to maintain a minority, however small, whose time and energy is not wholly taken up in producing food and the other primary necessities of life. This leisured minority is the social milieu in which an unorganized and unself-conscious apprenticeship in the older generation's way of life comes to be supplemented, more and more, by the organized and self-conscious kind of instruction which is what we commonly mean today in our society when we use the word "education." This development, which is one of the accompaniments of civilization, is what makes possible the enrichment of the cultural heritage that the word "civilization" implies. But the introduction of formal education has several awkward consequences.

One consequence is that education



—Bettmann Archive.

Plato conversing with a student at the Academy. Mural painting by Puvis de Chavannes.

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becomes a burden on the mind. In the act of making it formal we make it cumulative. The successive cultural achievements of successive generations are recorded and handed on, while the capacity of a single human mind in a single lifetime remains within constant natural limits. How is a limited human mind to cope with a cultural heritage that is perpetually increasing in bulk? This problem is aggravated when people begin deliberately to extend the range of human knowledge by systematic research. There will be a temptation to try to facilitate the acquisition of the growing heritage by simplifying its content at the cost of impoverishing it. For educational purposes the culture may be reduced to a conventional form in which it will tend to become impersonal, secular, and abstract; and in this process the living essence of the culture may slip out of the educational net. The apprenticeship for life may be ousted by a course of instruction set by syllabus. Ordeals that are initiations into successive stages of life may shrivel into examinations in arbitrarily selected bodies of cut-and-dried knowledge.

ANOTHER consequence of formalizing education is to make it esoteric. When poetry, sacred or secular, is preserved over a series of generations by being committed to memory or to writing, the work of art "freezes" the language in which it is conveyed. Of all man's cultural tools, his living language is perhaps the one that changes most rapidly. It quickly parts company with the language of a work that has become a classic, and the classical language soon becomes archaic and finally ceases to be intelligible to anyone who has not had the leisure to devote himself to the study of it. Mastery of a language that still enjoys high cultural prestige but is at the same time a "dead" language for all but a learned minority gives this minority a monopoly that carries power with it and that may therefore come to be prized and clung to for its own sake.

This may happen even when the transmission of a classical literature is still oral. History shows that in societies in which the human mind's natural powers of memory have not been weakened by dependence on written records, large bodies of literature can be handed down, word perfect, for centuries by memorization, unaided by writing. And indeed, many societies, long after they have acquired the art of writing, have cherished a strong and persistent prejudice against committing to writing anything that is felt to be of social and cultural value—for instance, laws and, still more, liturgies. Writing seems usually to have come into use first of all for prosaic practical purposes such as the recording of inventories, contracts, and correspondence. It has to become well established and familiar before people can bring themselves to use it for higher cultural ends.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Engraving, circa 1400, of a teacher leading fellow scholars in discussion at the University of Paris.

The earliest scripts have been the clumsiest and the most complicated and therefore the most difficult to learn to read and write. So, when the scribe's monopoly of understanding a classical language is reinforced by a monopoly of manipulating an archaic script, he becomes doubly entrenched in his position of privilege, and acquires a vested interest in opposing the literary use of the vulgar tongue of his own day conveyed in a system of writing which is easily mastered.

The Egyptian hieroglyphic script, the Sumerian cuneiform, and above all, the vast array of Chinese characters are examples of scripts that have been misused to defeat the purpose of the art of writing by making it a barrier to communication instead of a channel for it. For this reason the invention of the alphabet has been a turning point in the history of education, if we think of this history as being the story of the effort to make formal, as well as spontaneous, education one of the fundamental rights of all men instead of leaving it to remain the privilege of a minority. Yet, during 3,000 years since the discovery of the principle of analyzing the sounds of human speech into their elements, by the unknown genius to whom the invention of the alphabet is due, this principle has never been applied with complete rationality. Every known version of the alphabet retains letters that are superfluous because they are duplicates or compounds, and lacks letters required for conveying some of the sounds that occur in the language to which this version of the alphabet has been geared.

Successive breaches in the scribe's monopoly have been made from various motives. For instance, the government of a widespread empire, embracing all, and perhaps more than all, the domain of an entire civilization, may find the traditional privileged minority inadequate or unsuitable for supplying the imperial government with the administrators that it needs; and then this government may deliberately call into existence a new class of educated people to fill or supplement the ranks of its administrative hierarchy. In China at the turn of the second and the last Century B.C., the imperial government entered into an alliance with the Confucian school of philosophers, whose literary stock-in-trade was the classics that Confucius had canonized. The result was a considerable extension of the educated class in China and a concomitant broadening of this class's social basis. A wholly new "intelligentsia" may be called into existence by an imperial government that has become converted to an alien culture or has brought an alien culture in with it. This was one of the effects of the "reception" of Western culture in Russia and after the reign of Peter the Great, and of the introduction of Western culture into India by the British raj.

MISSIONARY religions, again, have called into existence new corporations of educated clerics in their zeal to propagate themselves to the ends of the earth; and their leaders, looking upon the whole human race as prospective converts, have been perhaps the first people in the world to conceive of universal education. In China, in particular, the inventions of printing and paper appear to have been stimulated by the eagerness of Buddhist missionaries to bring spiritual enlightenment within the reach of the masses.

This vision of universal education

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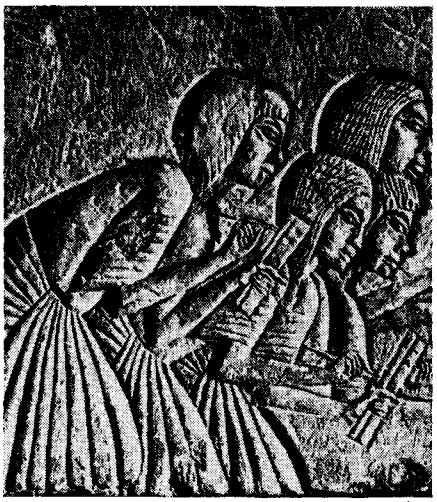
was caught by the higher religions before the economic means had been provided for translating it from an ideal into a reality. During these first 5,000 years of the history of civilization, one of the most characteristic, and most ugly, features of this new way of life has been the monopoly of its amenities, spiritual as well as material, by a small minority of the members of societies in process of civilization. This blot on the scutcheon of civilization during its first phase has not been due solely to the selfishness of the ruling minority. Even if all the members of this group had succeeded in rising above their natural human egotism and had tried with all their might to share their cultural heritage with the unprivileged majority of their fellow human beings, they would have been defeated, before the Industrial Revolution, by the smallness of the economic surplus remaining in hand after the satisfaction of elementary economic needs. This revolution started in the Western World about two hundred years ago and, since then, has been increasing in momentum and communicating itself from the Western peoples to the rest of mankind.

IN A pre-industrial agricultural economy, in which human and animal muscle power has not been reinforced by mechanical power, all but a small minority of the members of society are condemned to live as a peasantry whose puny production cannot provide amenities beyond such common necessities as food, clothing, and shelter for more than a small minority. This injustice was made intolerable by the appearance in the world of higher religions that divined and proclaimed the infinite spiritual values of every human soul, irrespective of the social class in which it has been placed by the accident of birth. An injustice that has long since been intolerable has now been made unnecessary by the Industrial Revolution, which has brought it within our economic power at last to provide the amenities of civilization for mankind in the mass—always supposing that we do not use the new power generated by the progress of technology for the self-destruction of the human race.

Our present Industrial Revolution is, of course, only one in a long series of technological advances; but it is perhaps the first since the invention of agriculture that has been potent enough to provide appreciable social and cultural benefits for all members of a society that has made it. At the dawn of civilization, the agricultural yield was increased in the river valleys of Southwest Asia and Egypt by the invention of water control. In the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., the quality of the yield was increased in Greece by the invention of specialization in luxury crops to be traded in exchange for staple foodstuffs and raw materials. These too were brilliant economic revolutions, but they were comparatively minor ones in their material effect. Our present-day Industrial Revolution is the first that has opened up the prospect of providing the material means for raising the standard of living of the world's vast peasantry above the neolithic level that was attained round the rim of the Fertile Crescent during the age preceding the dawn of civilization there. This present possibility of bringing the benefits of civilization to the whole of the great unprivileged majority of the human race carries with it a moral command to execute the act of justice that is now at last within our power. This is the new requirement with which



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Egyptian Scribes, 18th Dynasty, around 1350 B.C.—Museo Archeologico, Florence.

mankind, and consequently the ancient human institution of education, is confronted today. The educational problems involved are of the same order of magnitude as the requirement itself.

One problem is presented by the unalterable and inescapable fact that a human being has a strictly limited capacity. The maximum natural endowment of ability and energy that can be in action over the maximum effective life span is something that is fixed within very narrow limits of marginal variability. On the other hand, human knowledge is cumulative in science and technology. In the humanities as well, knowledge tends to accumulate within the time spans of particular civilizations and higher religions, and sometimes outlives the disintegration and disappearance of these social matrices of humane culture. This accumulation of culture confronts the givers and receivers of formal education with a Psyche's task of ever-increasing difficulty; and this difficulty confronts all individuals alike, in every civilization and in every social class.

In modern times Western civilization has been sensationally successful in deliberately and systematically extending the bounds of knowledge and in applying its knowledge of non-human nature to the practical purpose of increasing human power over man's non-human environment. One of the devices by which these successes have been achieved has been specialization. And there is a temptation to carry specialization to still greater lengths as a possible means of coping with the overwhelming mass of new knowledge that specialization has won for us. At the present time this temptation is reinforced by the new demand of governments and nongovernmental corporations and foundations for specialists in natural science and technology, now that technological and scientific knowledge is expected to count for more than military prowess and administrative skill in the arena of international power politics.

ANY state or people that succumbs to this temptation seems likely to defeat its own purpose. The modern marriage of technology with science has proved fruitful because science has been pursued primarily for its own sake, without any immediate view to a practical application of its discoveries. And even the disinterested pursuit of science becomes sterile if it runs in narrow ruts. Specialization in particular branches of natural science soon runs dry if it is cut off from its source in comprehensive and philosophical scientific thinking. Moreover, even a scientist who takes the whole of nonhuman nature into his purview cannot afford to leave human nature out of it. "The proper study of mankind is man" because man's dealings with himself and with his human neighbors are the part of man's business in which he has been conspicuously unsuccessful thus far; and the penalty for failure here becomes heavier, the greater the power over non-human nature that the advance of natural science places in man's hands for him to wield, in his perversity, against himself. The need for balancing an education in natural science and technology with an education in the humanities has been recognized and acted upon by, for instance, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the most distinguished educational institutions of the present day; and the wisdom of this broad-minded policy has been recognized in the educational world. This should be noted and taken to heart by the advocates of extreme specialization in the various branches

(*Continued on page* 76)

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Plight of the Intellectual Girl

By ETHEL STRAINCHAMPS,
a Midwestern housewife who taught elementary school for five years and then went into newspaper work. She reviews books on education for the St. Louis Post Dispatch and has written articles for popular magazines.

ONE OF Dr. Conant's few criticisms of the comprehensive high school is that it is not preparing the intellectually superior girl for her normal role in society. Being an intelligent and prudent man, Dr. Conant makes no specific recommendations as to how this shortcoming can be remedied. He probably doubts, as many people do, that the intellectually superior girl *has* a normal role in society.

What everybody really means by a girl's "normal role," though educators may understandably hesitate to define it, is the role of wife and mother. Though both roles are socially essential, it is questionable whether intellectuality has any positive value for either. A recent book on the care of the mentally retarded reports that early in the history of the institutionalization of these unfortunates it was learned that feeble-minded girls made exceptionally good housekeepers and nursemaids. Some of them were placed in private homes in New England towns to take over the duties of housewives and mothers, and they soon became very much in demand.

This leads to the speculation that intellectuality, or even normal intelligence, in those who do only this kind of work may be superfluous—that it survives in women, as rudimentary mammary glands do in men—only because of nature's imperfect differentiation of the sexes. Nevertheless, many girls handicapped by egregiously high IQs have, under the old laissez-faire system, learned to be more or less contented in the world as it is. They have done so by a gradual adaptation that results in what Simone de Beauvoir has called the attitude of ironic resignation—the only one possible to an intelligent woman in Western society today.

The public school classroom has, up to now, been an ideal place for a smart girl to start learning this adaptation. Social pressures by her peers, and a preference by her superiors for complaisance and tractability over effort and accomplishment have helped to mold her into the stereotype of feminine charm. As a result she has—until Dr. Conant came along—managed to escape the notice of the social critics who had, long before Sputnik, already started clamoring for stricter mental disciplining, more rigorous academic drill, and stiffer competition in the classroom. Without a thought for what effect all this would have on girls, the critics said it was necessary for preparing "our best intellects" to take over their destined roles—leadership.

What they had inexplicably failed to notice was that the majority of "our best intellects," by which they meant those who excel in the classroom, were of a gender that is almost automatically barred from positions of leadership. It shouldn't have taken much reflection on this fact to make them suspect that there is a missing element in the equation: natural intelligence, plus rigorous academic training, equals leadership.

An analysis of the reasons for the academic superiority of girls in high school, if anybody ever thought to make one, would undoubtedly cast considerable doubt on the value of the incentives now being considered to promote the pursuit of intellectuality. Far from needing incentives, girls have maintained their high academic record in the face of evidence that they do so to the damage of their chief weapon for getting ahead in the world—their sex appeal. If educators could find out what lies behind such perversity, they would obviously have a more potent psychological tool than the "practicality" of brains, which they are now, with doubtful results, giving the hard sell.

But it has apparently never occurred to our educational planners to make a study of any intellectual girl's drives, even for the purpose of learning how to motivate the true objects of their concern—the boys. Female scholars, who might be able to give them a few hints from their own experience, are unaccountably missing from their councils. They haven't asked me either, but the times call for volunteers and, sparing myself the immodesty of producing my credentials, I should like to offer some hints.

The real appeal that hard subject matter has for a girl lies in the opportunity it offers her to exercise her brain—an activity she enjoys for its own sake. Undeluded about the practical benefits of learning Latin and geometry, which she is smart enough to know she will never use, she regards a mastery of them as an end in itself, not a means to an end. To warn her away from a language because it is dead only whets her appetite. The deader it is the more like a pure riddle it becomes, and riddles to solve are what she is looking for. The extraneous spur of competition adds little to the challenge of the ma-

"Mary Margaret! You are disturbing the class!"

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terial itself. Approached as a game, learning is naturally competitive, and a bright girl will know when she has won, though she will soon see the folly of claiming too many overt victories in the classroom. This is where her adaptation starts. You can't get a man with a gun—nor with an all-A average.

The real danger is to the heedless miss who lets herself get carried away with her easy classroom triumphs. I was thus misled into taking six years of French, and the one time I have since found a real use for it—in a conversation with a French war bride—has not repaid me for the many times it used to tempt me to alienate acquaintances by coming up with some Gallic *mot juste* I had been taught was "in general usage." There are very few French phrases that fit that description in this country, and the obsolescent ones I learned are not among them.

In fact, it has occurred to me that a linguist interested in examining a "frozen language"—one with the archaic charm of the ancient Norwegian that survives in Iceland—could do worse than examine the remnants of French that linger in the brains of some of us Middle Western housewives. My high school French teacher was an ancient lady who had never been outside the boundaries of Jasper County, Missouri, and she probably learned her French from someone equally isolated from the mainstream of the language. I noticed that some of my French "idioms" seemed to bemuse my war-bride acquaintance, and it later struck me that she had probably never run across them before, outside the works of Racine or Montaigne.

Still, the most important lesson I learned in school was from that French teacher. She gave another student a higher grade than mine, though I had been conspicuously pulling the class along all term, and when I called her on it, more in bafflement than in anger, she explained that she had marked me down because of my "attitude." I had tried to "monopolize" the class time, she said, and by my constant "showing off" had discouraged students who found the subject more difficult. That explanation, with its obvious logic and justice, did more to discipline me mentally than all the French, Latin, and Spanish I took put together. It also taught me more about a practical scientific method than I learned from algebra, geometry, chemistry, and biology combined. In fact, starting from there, I had learned enough about method by the time I got to college to refuse to recite in class altogether.

A girl's disenchantment with book-learning as anything but a private diversion starts like this in the classroom, but it becomes complete in the world outside. To be able to see that her classmates who were whizzes at algebra or history make no better—and no worse—housekeepers than those who elected home economics or stenography, she doesn't need to know that psychologists have discredited the theory of "transfer of training." (This is the theory that held that the intelligence is composed of isolable "faculties" that can, like muscles, be strengthened by exercise, so that the one you deduce with, for instance, made supple by workouts in trigonometry, would be ready for instant use in deciding whether to buy a washer or keep sending the laundry out. Psychologists still grant that memorizing theorems and conjugations may leave the useful residue of a system for memorizing nonsense syllables—or, presumably, meat loaf recipes or shorthand symbols. The only trouble is that neither nonsense syllables nor meat loaf recipes and shorthand symbols are as much fun as Latin and geometry, a fact I hope the curriculum planners will bear in mind.)

As for the value of the good old "mental disciplines" in teaching people "how to think," this is another claim that women have their doubts about. They usually know too many good female thinkers who never saw the inside of a mental discipline and too many poor ones who were academic whizzes.

On the other hand, if the most vocal critics of our schools—all of whom are men—may be taken as examples, there are many of that sex who have been able to retain a childlike faith in the magic of book-learning. If these adamant academicians would make a survey among their nonacademic acquaintances—assuming they have any, which is doubtful—they would learn that it is impossible to tell what "mental disciplines" most of them were exposed to in high school. Still the surveyors and the surveyed, if male, would probably remain convinced that it was the mental disciplining they got in high school that made them what they are today—whatever that is. Men do advance in the world and they were told that application to hard subject matter would help them do it. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc,* if I may be forgiven the foreign phrase.

There are many other reasons why it is hard to sell the "practicality" of disciplining the brain to ambitious women. First of all, there is the evidence that in the two or three decades since high school coeducation became almost universal in this country, the status of women outside the home has steadily declined. U. S. Department of Labor statistics show that while the number of women workers has increased greatly since 1940, the proportion of them to men in top jobs and in the professions has dwindled. There is also the fact that whereas our universally educated women had a head start toward equal rights, those in a number of countries that were more backward in this regard, including Japan, outnumber them in the top legislative bodies of their respective countries.

Part of this regression is no doubt due to a recent resurgence of the historic Anglo-Saxon distrust of the intellect,

(*Continued on page* 81)

Why Girls Set the Pace

Some . . . youngsters have scintillating intelligence and the bodies of children. Others are still childish in mind though mature in body. Yet all are pushed into a common mold, pushed ahead to match not the highest intellectual development but the most precocious physical development.

This means, among other things, that in our junior high schools the pace is set by the girls, as it has been ever since the children entered first grade. Little girls are more docile and more verbal than boys, more anxious to please, and because these are qualities that our schools reward, the girls appear to excel the boys. If the schools would place as high a value on some other qualities – originality, creativity, stubborn individuality of style, refusal merely to conform to please—the boys, recent investigations show, would come out better. Docility, verbal compliance, and the wish to please don't go very well with originality. So from the start our grade schools expect girls to set standards in schoolwork, standards of orderliness, accuracy, legibility in handwriting, and proper outlining, with a B following an A and a II following a I. The boys, for the most part, simply remove themselves from this world. They play games, think about cars, follow the major leagues. Meanwhile the girls forge ahead.

—Margaret Mead, in "Are We Squeezing Out Adolescence?" *National Parent-Teacher,* September, 1960.

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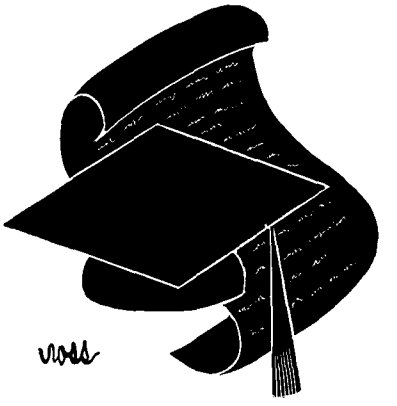
Why Not a Twelve-Month College?



By WEIMER K. HICKS, *President of Kalamazoo College.*

HIGHER education will soon be faced with enrollment problems unequaled in history. In the first place, there will be a dramatic increase in the number of young men and women of college age. Second, a higher proportion of these young people will be knocking at the doors of college each year. Thus, our institutions of higher learning are confronted with even greater problems in this respect than our elementary and secondary schools.

Private colleges have still another concern. Year by year the percentage of students at the independent colleges is growing smaller, having dropped from 61 per cent of total college enrollment in 1900 to 51 per cent in 1930 to 42 per cent in 1959. If America is to maintain a system of free enterprise in an era in which governmental supp rt and control are increasing, it is vital that we maintain the private college. Indeed, the private college today is one of the last vestiges of hope in a desert of statism. Consequently we cannot dismiss our responsibilities without endangering the things in which we believe.

The response to this crisis in higher education will of course vary according to the peculiar genus, concept, and purpose of the particular college. The tax-supported university will certainly expand to carry an increasing percentage of the student population. Many private colleges, having already reached their optimum enrollment for fulfilling their objectives, will not be able to grow. These are the institutions which champion the liberal arts concept in an age in which vocational education has become the pattern. We must therefore determine where our responsibilities lie and in what way we can best serve our constituency.

In the immediate future, I believe there are three choices open to the small college. First, it can hold steadfastly to the present policy of enrolling a limited number of students. Second, it can begin a planned expansion, in which registration is increased as facilities are enlarged. Or, third, it can revise its semester divisions to make fuller use of its facilities throughout the year, and alter its teaching techniques to serve a larger number of students without appreciably increasing the number accommodated simultaneously.

As higher education girds itself for the student bulge, all of us recognize that we must find better ways to educate more young people. The leisurely, time-honored methods of the past must be improved if the influx of students is to be accommodated. Accordingly, the educational world is searching intensively for techniques through which to train more students with less man power.

Certain changes are inevitable. First, we can no longer condone an educational system, whether secondary or collegiate, in which facilities are used only two-thirds of the year. The concept of the three-month summer vacation is an anachronism left over from an agrarian society. While many insist that the long vacation is advantageous for the maturation of the mind, none can rightfully say that the vacation must fall in the summer, nor that the majority of educational plants should stand idle during a third of the year as we float bond issues or raise funds for additional facilities. If we cling to this outmoded practice, we are not keeping faith with our constituency.

The institution of higher education, and especially the liberal arts college, must scrutinize its curricula and its course offerings. The liberal concept we try to give to each student means that we strive to give him a broad understanding of many fields rather than to delve too deeply in a particular discipline. Yet few are the liberal arts colleges in America in which course proliferation and vocational units are not impeding the educational concepts the institution espouses. Furthermore, the small college has preached its small classes so steadfastly that it has failed to realize that in some cases size has little effect upon learning.

Higher education must also re-examine its teaching techniques. The lecture-recitation method has been predominant in the classroom. Few institutions have placed responsibility for learning squarely upon the student. Yet we recognize that education is an individual matter. The professor can explain and excite, but the student must learn. When we fence him in with daily classes and regular assignments followed by recitation periods, we thwart and may retard learning. The task therefore becomes that of giving the student increased responsibility without having him utilize the professor and his class as a crutch.

The small college is also destined to be handicapped in another area. As knowledge expands it becomes increasingly difficult for one or even two professors to keep abreast of the thinking and the developments in their fields. The generalist in any discipline will soon disappear. In turn, no college can remain strong unless its faculty is adequate to cover its expanding disciplines.

The small college can effect certain changes in its academic year and teaching procedures which will eliminate the necessity for appreciable expansion of its facilities yet make it possible to serve more students more effectively. The alert, imaginative colleges of America are devoting countless hours to thorough analysis of the present techniques. From these studies are evolving many exciting ideas. The division of the academic year, the student load, the utilization of facilities, the proliferation of the curriculum, the concept of independent study, and many more aspects of higher education are being subjected to careful scrutiny.

Those who are on the campus from day to day are the only ones close enough to the academic scene to decide the exact implementation of such a program. No plan or organization or class unit can succeed unless it has the unqualified approval of the faculty. Regardless of semester plan, any attempt to expect the competent professor to teach around the calendar will ultimately lead to intellectual stagnation on his part, thus reducing the competence of his work. We can rightfully think in terms of a twelve-month use of facilities, but we must not think in terms of a twelve-month professor.

Nonetheless, by proper scheduling it should be possible for a small college to operate on a twelve-month plan and still give its faculty members time for reading, travel, research, and the other intellectual pursuits that make up the academic life.

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Teachers' Salaries Then and Now

By SIDNEY G. TICKTON
who, with Beardsley Ruml, prepared the 1955 report "Teaching Salaries Then and Now." He is now consultant to the Ford Foundation and Director of Studies for the Committee on Higher Education in N.Y. State.

FOR a great many years, as far back as we can trace the figures at least, America has underpaid its schoolmarms, professors, and educational administrators. It has filled the teaching ranks with "dedicated people," men and women who would rather be educators than anything else—who would trade some economic affluence for an academic atmosphere or the way of life that characterizes schoolteaching, academic research, or similar activities.

A few years ago, Beardsley Ruml needled the American public with the fact that a school teacher was paid on the average less than a skilled mechanic, while a college professor was paid less than a locomotive engineer. Since then the situation hasn't changed much.

But some activity is beginning to be noticed on the eduction front—at least at the top level. The continued growth in the number of school children and the prospective ballooning of college and university enrollments—due to the population explosion in recent years and the increasing desire to go to college—coupled with the increased syphoning off of highly trained academic and professional men into research and administration, has put the pressure on school boards, college boards, and legislatures. Salaries of top-level educators are beginning to rise.

High salaries haven't yet filtered down to many of the teachers in the classrooms, but the half-century deterioration in the relative purchasing power of education as compared to industry, which Ruml noted for 1904-53, has stopped for the time being. Percentage increases in relative purchasing power, 1953 to 1959, for educators are pretty much the same as in industrial occupations.

To those who are concerned with the effect of adequate salaries on the future supply of qualified teachers, researchers, and scholars, the big question is: "Will the change in salary trends insure an adequate supply of trained manpower for education in the future?" No one knows, but the answer is probably "No." The fact is that despite increases in recent years, teaching salaries are still lower than those paid persons with similar college training and experience in other occupations.

For elementary school teachers, moreover, first-bracket salaries (after four years of full-time college and professional training) are no better than those of skilled office workers having only a high school diploma and two to three years *on-the-job* training. In late 1959 in New York City, for example, a teacher in the first salary bracket earned $4,500 a year. Women accounting clerks (senior) averaged $4,576 a year, private secretaries $4,758, and tabulating machine operators $5,044; and they had no papers to correct, no lessons to plan, and no summer in-service courses to take—and pay for out of their own pockets. Also, their work week was down to thirty-six hours, pretty close to the in-school job-time of many teachers.

This comparison doesn't overlook the fact that teachers work a nine- to ten-month year whereas office workers usually have only two or three weeks' vacation. However, when the difference in the amount of training needed to be a teacher is compared with the on-the-job training (while being paid) of office workers, no one can fail to see why there is still a shortage of well-trained teachers after a fifteen-year postwar campaign for better salaries.

What to do about this, with rising taxpayer resistance to increased property taxes (the major supporter of school salaries), is a problem that continually plagues school boards, school administrators, teachers' associations, and legislators. Some believe that it just isn't a matter of increasing teachers' salaries—that something has to be done to increase teachers' productivity.

"Increased productivity" is a fighting concept in education quarters when school teachers hear that it means more students per teacher—even if it means no more hours in class and is accompanied by a substantial rise in pay (possible these days as the number of children rises, even if the budget-per-child doesn't, through the use of such devices as TV, teaching aids, language laboratories, clerks to handle nonteaching duties, etc.).

But educators can't deny that, in industry, increased productivity has been the one approach (besides tight unionization) that has pushed up the "real" income of skilled workers across the country during the past generation (net after changes in cost of living and income taxes). In the swift-moving decade of the 1960s it may provide the leverage on teaching salaries that has long been lacking.

THE CHART OPPOSITE shows what has happened to teachers' incomes over the past fifty-five years. The figures for all industrial workers are also given for comparison. Because increases in salaries or wages have little meaning except in relation to the changing value of the dollar, the figures are based on "real wages" or purchasing power.

It is clear that teachers have not fully shared in the prosperity of the nation. The purchasing power of elementary teachers has risen substantially but less than that of industrial workers. In interpreting this rise, it should be kept in mind that elementary teachers today have had longer and more expensive preparation than those of 1904 and that the rise started from a very low base. Moreover, the school year is now longer than it was in 1904.

High school teachers' salaries have shown less improvement. In 1904, high school teachers were paid considerably more than elementary teachers but, in recent decades, the move toward a single salary scale for teachers at all levels has resulted in a comparatively low rate of improvement in high school teachers' salaries.

The salaries of university professors, when converted to "real wages," did not rise at all between 1904 and 1953 and, in comparison to the salaries of either industrial workers or other professional groups, fell far behind. There has, however, been a substantial improvement in the salaries of full professors during the past two years.

The data, drawn from the U. S. Office of Education, the U. S. Department of Commerce, and a number of professional societies, are not all inclusive but they give an accurate picture of the situation at the end of 1959. Copies of the data may be obtained by writing to the Editor of the Education Supplement.

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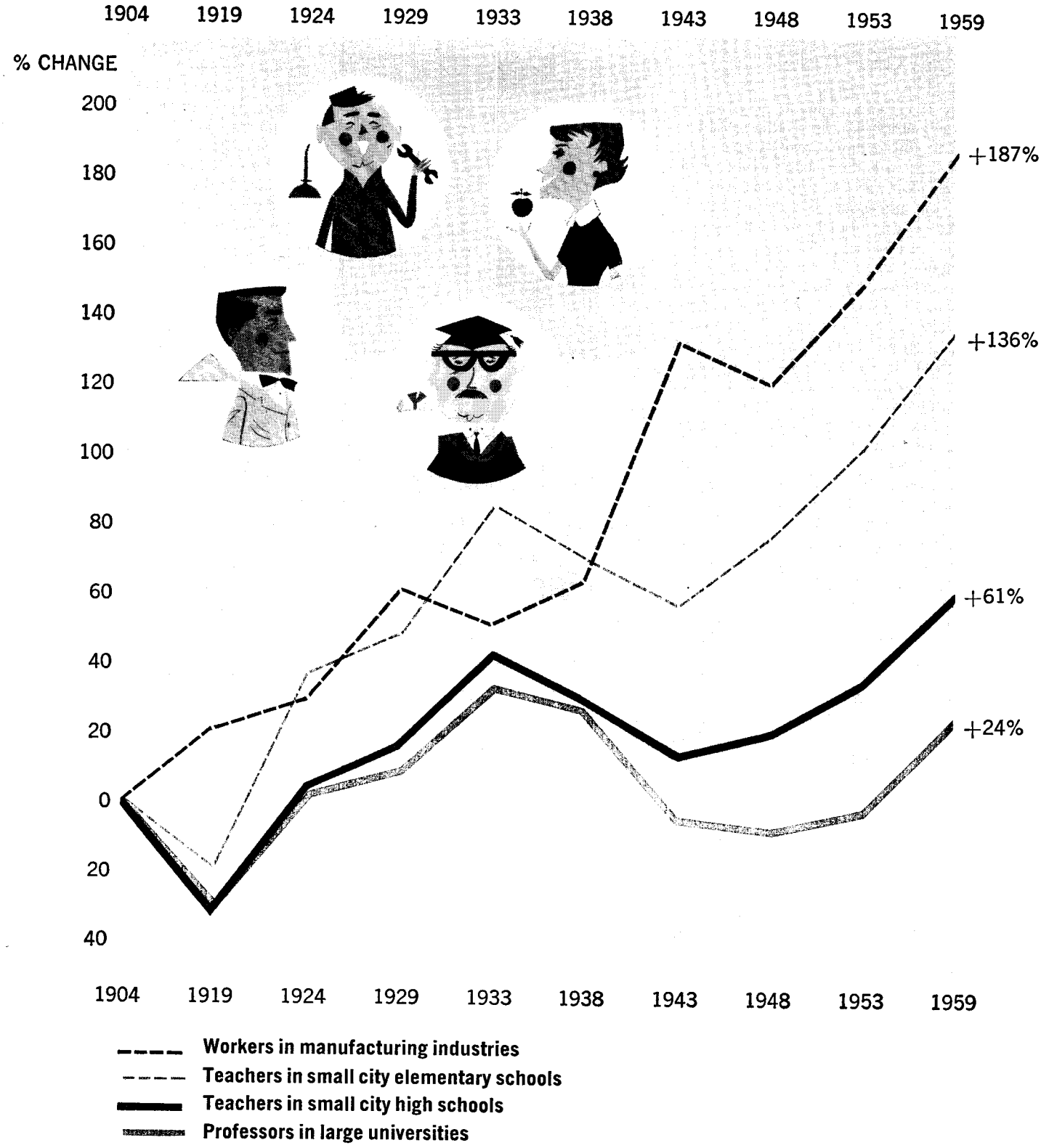
Change in purchasing power since 1904



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Keppel of Harvard

By MAXINE GREENE

IN 1947, at a moment when teacher education in the graduate schools of this country was nearing the doldrums, a young man named Francis Keppel—not yet thirty-two years of age and possessor of only a Bachelor of Arts degree—burst out of the schoolman's equivalent of limbo and was appointed dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education. The school was in the process of a major reorganization. It was enjoying a temporary expansion due to the G.I. Bill of Rights, but, like its sister schools of education in comparable universities, it was still maintained like a poor relation.

James Bryant Conant was president of Harvard at that time. Then, as now, he was keenly aware of the crucial role played by public schools in our society and of the necessity to enhance and strengthen that role. He chose Keppel, just released from educational responsibilities in the Army's Special Services, as his administrative assistant, with a special concern for the Graduate School of Education. The energetic young Keppel made a study of the needs of the school and went in search of a prominent social scientist to become its new dean. This was at a time when it was difficult to bridge the historic gap between the academic disciplines and teacher training, and Keppel, for all his eloquence, could not capture a scholar of the caliber Conant had in mind. When Conant asked Keppel to take the position, he was surprised and challenged, but he accepted. It was at that point that Keppel began his personal drive for a Graduate School of Education that would be second to none in terms of endowment, quality of faculty and students, and commitment to enhancing the idea of education as a career.

Son of the late Frederick P. Keppel, dean of Columbia College and later president of the Carnegie Corporation, Keppel was born in 1916, in the Dean's House at Columbia. He received his B.A. from Harvard in 1938 and after graduation he went to Italy to study sculpture. A year later, he decided that he did not care to be a "second-rate sculptor" (compared with those who had won the Prix de Rome) and he returned home to an administrative post with the faculty of arts and sciences at Harvard. After that there was the army, and then the post as Conant's administrative assistant. Dean Keppel has had no notable experience in scholarship or in the public schools, but he has guided the Harvard Graduate School of Education through the period of its most dramatic growth, and in the thirteen years of his incumbency the school has been transformed into one of the most respected graduate schools of education in the country.

As he lounges, chain-smokes, and searches for words to capture the drama and the urgency of it all, you wonder how this could have happened. Keppel insists that he has been part of a "team"; he reminds you of the Faculty Report of 1945-46 with which the new era began. But he has a quality—brashness, perhaps, or a kind of bright innocence—that convinces you of the special character of his role. If the school is no longer considered a poor relation at Harvard, it may well be because Keppel refused to concede that it merited such status. It may be that he placed it in the center of things by simply taking for granted that it belonged there. He has certainly behaved that way and written that way.

His articles and speeches also reflect his determined effort to promote a better understanding between academic scholars and professors of education. Dean Keppel has insistently called for "humility" and "perspective" on both sides in reconciling what he recognizes as competing claims on American education. The fact that he has by-passed the ordinary experiences of educational administrators may account for his conviction that the old conflicts can be solved. The school superintendents and the professors of education who typically become administrators of teacher-training schools may have a familiarity with the field that Frank Keppel lacks; but they also tend to have more biases, more fixed attitudes than a man who has escaped the inevitable indoctrinations and disillusionments involved in long-term work in the field.

In any event, changes have occurred in the Harvard Graduate School of Education that scarcely could have been imagined thirteen years ago. For one thing, the school's endowment has been nearly doubled, and several major foundation grants have been obtained. These things have come about not only because of Harvard's reputation for quality, not only because of Keppel's persuasiveness in asking, but also because the Graduate School of Education, under Keppel's administration, has developed a reputation for carefully wrought plans for improvement, and for integrity and thoroughness in carrying them out. Foundation grants have made possible a many-pronged expansion—a Laboratory for Research and Development, programs in educational administration and guidance, the School and University Program for Research and Development (SUPRAD), the shaping of new curricula in elementary schools, and the development of a viable program for the Master of Arts degree in Teaching originally instituted in 1936.

The student body, which was largely part-time in 1947, is now predominantly full-time; and, where once it was representative primarily of the Boston metropolitan area, an increase in financial aid has enabled the school to attract students from all parts of the country, and thereby to extend its influence geographically. Ninety per cent of its students are graduates of liberal arts colleges, compared with less than 80 per cent in 1947. Forty-three per cent are graduates of liberal arts institutions that joined the Twenty-Nine College Cooperative Plan in 1952, after a conference called by the faculty for the express purpose of stimulating recruitment of promising graduates from liberal arts colleges in New England. The theory behind this plan was that all teachers should have a solid background in the liberal arts as well as professional training in how to teach.

Most crucial in the development of the school have been the changes in the faculty, which has tripled in size since 1947. Dean Keppel emphasizes that training for educational leadership demands the highest order of preparation in the relevant academic fields. Such training, he maintains, can only

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be provided by specialists in those fields—history, philosophy, and the social and behavorial sciences. Keppel reports with pride that more than 56 per cent of the present faculty of the school are representative of the learned disciplines. This has meant a decrease in the percentage of educational specialists, but it does not imply that the "liberal arts professor" has assumed primary responsibility for teacher education. Keppel and his faculty fully recognize the need for professional training and for experience in teaching. Student teachers at the school work in cooperation with experts in such areas as elementary and secondary education, administration, social studies, and the language arts.

The point is that the school's design, as Dean Keppel presents it, demands a fusion of scholarship, practical experience, and an approach to "methods" carefully rooted in theory and "good" research. It is no wonder that Keppel, with all his ebullience, refuses to be involved in the "civil war" between the liberal arts professors and the teachers of teachers. He declares, with some irony, that the much-publicized and polemicized conflict makes little contribution to the improvement of our schools, and he asserts flatly that the faculty of the Graduate School has no time for such a futile exercise.

Keppel will grant the presence of the "arrogant disease" of conflict between specialists, and he is well aware of the ill repute in which schools of education have traditionally been held. Looking back on his own experience, he has written ruefully that "memories die hard when you have felt like a typhoid carrier at a nice party." Annoyed as he has been by the "pleased ignorance about the realities of school life" on the part of his academic friends, he nevertheless admits that they have been "frozen out" of influence in the public schools and to some extent are justified in feeling rejected. One of the prime objectives of the Harvard Graduate School of Education is to restore the influence of university scholars on the curriculum of our public schools. In the context of the school, this demands collaboration among all faculty members, no matter what their specialties, in studies of such matters as curriculum and motivation, in the analysis of assumptions underlying educational programs and policies. Dean Keppel admits that it is not easy to maintain such collaboration. He knows that scholars do not always understand each other's language, and that there are differing values and differing judgments of how man seeks the truth and what truth is significant.

The ability to perceive the total picture and to mediate between conflicting forces is the hallmark of the effective administrator. In the case of Dean Keppel this ability reflects a quality that might be described as sagacious innocence—the kind of innocence characteristic of a Gulliver, a Candide, of the voyager detached enough, and at once concerned enough, to *see*. His greatest eloquence is reserved for the importance of mutual respect between the academics and professional educators. This becomes eminently clear when he says: "If there is not respect for the capacity of the human mind and spirit to seek the truth in all fields of knowledge, each field is threatened."

KEPPEL makes clear that the Harvard School, with its selective admissions policy and its concentration on quality rather than quantity, can provide only a small proportion of the career teachers needed by American schools. He emphasizes the faculty's special responsibility for the establishment of new standards in public-school teaching. This responsibility, he maintains, is being carried out by the provision of increasing numbers of teachers richly grounded in liberal education, aware of the implications of the learned disciplines for school curricula, and highly competent in their particular fields. These, he says, are the "career" teachers—people who plan to spend their lives in education and are entitled to expect appropriate recognition and reward. He emphasizes that if such teachers are to be fully effective, the personnel structure of the schools must be reorganized. The Harvard School has attempted to do something about this problem in its widely respected Internship Program. This program, made possible by a foundation grant, is a cooperative venture involving the university, ten liberal arts colleges, and nine public school systems in the metropolitan Boston area. In operation now for three years, the program enables liberal arts graduates to combine graduate study with paid employment as teachers under supervision by the Harvard Graduate School faculty. These students begin their training in a six-week session at the Harvard-Newton Summer School, spend half the next year at full-time study, and the second half at teaching and part-time study. This, as well as the SUPRAD project of cooperative research and development carried on by the School and neighboring public school systems, contributes immeasurably to the connections being forged between the Harvard Graduate School of Education and the public schools of the Boston area.

These programs, which have given Dean Keppel a close acquaintance with public schools, may help to explain his great popularity with public school and parent audiences as well as his links to the centers of professional teacher organizations. He is heeded when he talks of the need for schools of education to work cooperatively with public school systems in the preparation of teachers. This is what he means by "leadership" in education; and the increasing number of requests sent to the School Placement Office by public school systems throughout the Country is suffiicient evidence that the importance of such leadership potential is being felt. In 1957-58 there were 6,498 requests sent to the office, in response to which 335 jobs were filled.

More dramatic, probably, is the number of graduates who are entering into strategic administrative positions. The Commissioners of Education in New York, New Hampshire, Maine, and Puerto Rico are graduates of the Harvard Graduate School of Education. Its special concerns are clearly having an effect in Concord, Paducah, Phoenix, Rochester, Evanston, and other cities where Harvard "career educators" have become superintendents.

Dean Keppel suggests that the role the Harvard Graduate School of Education is playing in public education does much to justify the existence of a specialized school. He points out that able and talented personnel cannot be recruited if schools of education do not exist with that special concern. The American universities, he claims, have traditionally done the recruiting for the various professions, but not for that stepchild profession, teaching in the public schools. He emphasizes that disinterest on the part of faculties, their continued isolation from the schools, and their tendency to see public school teaching as somehow independent of the traditional disciplines have made them ignore or belittle the possibilities of a career in the schools for talented youth. Keppel is convinced that specialized schools of education are necessary to compete with other professional schools for superior people, and to take the responsibility for finding and utilizing resources like those in the Twenty-Nine Colleges.

And so Frank Keppel's major theme resounds again—his stress on fusion, merging, on the middle and the common ground. It is precisely the Graduate School of Education, he insists, that can create a middle ground between the scholars and the schools. "The very thought of teaching," he says, "is enough to make a brave man quiver." Excitable, eager, he gets to his feet—this ex-sculptor with his single degree—and affirms his commitment to improving the quality of the career teacher and the education of the child, who is the teacher's special concern.

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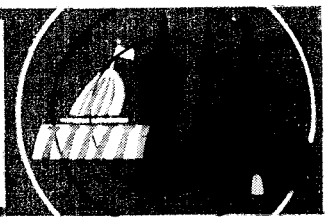
While School Keeps



THE SOUTHERN REGIONAL EDUCATION BOARD is sponsoring a new commission of five to seven distinguished citizens to identify the long-range goals of public higher education in the South. The SREB, a unique organization supported by sixteen Southern states to coordinate regional resources for education, received approval for the commission at the Southern Governor's Conference on September 25. In a period of expanding enrollments and increasing demands for excellence in education, the Commission's job will be to chart a path for higher education during the next ten to twenty years. Already appointed to the commission are Ralph McGill, publisher of the *Atlanta Constitution;* O. C. Carmichael, former Chancellor of Vanderbilt University; Marion B. Folsom, former secretary of the U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare; H. H. Dewar, former vice chairman of the Texas Commission on Higher Education; and Colgate W. Darden, former Governor of Virginia and former president of the University of Virginia.

The SREB is also sponsoring a new project for the gifted in nine Southern states, including much of the deep South. The project aims at preparing state department of education personnel to stimulate and develop improved programs for talented youngsters at the local level. Financed by the Carnegie Corporation, the program will give at least one key official from each of the participating states a thorough knowledge of the best methods of providing for bright and talented youth.

It is heartening to hear of the South's continuing interest in strengthening and improving the schools.

COLLEGE ADMISSIONS policy and practice are getting close and critical scrutiny this year. College after college has reported larger freshman classes than ever before—and a higher level of academic accomplishment among their entering students. But this state of affairs has brought with it no dearth of problems; on the contrary, it has generated more—though different ones. One of the stickiest is what to do with alumni children who can't meet the competition academically. How to maintain academic standards without losing vitally needed alumni support?

Colleges and universities have handled the ubiquitous problem in a variety of ways. But Kalamazoo College, in Michigan, is taking active steps to test a unique solution. In cooperation with the alumni association, the college is offering a new testing service to alumni children while they are still in high school. Parents are urged to have their youngsters take the special tests as early as the first year in high school in math, science, social science, and English. Results are reported to parents, along with a report on how they compare with the new freshman class scores. When needed, free consultation is offered. High schoolers who aren't making the grade then have a chance to bring up their level of achievement. If they fail to do so, it is hoped that parents will better understand the situation and use the available time to adjust to the fact that their children must find another Alma Mater.

NON-PUBLIC EDUCATION has grown dramatically in recent decades. In 1900 only about 8 per cent of all elementary and secondary school pupils attended non-public schools—a total of 1,351,722 children. By 1950 this number had almost tripled and represented nearly 12 per cent of the school population. By 1960 the number had all but doubled again and accounted for more than 15 per cent of the nation's total school enrollment. Thus, from 1950 to 1960, while public school enrollments were increasing a phenomenal 43 per cent, in the non-public schools they jumped a whopping 90 per cent.

The largest proportion of non-public students attend Catholic schools—about 5,000,000 out of a total non-public school enrollment of 6,450,000. Protestant and Jewish schools and independent schools without church affiliation have all grown rapidly in recent years, but they still do not enroll a significant proportion of the nation's total school population. Moreover, neither Jewish groups nor Protestant denominations are dedicated as universally as the Catholic church to providing parochial education for all children of their respective faiths.

The 5,000,000 Catholic parochial school students account for about half of the Catholic elementary and high-school age population. Great efforts are being made to expand church-school facilities to accommodate a constantly greater proportion of these children. For instance, the New York diocese recently announced a $25,000,000 fund-raising program to provide expanded facilities in the New York area. This nation-wide effort will continue.

The rapid increase in non-public school enrollments has brought into sharp focus the two major issues posed by church, state, and school relationships. The first of these concerns moral and religious teaching in the public schools. A new discussion guide. "Religion in Public Education," by Philip Jacobson (American Jewish Committee, 165 East 56th Street, New York City, 75 cents) provides an excellent introduction to this many-sided issue. Objective and inclusive in its presentation of the basic facts, the guide includes a select bibliography for further reading.

The second issue posed by the relations of church, state, and school is whether public funds should be used for the support of parochial schools. Neil G. McCluskey, S.J., education editor of the influential Jesuit magazine *America,* argues in the October issue of Columbia University's *Teachers College Record* that "it is in the best interests of the American nation that the church-related schools, which have assumed a generous share of America's educational burden, receive appropriate recognition and support." His reasons: 1) this is the only way in which all Americans can share equally in the constitutional guarantee of religious freedom, and 2) only in this way can the substantial fraction of the nation's youthful talent attending parochial schools be assured development to the fullest.

Father McCluskey supports his position with persuasive logic. All parents are forced by compulsory education laws, he points out, to send their children to school. Catholic parents are conscience-bound, where possible, to send their children to parochial schools, and their right to do so is constitutionally guaranteed. But when Catholic parents have to pay taxes to support the public schools and then must contribute again to finance the church schools their children attend, the constitutional guarantee has, for them, a price tag attached. They have to pay in order to enjoy the "free" exercise of religious liberty. In other words, according to Father McCluskey's reasoning, there is a religious test attached to the enjoyment of this constitutional guarantee which was meant for all Americans equally.

When he asserts that parochial

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schools should receive "appropriate recognition and support" from the public treasury, he does so in the belief that the principle is crucially important because it "is basically a question of civil rights."

Father McCluskey's statement of a Catholic position on public support for parochial schools is clearly and forcefully presented, yet it raises still other questions. It is true that there may be Catholics who cannot afford to take full advantage of their constitutional guarantee of freedom of conscience. But the constitution guarantees only equal rights before the law. What Father McCluskey seems to be advocating is that the infinite variety of human conscience should not only have equal freedom before the law, but should also have equal access to the public treasury so that matters of conscience, once they are defined as civil rights, would involve no personal financial sacrifice.

THE COST OF HIGHER EDUCATION "is high and inevitably rising," according to a report of the Problems and Policies Committee of the American Council on Education. "But," said the committee, "it is, and will be, less than the cost to the American people of settling for the wasteful ineffectiveness of educational mediocrity."

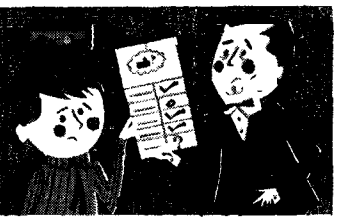
Under the chairmanship of Harvard's President Nathan M. Pusey, the committee pointed out that the slightly more than 1 per cent of our national income invested in higher education has provided not only plants and facilities; "it has also vastly increased the productivity of our trained manpower, has transformed our economy, and has contributed to our national and international strength." The increasing demands of our colleges cannot be met painlessly, according to the committee, but they are an indispensible investment in the future.

The committee's report, "The Price of Excellence," also called for greater efficiency in education, the elimination of waste growing out of ineffective programs, duplication of studies, poor teaching and unmotivated students. But it also warned against economies imposed at the expense of excellence. Good education should be efficient, but it cannot be cheap. Statewide and regional planning "for efficient allocation of educational responsibility" was recommended. What the committee failed to suggest: where the colleges should look for the additional funds they will need.

CONCERN FOR THE GIFTED has grown rapidly during the past decade. Or-

(*Continued on page 75*)

Report Card



WHO'S DOING WHAT AND TO WHOM? Faculty members at Harvard tell about one of their colleagues, noted for his research in the psychology of learning, who returned to his laboratory one night and overheard his white mice deep in conversation. The plumpest and smartest of the lot was bragging: "I've got this guy so conditioned that all I have to do is press a button and he feeds me."

IT WAS INEVITABLE. Because of a clerical error in his travel papers, a student from Barranquilla, Colombia, bound for Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, showed up on registration day at the University of Miami in Florida.

HOMEWORK CAN BE FUN. Frederick Wertham, the psychiatrist who several years ago pointed out the potential ill effects of violence-filled comic books on adolescent minds, recently took a look at TV. In one city, he reported, programs coming on the air before 9 P.M. during a single week portrayed "161 murders, 60 so-called justified killings two suicides, 192 attempted murders, 83 robberies, 15 kidnappings, 24 murder conspiracies, 21 jail breaks, seven attempted lynchings, six dynamitings, 11 extortions, two cases of arson, two cases of torture, and innumerable prolonged and brutal fights, threats of killings, sluggings, and manhandling of women and children."

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPEAK THE LANGUAGE. The U.S. Office of Education reported recently that no state requires foreign language teachers in its public schools to be able to speak the language they teach.

HUT SUT ON THE RILLERAH. The Extension Service of the University of California at Los Angeles is offering this fall what are believed to be the only college courses in writing lyrics for popular songs.

THERE'S A LIMIT TO EVERYTHING. An "old-fashioned" teacher who ordered a talkative elementary school pupil to write "I will not talk in class any more" 1,000 times, drew a stern reprimand from the superintendent of schools at Westbury, Long Island, who pointed out that the chore had kept the offending pupil up until far after midnight and had filled forty handwritten pages of a notebook.

HALL OF FAME. In a recent poll of 100 University of Washington engineering students (fifty sophomores, twenty-five freshmen, and twenty-five night-school English students) a professor found that one had never heard of George Washington, four couldn't identify William Shakespeare, and twenty-two hadn't the foggiest notion of who Charles Darwin was. Every student in the survey correctly identified Tab Hunter and Harry Truman.

WHAT'S THE ETCETERA? Teachers may be interested in the news that the latest in audio-visual equipment is, to quote a press release from Industrial Exhibitions, Incorporated: "An audio-visual desk with all necessary equipment and aids for the modern sales executive, such as dictating machine, tape recorder, slide projector, screen, typewriter, photocopy machine, stereo Hi-Fi, electric rotary file, TV set, stationery racks, safe, bar, etc."

SOPHOMORES ARE MORE SOPHISTICATED. A deputy sheriff in Wayne County, Michigan, found himself in hot water because, in a training class run by the Detroit police department, he was caught with notes on lectures that his instructor hadn't yet delivered.

HOLYOKE HOAX. The director of the Mount Holyoke News Bureau informs us that an item that appeared in this space last month (*SR*, Oct. 15), quoting what purported to be one of the early admission requirements of that institution, was originally published as a piece of campus humor by the *Amherst College Magazine* in September, 1861, was picked up as fact by the *Harvard Crimson* in 1927, and since then has been accepted as gospel truth by editors, ministers, and educators throughout the nation. As an editor, we must say *mea culpa*. As an Amherst man, however, we can only note with approval the additional information that two of the five editors of that 1861 *Amherst College Magazine* subsequently married Mount Holyoke graduates.

—JOHN SCANLON.

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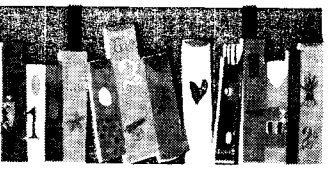
the Editor's Bookshelf



EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGES have been rare in the United States. Antioch, Chicago, Black Mountain, Bard, Berea, St. John's, and Bennington are names that come to mind, but it is difficult to name more than a dozen colleges that have attempted a really unorthodox approach to higher education—and most of these were more willing to defy the conventions a quarter of a century ago than they are today. The conservativism of accrediting agencies and the heavy hand of the graduate and professional schools have been sufficient to discourage innovation at the undergraduate level.

One college that has dared to live dangerously is Sarah Lawrence, which was founded in 1928 as an experimental college for the higher education of women. Sarah Lawrence has survived the jeers of its more conservative colleagues and, despite many difficulties, has succeeded in achieving a special kind of prestige all its own. Like all experimental colleges, it has done a great deal of soul-searching and has made a greater effort to evaluate its progress than is characteristic of older institutions which rarely question their own superiority.

"**Achievement in the College Years**," edited by Lois B. Murphy and Esther Raushenbush (Harper, 240 pp., $4.95), is the product of the latest attempt at such self-evaluation. It is the record of the intellectual and personal growth of one class of eighty-five girls from the time they entered college until two years after they had graduated. An introductory chapter by former president Harold Taylor provides an excellent statement of the philosophy of the college.

Because Sarah Lawrence, true to its progressive traditions, accepts responsibility for the total development of the whole girl, the study goes far beyond an investigation of academic progress and inquires into the social, emotional, and attitudinal changes that occurred in these girls during their college years. Psychiatrists, sociologists, and clinical psychologists played an important part in the study. The word "growth" appears much more frequently than "learning." Academic test scores get little attention, while much is paid to the Thematic Apperception Test and other projective techniques which tell more about a girl's psyche than about her ability to use logarithms.

Some of the language used in the book sounds original even to a psychologist inured to jargon. The investigators have classified the girls as *pre-college maturers* (with whom, we are told, "the teachers are gratified to work in their freshman year"), and *late maturers*, (who "initially do not evoke specially positive feelings" on the part of the faculty and who choose "a lower proportion of men as teachers than is theoretically available.") There are also *the unresolved*, who "arouse faculty hopes in the spring, only to leave them unrealized the next autumn."

"Does it mean I'm retarded? The whole faculty fails to evoke a positive feeling in me."

The emotional relationship between faculty and student is obviously important at Sarah Lawrence. Classicists, historians, and mathematicians may find this approach to higher education somewhat confusing, but it is consistent with the philosophy of the college which, as of 1960, appears to have borrowed much more from Freud and Jung than from James, Whitehead, and Dewey, whose views were influential during its formative period.

But what changes do take place in a Sarah Lawrence girl during her four years in Bronxville? This is the question which the book promised to answer, but after reading it we still aren't sure what the answer is. The psychiatric approach emphasizes individuals and precludes the use of statistics and other generalizations. We are told of one awkward girl who became one of the most stimulating and delightful personalities on the campus, of another who "made real progress in meeting her problems," and of a third in whom "the big change is her increasing perceptivity." We assume this is all to the good but we would like to know whether these changes might not have occurred had the same girls attended Kansas State or even if they had not gone to college.

Since the authors, after six years of careful investigation, are reluctant to make any generalizations it would be presumptuous for us to do so. We can report, however, that we know several graduates of Sarah Lawrence and find them charming.

PESTALOZZI was a Swiss schoolmaster whose influence on education still is felt in the schools of Europe and America 130 years after his death. Those unfamiliar with the history of educational thought—and this category includes many historians—frequently attribute to John Dewey many educational reforms that may more properly be attributed to this social critic, political reformer, and educator of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries whose educational aim was "the ennobling of all men through the cultivation of their own powers."

A new biography by Kate Silber, "**Pestalozzi, the Man and His Work**," (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1960, 335 pp., $6.50, available at the British center, New York City), offers a new interpretation of the moving story of his life, set against the background of his times. Miss Silber writes: "In an age when enlightenment made great strides but was still confined to the upper and middle classes, Pestalozzi discovered 'the people.' He drew attention not only to their needs, but also to their capacities which had hitherto remained unknown and neglected, and claimed that it is not only possible but necessary to cultivate their powers, and this not only for their own sakes, but for the benefit of all. Believing as he did in the higher potentialities of every human being, even the lowest, he advocated every man's right to education and society's duty to implement that right. He thus conceived a new idea of democratic culture and paved the way for universal national education."

THE JUNIOR COLLEGE has never quite decided whether it is a part of higher education or an upward extension of the secondary school, but whichever it is, enrollments are growing at an impressive rate. The oldest still in existence was established at Joliet, Illinois, in 1901. Today there are 677 junior colleges across the country with a total

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enrollment (full and part time) of nearly a million students.

The similarity among junior colleges is not very great—all they have in common is that they offer two years of education beyond the high school diploma. Some are excellent academic institutions that offer the first two years of a liberal arts course and prepare the student to transfer to another college or university in the junior year. Others are trade schools offering courses in salesmanship, stenography, radio repairing, woodworking, auto mechanics, and upholstering. A few of the private junior colleges are really finishing schools that give more attention to the social graces than to intellectual development, but most of the publicly supported ones offer a wide variety of courses for students of different interests and different levels of ability.

"The Community Junior College," by James W. Thornton, Jr. (Wiley, $5.95), offers an excellent description of this uniquely American institution: its background curriculum, administration, and the characteristics of its students. The author, whose career has been identified with the junior college movement, is somewhat uncritical but he is careful with his facts and his book is well documented.

For the student of limited financial resources, the great attraction of the public junior college is that it offers two years of education beyond high school at rock-bottom cost. If he lives at home, as the majority do, these two years will cost little more than a comparable period in high school.

"The Educated Woman, in Cartoon and Caption," (Dutton & Co., 90 pp., $1.95) is a delightfully lighthearted approach to the subject by Anne Cleveland and Jean Anderson, two women who got through Vassar without losing their sense of humor. Jean Anderson is now a physician practicing in New York City but Anne Cleveland still finds time for cartooning, and two of her drawings may be found in this issue.

Of the cartoons in "The Educated Woman" we particularly like one of an earnest English teacher saying, "Is there anything more thrilling than to watch a vowel roll down the ages?", another of a young lady taking a history test who says, "Oh God—five minutes and three centuries to go," and a third of a discouraged-looking science teacher saying to a petulant student, "But, Miss Witherspoon, just what *is* there about the law of gravity that you find yourself unable to accept?" This book would make an excellent Christmas present for any educated woman who doesn't take herself to seriously.

—Paul Woodring.

BOOKS

All Is Rosy in the Red School

"Diary of a Russian Schoolteacher," by F. Vigdorova *(Grove. 256 pp. $5), is a fictionalized log of a Soviet teacher's classroom year. Miriam L. Goldberg is an Associate Professor and Research Associate of the Horace Mann-Lincoln Institute of Teachers College, Columbia University.*

By Miriam Goldberg

IT IS not often that Americans have an opportunity to read a Russian account of education which deals with the feelings and aspiration, the problems and frustrations of teachers and pupils as they go about the business of teaching and learning in a Soviet school. In a smoothly flowing translation of F. Vigdorova's "Diary of a Russian Schoolteacher," Prokofieva affords us a glimpse of a beginning teacher and her forty boys, ages eleven to twelve, in a Moscow school which opened its doors for the first time after World War II.

But even as the curtain rises on the first day of school the reader has a strong sense of *déja vue*. We are familiar with the trepidation of the young teacher as she enters the classroom for the first time and addresses the children in a strange voice which she hardly recognizes as her own. We anticipate her ambivalence toward seeking help from more experienced colleagues, since her need to succeed on her own and prove her ability and worth as a teacher is even stronger than her uncertainties. We know that the material she has prepared for her first lesson will run out long before the bell. These are the known symptoms of the universal "new teacher" syndrome. The boys, too, present the familiar portrait gallery of eleven- and twelve-year-olds. There are the timid, frightened ones; the careless ones, the hard workers and the lazy ones, the brilliant scholars and the slow learners. Marina Nikolyevna, the teacher, could well be a Miss Mary Nichols, and the Boryas, Kolyas, Sashas, and Volodyas of her fourth-form class, the Bobs, Kens, Sandys, and Wills of a typical American sixth grade.

Not only is the cast of characters familiar, but in large measure we also know the plot as well. The "Diary" tells the story of a teacher's search for "the key to the character of one's pupils," and each page reflects the deep conviction that the teacher can bring out and develop the best that is in each of them.

The very familiarity of the setting makes the American reader somewhat skeptical of the invariable "happy ending" that concludes each of the incidents in the "Diary." There is never a failure. For each problem, whether stealing or conceit, tardiness or aggressiveness, there is a cure. Although the teacher makes mistakes and sometimes flounders in search of "the key," she invariably finds it. These happy endings give the book a saccharine quality, a Polyannaish naïveté.

THE experienced American teacher will find it difficult to believe that eleven- and twelve-year-old boys can act with the maturity and selflessness described in many of the episodes, or that the threadbare prescriptions of the education textbooks works so infallibly in the classroom. But for Marina Nikolyevna they do work: "There you are, I said to myself, the familiar formula from the pedagogical textbook: 'Sasha was an unruly disobedient pupil. His teacher persuaded him to join the class dramatic circle and soon he was making good progress at his studies and helping the teacher.' So such things did happen in real life after all, it was only necessary to find the right approach to each child, to discover where his interests lay, to search carefully until you found the secret spring that governed his behavior."

While wishing that occasionally, at least, the teacher would report incidents in which the "key" was buried too deeply for her best efforts to unearth, one cannot help but realize how earnest is her belief in the teacher's role as friend and character-builder. She wants her children to be happy, but "It is extremely difficult to explain the meaning of true happiness to children of twelve, so hard to make them see that happiness does not consist in personal success, but in living for others and working for others, and not for oneself." Her goal is clear. She must help her pupils "to become real Soviet people, straightforward and sure, staunch in the face of trials; . . . tireless enthusiasts in their work and

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always to place above all else their duty to their country and their people."

Still in the Panglossian vein, but striking nevertheless, is the deep commitment to teaching as the best of all possible professions. The teacher sees herself as entrusted with a great mission, and in fulfilling this mission she finds selffulfillment: "I found myself mentally sharing with my boys everything that moved or delighted me. At times I would wonder whether I was not becoming too absorbed in my class. But after all, my class was my work and there was nothing more important in my life than that. I was a school teacher and that was the nicest thing I could say about myself!" With the conviction that happiness lies in serving others, "who can be happier than a teacher?"

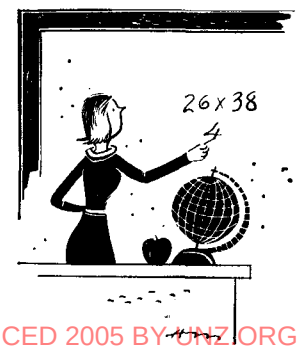
Quite different from our own philosophy of elementary education is the rather rigid separation of the socializing functions. Although we read of the importance of finding each boy's interest and concerns, these are in no way considered in the classwork. Each child (and this implies the entire range of abilities and aptitudes, since there is apparently no system of selection operating at this level) is faced with the identical curriculum and the same requirements, and is given the same assignments. Those who are less quick to learn are expected to work harder. Marks, which are given for a child's every effort, written or oral, are given uniformally on the basis of the product. Neatness counts heavily and the ubiquitous blot in the copy book holds no less terror today than it did in Czarist days. But what is perhaps even more startling to the American teacher is the sacrosanct nature of the teaching periods. The socializing work of the school as well as the pursuit of special interests go on during recess, after school, and during the "Pioneer Circle" periods. For example, when the group became interested in Gorky's "My Childhood" and wanted to read and discuss more than the excerpts included in the literature syllabus, they had to meet with the teacher in the evenings to continue their discussions. On one occasion, when the teacher received a gift from her class, a heated discussion of how it might be used ran over into the first period. "In the interest of truth," comments Marina Nikolyevna, "it must be admitted that there was no dictation that day and that was bad, of course."

Although the moral and social lessons are taught at odd times and after school hours, they form the total content of the "Diary." The episodes deal with the day-by-day socializing efforts of the teacher or with special events and activities, such as undertaking the patronage of a war orphanage, continued correspondence with a sailor of the Northern Fleet, attendance at a Pioneer rally at which qualities of heroism are debated, and providing help to sick or needy classmates. But except for the occasional inclusion of a composition, or the simple naming of subjects, Vigdorova pays scant attention to the academic curriculum. We must assume that because of the highly standardized nature of the curriculum, allowing for little if any local variation, the Russian audience, for whom the "Diary" was written, is generally familiar with what is taught. The American reader, however, lacking this information, feels shut out of a substantial portion of the life of the school.

The "Diary" is certainly not a great book; it is perhaps not even a very good book. Since it is not really a diary, but rather a piece of fiction in diary form, it often fails to ring true. The episodes are somewhat contrived; the solutions to problems too pat; the belief in the influences of preaching and good example unrealistic and trite. The characters remain stereotypic, serving as pegs upon which to hang moral lessons. Even Marina Nikolyevna is drawn with heavy sentimentality. But despite all shortcomings, F. Vigdorova presents us with a vivid statement of the avowed social-moral goals of Russian education, which we cannot help but recognize as, in essence if not in content, the goals which we ourselves have. Most striking to the American reader is the concern for the individual child and the tireless efforts of the teacher to know, respect, and teach each child in her care.

That common educational goals can serve two societies with divergent socio-political and moral values presents something of a paradox. Are the basic personal characteristics fostered by the Soviet totalitarian society no different from those which our democratic society deems desirable? Or, have we, mistakenly, assumed that concern for the individual and the creation of a "democratic" climate in the school will automatically instill in our future citizens the values of political democracy?

The real strength of this rather weak book is in its unsettling quality. Quite unintentionally it forces us to question some of our fundamental assumptions.



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New Books

EDUCATION AND MANPOWER. *Edited by Henry David. Columbia University.* 326 *pp.* $5. A selection of chapters from past publications of the National Manpower Council and papers published by the Council staff, edited by the Council's Executive Director. The four sections of the volume are devoted to the relationship of education and manpower, secondary education, vocational guidance, and higher education.

POLICIES FOR SCIENCE EDUCATION. *Edited by Frederick L. Fitzpatrick. Teachers College, Columbia University.* 219 *pp.* $3.95. Report of the Science Manpower Project of Teachers College on improving science education in American elementary and secondary schools.

MORE RESOURCES FOR EDUCATION. *By Seymour E. Harris. Harper.* 86 *pp.* $2.95. The John Dewey Society lecture for 1960, in which a distinguished economist analyzes the problems of paying for education and concludes that America must allocate a much larger share of its resources to the schools in the future.

ACHIEVEMENT IN THE COLLEGE YEARS. *Edited by Lois B. Murphy and Esther Raushenbush. Harper.* 240 *pp.* $4.95. (See The Editor's Bookshelf.)

GRADUATE EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES. *By Bernard Berelson. McGraw-Hill.* 325 *pp.* $6.95. Report of a two-year study of America's graduate schools by the director of the Bureau of Applied Social Research at Columbia University.

UNIVERSITY ADULT EDUCATION, A Guide to Policy. *By Renee Petersen and William Petersen. Harper.* 288 *pp.* $5.50. A highly critical analytical survey of adult education in contemporary universities, with recommendations for revising policy and practice.

WORKING WITH SUPERIOR STUDENTS: Theories and Practices. *Edited by Bruce Shertzer. Science Research Associates.* 370 *pp.* $5.95. A collection of selected papers presented at conferences conducted by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools project on superior and talented students.

EDUCATION AND THE HUMAN QUEST. *By Herbert A. Thelen. Harper.* 224 *pp.* $4.75. A University of Chicago professor of education concludes that "all our schools are obsolescent," and offers recommendations for reform.

While School Keeps

Continued from page 71

ganizations and publications devoted to improvement of opportunities for talented youngsters have appeared in almost alarming numbers. One of the most effective efforts to stimulate fresh thought and action has been the Project on the Academically Talented Student, sponsored by the National Education Association and the National Association of Secondary School Principals. Most recent of the Project's series of helpful publications is *Administration: Procedures and School Practices for the Academically Talented Student in the Secondary School* (NEA, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C., $1.25) which includes an extensive bibliography as well as a lengthy list of publications describing specific programs in local school systems.

A new publication of the Fund for the Advancement of Education, *Encouraging the Excellent*, (FAE, 477 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y., free) describes the many programs that organization has supported over the years to stimulate greater educational opportunity for the talented. Many of the programs have become familiar to readers of educational literature, a number of them have proved their worth and no longer require foundation support, others are in an early stage of development and are less well known. It is most helpful to have our information on these projects brought up to date.

SEGREGATION IN THE SCHOOLS haunts the North as well as the South. Based on existing housing patterns, this *de facto* segregation in the schools lacks the strong legal and social tradition that buttresses the institution in the South, but it still results in separate and unequal schools.

A recent study on "The Status of Education of Negroes in Pittsburgh" by the Pittsburgh Commission on Human Relations lays bare the anatomy of segregation in the North. The Commission reported that although Negroes make up more than one-third of the elementary school enrollment and more than one-fourth of the secondary school pupils, half of the elementary schools and almost one-third of the secondary schools enroll less than 5 per cent Negroes. Half of the Negro children attend schools that have 80 per cent or more Negroes and the proportion in these schools has been increasing "steadily and sharply since 1948." The Commission also reported that a proportionately larger share of the schools with high concentrations of Negro pupils "were rated as poor or bad" by the fire and building inspectors during 1958-59.

The New York City Board of Education, faced with a similar situation, this fall abandoned its traditional policy of "neighborhood schools" which restricted enrollment in a school to the attendance area immediately surrounding it. All students entering for the first time the twenty-one junior and senior high schools that have the greatest concentration of Negro and Puerto Rican pupils (85 per cent or more) were given the option of transferring to integrated or predominantly white schools. Many of the twenty-one "sending schools" were seriously overcrowded, while the "receiving schools" were under-utilized at less than 90 per cent of capacity.

More than 12,000 students were eligible for transfer when schools opened in September and the Board expected about 3,000 would take advantage of the opportunity. Fewer than 400 applied. As a result the Board put into effect immediately a pilot program for elementary school children involving nearly 8,000 pupils in all-Negro and Puerto Rican schools. The

program was slated originally for "not later than the fall of 1961." By the deadline for applications fewer than 300 had requested transfer.

The reasons so few students chose the option of transferring to integrated and white schools have not been established. One possibility is implied by the Board's announcement of an intensive campaign to inform parents about the potential benefits of the program. Other factors that probably played a part are the expense of transportation to schools some distance from home, to be paid by the parents, the time and effort involved in "commuting," and the obvious advantages of attendance at neighborhood schools, especially for younger children. But it may well be that the most important factor is simply that *attending* integrated schools is less important than establishing the *right* to do so.

—James Cass.

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Toynbee

Continued from page 62

of technology and natural science, who suppose such specialization to be a key to dominance in the competition for power between states.

Meanwhile, the ocean of knowledge has grown to an immeasurable size, not only in natural science but in the humanities as well. In the past, when various civilizations were living more or less in isolation from one another, a humane education demanded no more than mastery of the "classical" language, literature, and philosophy of some single civilization—for example, the Chinese classics for the peoples of Eastern Asia and the Greek and Latin classics for the peoples of the West. Since modern Western civilization has made its impact on the rest of the world, however, the children of other civilizations have been finding that a mastery of their own ancestral culture is no longer enough to enable them to hold their own. If they are to survive "under the strenuous conditions of modern life" (to quote a phrase from the Covenant of the League of Nations), they must now learn something about the West, to whom new knowledge has given a temporary dominance over other peoples. Under Western pressure, the non-Western peoples have been stealing a march on the Westerners in broadening the traditional range of their education in the humanities. And the West, in its turn, is going to have to follow its unintended pupils' example. For, in our lifetime, we are seeing the West rapidly losing its recently won supremacy, as one non-Western people after another acquires the Western technological and scientific know-how and thereby begins to recapture its normal position in the world, a position that was temporarily lost when the modern West took the world by storm through taking it by surprise.

THE non-Western peoples' self-education in Western knowledge may be proving effective, for the moment, as a key to the recovery of power, but it is a shallow knowledge, compared to their traditional education in their ancestral humanities, and this new knowledge will prove a poor exchange for the old unless it is deepened. The typical Westernized—or, as he might prefer to say, modernized—non-Westerner of today has qualified himself for the exercise of some modern Western profession—say, medicine or engineering—and he has learned his profession in some Western language, but he is likely to be ignorant of the Greek and Latin classics, which are the source of the modern West's secular culture, and ignorant of Christianity, which is the source of an agnostic or atheist Westerner's spiritual outlook, as well as of his ethical principles. So the non-Western convert to Western civilization will have abandoned his own ancestral cultural heritage without having succeeded in acquiring its Western equivalent. But the peoples of the world cannot learn to understand each other if they confine their attention to the present surface of life and ignore the historical depths. We cannot truly know a person, a people, a civilization, or a religion without knowing something about its history; and here, by yet another route we are again brought face to face with the problem created by the inordinate increase in the quantity of our knowledge.

Today our knowledge of the past is increasing at an unprecedented rate, and this at both ends of its ever lengthening vista. The archeologists are making history by exhuming buried and forgotten civilizations as fast as the politicians are making it by taking new action for contemporary historians to study. The public records produced in the United Kingdom during the Second World War, which lasted less than six years, are said to equal in quantity all the surviving records produced previously by the United Kingdom and its component states, the kingdoms of England and Scotland. The wartime records of one single government department in London would extend, it is said, for seventeen miles if the files were stacked on edge and placed in a row as tightly as they could be packed. The records of archeological excavations are also formidably extensive; and, in between, our knowledge of compartively well-known periods in the histories of the civilizations and the religions has been increased and, in the process, transformed by the study of previously unknown or neglected documents and by the reinterpretation of previously familiar ones.

In the meantime, economics has opened up the study of an aspect of human activity that was previously ignored; anthropology and sociology have opened up the study of the structure of human society and the nature of human culture at all levels, from the most primitive to the least uncivilized. And psychology has added a new dimension to the study of human nature. The Greek sciences of epistemology, logic, and ethics had explored the rational and purposeful surface of the human psyche; psychology is probing the irrational and emotional depths; and here, once more, the questing human mind finds itself confronted by infinity. To borrow a phrase from the Gospel according to St. John, "the World itself could not contain the books that should be written" by a competent psychologist if he were to set himself to make an exhaustive record of all the psychic events that occur in a single psyche within the shortest period of time that the subtlest recording instruments can measure.

THIS immense and growing mass of knowledge about man and his nonhuman environment daunts the minds that are exposed to it and throws them on the defensive. In self-defense we are tempted to ask ourselves again whether our institutions for formal education cannot simply reject the greater part of this formidable load, or, short of that, divide it up into packages that can be distributed among different pairs of shoulders without risk of breaking any backs. The reply to this cry of distress has to be in the negative: "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*" ("I am a human being, so I cannot be indifferent to anything that has to do with human life and human nature"). Every man, woman, and child alive today is living in a world in which mankind is faced with the extreme choice between learning to live together as one family and committing genocide on a planetary scale. Neither the human race nor any living member of it can afford to ignore the present human situation. We must cope with it if we are not to destroy ourselves; in order to cope with it we must understand it; and trying to understand it commits each and all of us to making some acquaintance with at least three vast realms of knowledge: a knowledge of nonhuman nature; a knowledge of human nature; and a knowledge of the characters and histories of the local and temporary cultures —some relatively primitive, others relatively advanced—that man has created and transmitted and modified and discarded in the course of the ages that have passed since his pre-human ancestors became human. Formal education's minimum task has thus become a big undertaking in our day; and every child will have a strenuous course of formal as well as informal education to run in order to grow up into being an effective citizen of our new world.

How, then, are our educational institutions to convey this overwhelmingly massive heritage of knowledge to a puny and ephemeral human mind? The task would be an intimidating one even if we could confine it to the education of the privileged heirs of the Western cultural tradition. These, if anyone, should be receptive to an education of this comprehensive kind; for it is they who have called into existence the world-wide social framework within which the whole human race is now living. This has started as a Western framework (though, no doubt,

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it will turn into a very different one); and the privileged minority in the Western society has played the chief part in giving it its present shape. Thus they, if anyone, ought to feel at home in it. Yet how hard it is, today, to educate even this favored minority to cope with what is its own heritage! And before we have seen our way to solving even this limited educational problem, we have to plunge on into the still more difficult problems of educating the unprivileged majority of Westerners and the huge non-Western majority of the human race, for whom the present Western framework of their life is something alien and uncongenial. Clearly this educational task is a tremendous one. Yet we cannot afford to shy away from it or to exclude any part of the human race from its scope. We have to help mankind to educate itself against the danger of its destroying itself; and this is a duty that we dare not repudiate.

This is not the first time that an educational task of this nature, and even of something like this magnitude, has confronted human beings who have found themselves responsible for the destinies of large portions of the human race. It may be true that the whole human race, in all the habitable regions on the surface of the globe, has never been drawn together into a single world-wide society before this was achieved, in the course of the last few centuries, by Western initiative. All the same, in the past, there have been unifications on a scale that, short of being truly ecumenical, has been great enough to seem ecumenical to the people involved. Nineteen hundred years ago the Chinese Empire seemed to the inhabitants of the Chinese Empire, and the Roman Empire to the inhabitants of the Roman Empire, to embrace virtually the whole of the civilized world. Both societies were mistaken in their picture of themselves—as is demonstrated by the mere fact that these two "ecumenical" empires were coexisting, almost unknown to each other, at opposite ends of the same continent. Nevertheless, the educational problems that these predecessors of ours encountered as a result of unification on a subcontinental scale are sufficiently like our own truly ecumenical problem of the present day to be worth our notice. A glance at these partial precedents may perhaps at least give us warning of some of the pitfalls that we have to avoid, even if it does not throw as much light on the positive educational policies that we ought to pursue.

In the Chinese Empire in its first bout, under the Ts'in and Han dynasties, as well as in the Roman Empire, there was an attempt to extend the range of formal education from the privileged minority that had previously monopolized it to a wider circle. In both cases this attempt miscarried, in the sense that it failed to teach the whole population of an "ecumenical" empire how to live together permanently as a single family. Both empires went to pieces (though both were put together again temporarily after an interregnum). In both cases, the same two reasons for the miscarriage can be discerned within the field of education —though of course these reasons are only part of the explanation of what happened.

One reason was that the former privileged minority's traditional system of education was impoverished in the process of being disseminated. It degenerated into a formal education in book learning, divorced from a spontaneous apprenticeship for life. The test of having been initiated into the traditional culture came to be the mastery of an arbitrarily selected and canonized corpus of classical literature, and the test of this mastery came to be an ability to imitate the original. In fact, the art of playing with words was substituted for the art of living.

A SECOND reason for the miscarriage was that the range of formal education was limited, in both cases, to the humanities. Though both the Greeks and the Chinese of the "classical" age had made additions to mankind's technological equipment, and the Greeks had also been pioneers in the discovery of pure mathematics and physical science, an aristocratic prejudice against "the useful arts" outlived the aristocratic regime in both societies. Accordingly, nothing was done in either society to try to raise the economy above the purely agricultural level at which it had always remained in Eastern Asia and to which it had been reduced again in the Greco-Roman world when the effects of the agricultural revolutions in Greece in the sixth century B.C. and in Italy in the second century B.C. had been offset by the incorporation into the Greco-Roman world of large economically backward areas in Northwest Africa and in the European hinterlands of the Mediterranean. The same aristocratic prejudice inhibited the Greeks from making that marriage between science and technology which was consummated in the modern Western world in and after the seventeenth century with such fruitful results. The consequence, in both the Greco-Roman world and Eastern Asia, was that a swollen educated class remained parasitic on a peasantry whose productivity had not been stepped up to carry the additional load; and this increase in the peasantry's social burden was not compensated for by any cultural bene-

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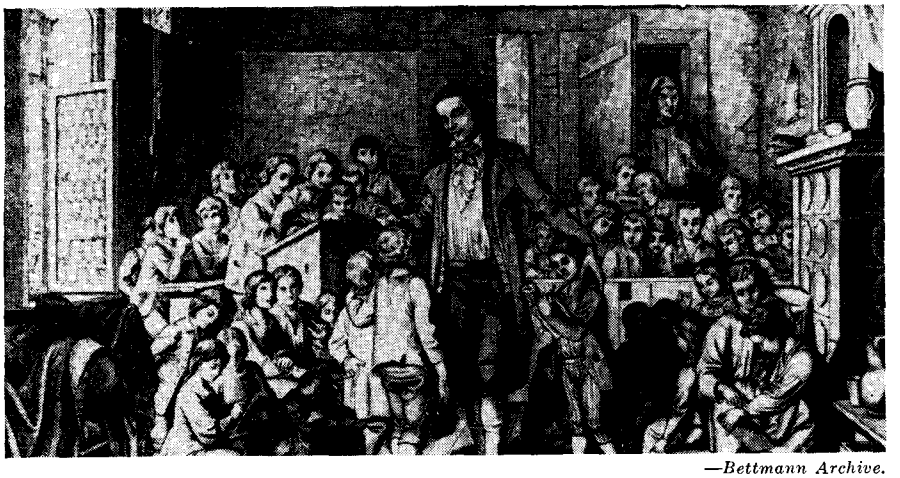

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi—Swiss educational reformer who established a school for poor children on his estate in Neuhof and endeavored to put in practice the theories of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

fits that the peasantry could appreciate. The cut-and-dried book learning in the classics, to which the privileged minority's culture had been reduced, was not made accessible to the peasants, and if it had been, it would probably not have proved attractive to them. In these circumstances it is not surprising that in both cases the peasantry revolted and that the "ecumenical" empire, and the civilization embodied in it, collapsed. In this story from the past there are lessons for us today.

One lesson is that we must try to keep the several essential subjects of education in balance with each other. Undoubtedly the most important subject of all is man. The human race could not survive if, in each generation, we did not learn from our predecessors at least a modicum of the art of managing our relations with our fellow human beings and with ourselves. This is the essence of a humane education, but it cannot be learned just from a study of "the humanities" in book form. In the present-day world, it is true, a considerable amount of book learning has come to be a necessary part of everyone's education. At the same time, the essence of a humane education has still to be acquired mainly through the informal apprenticeship that is the heart of education in all societies and all social classes at all levels. This is what makes and keeps us human. Book learning in "the humanities" can be a valuable supplement to it, but can never be a substitute for it. And it must be remembered that while an apprenticeship in the art of living with one's fellows is an indispensable part of the education of every human being born into the world, the bookish supplement to it originally came into existence as a vocational education for administrative officials in government service and for ministers of the higher religions. These are two highly specialized occupations; and, though the range of "the liberal professions" has considerably increased *pari passu* with the increasing complexity of civilization in the modern age, these walks of life seem unlikely ever to provide employment for more than a small fraction of the human race or to find more than a small fraction willing and able to seek its vocation in them.

IF we were to try to force mankind in the mass to undergo a formal literary education, not merely up to the elementary or the secondary stage, but up to the standard required in order to qualify for one of the liberal professions, we should ruin the higher levels of this branch of education in trying to bring them down to within the capacity of people with no special aptitude for rising to them, and at the same time we should be running the risk of alienating the mass of mankind from the idea of formal education of any kind. We must recognize that there is a diversity in human gifts, and that this diversity is valuable to society. Natural-born "intellectuals" are divided into those who are attracted to the humanities and those who are attracted to natural science. But "intellectuals" of both types are a rather small minority in every class, society, and race. What line of higher education an individual should follow ought to be a matter, not of privilege, but of personal aptitude. Most human beings in all races, societies, and classes are born with a practical bent, and these, when they reach the stage of more advanced education, will feel most at home if they turn from book learning toward an apprenticeship in technology, irrespective of what their family's social position may happen to be.

This does not, of course, mean that formal education should be depreciated or neglected; for, in a world in which peoples inheriting widely different ways of life have suddenly to learn how to live as one family, there are obvious tasks for formal education in the spheres of technology, science, and the humanities. Our first need is to communicate effectively with each other; and, in a world that is still a babel of mutually unintelligible languages, every child should be expected, whatever his vocation is going to be, to learn at least one other language besides his mother tongue. This is not an excessive demand, as is shown by the fact that in Switzerland every child does already learn two other languages, and in Holland three, as a matter of course. The incentive is greatest for those, like the Dutch, whose mother tongue happens not to be a world language, so that they will be strangers in the wide world if they do not make the effort to become polyglots. The English-speaking peoples tend to be spoiled by the handicap of happening to speak a world language as their mother tongue.

AMERICANS also tend to think of the rest of the human race as being potential immigrants whose business it is to learn how to live the American way of life, and the first step toward this, as Americans see it, is to learn the English language. Today, however, it is the Americans' turn to come on to other peoples' ground if America is to hold her own in her world-wide competition with Russia. Since the Second World War, an important new profession has made its appearance in American life. There are now hundreds of thousands of Americans working abroad in the service, not only of the United States Government, but of the great American commercial corporations and cultural foundations. These American citizens on service in non-English-speaking countries have been caught at a disadvantage by the traditional American aversion to the learning of foreign languages. On the other hand, Russia enjoys the advantage of a traditional mastery of foreign languages up to almost Swiss and Dutch standards, and this tradition seems now to have revived in Russia after a lapse during the early years after the revolution of 1917. It looks as if the Russians are likely to be the unintentional promoters of a new movement in the United States to make the learning of foreign languages one of the staples of American education. But it is not only the English-speaking peoples who need a stimulus in this direction. In a world that has to be "one world" now if it is to continue to exist, there is room for improvement even in those countries in which the standard of proficiency in learning foreign lan-

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guages stands at its highest today in all classes.

But the world cannot become "one world" in spirit merely by improving its means of intercommunication. Closer acquaintance may produce hostility instead of friendship so long as different peoples, and different classes within the same community, have such unequal shares in the amenities of civilization as they still have. This inequality has been the consequence of poverty; poverty has been the consequence of technological backwardness; and this backwardness has been overcome by the modern marriage of technology with science. The world needs to educate its scientific-minded "intellectuals" and the technological-minded majority of its people to work together with a view to raising the minimum standard of material life for all mankind to a hitherto undreamed of level. Now that we have discovered how to tap atomic energy, there is no reason why every Indian peasant should not soon be as well off as a present-day Illinois farmer. A rise in material well-being of this magnitude might perhaps not be altogether good for the peasant's soul; but without a considerable rise above his present depressingly low level of material existence he will be unable to achieve the spiritual welfare that is the true end of man.

THE greatest blessing that technological progress has in store for mankind is not, of course, an accumulation of material possessions. The amount of these that can be enjoyed effectively by one individual in one lifetime is not great. But there is not the same narrow limit to the possibilities of the enjoyment of leisure. The gift of leisure may be abused by people who have had no experience of making use of it. Yet the creative use of leisure by a minority of the leisured minority in societies in process of civilization has been the mainspring of all human progress beyond the primitive level. In our still archaic industrial society, leisure continues to be thought of, by all but a privileged minority, in its negative aspect of "unemployment" in gainful labor; and for the industrial worker, the prospect of unemployment is at present a nightmare because it carries with it a loss of income and, worse still, a loss of self-respect. In our world an unemployed worker feels as if he were an outcast from the working community. The Greeks had a truer vision in seeing in leisure the greatest of all human goods; and they did indeed use leisure for worthy ends—as is witnessed by the fact that the Greek word for leisure has provided most of the modern Western languages with their word for "school." In our world, the dawning age of automation is soon going to provide ample leisure for all industrial workers without loss of income or self-respect or social esteem.

No doubt, if this unheard-of leisure is thrust into their hands suddenly, they will partly misuse it to begin with. But sooner or later we shall surely be able to salvage some of it for employment on adult education of a formal kind. Our informal apprenticeship in life is, of course, lifelong; our experience of life educates us, whether we will this or not. But, in the poverty-stricken civilizations of these first few thousand years, formal education, even for a privileged minority, has usually come to an end at the close of adolescence, if not earlier; and this has had an unfortunate consequence. The student has been surfeited with book learning at a stage of life at which he has not yet acquired the experience to take advantage of this, and he has then been starved for book learning at a later stage in which, if he had been given the opportunity, he could have made much more of it in the light of his growing experience. In the rich society of the future, we shall be able to afford to offer part-time adult education to every man and woman at every stage of grown-up life. Already, in Denmark, a highly civilized people that has had the intelligence to carry out an agricultural revolution has used some of its modest profits, Greek fashion, for providing voluntary adult higher education for itself in the admirable Danish high schools (which are schools for grown-up persons, not for children). A Danish farmer will save money for years to enable himself to take a six-months' or a twelve-months' course, and he will make it a point of honor to choose his subject with an eye to raising the level of his culture and not with an eye to improving his economic position. In this present-day Danish institution we have a foretaste of an educational advance that will be open to the whole of mankind in the coming age of "atoms for peace," automation, and the leisure that will be generated by an abundance of scientifically directed mechanical power.

But the quality of education of all kinds depends on the quality of the people who give it, and there has been a paradoxical tendency for quality to deteriorate as the formal element in education has increased in importance. The spontaneous apprenticeship in life, which was the only form of education known to early man, was given by the leaders of the community. The child received it from his parents, and the young man from the community's priests and captains. The educational functions of these leaders were inseparable and indistinguishable from the

(*Advertisement*)

Today's Assignment: Write a Theme

by

RICHARD CORBIN

Chairman of English Department, Hunter College High School, New York City, co-author of GUIDE TO MODERN ENGLISH texts for Grade 9, Grade 10, Grades 11-12*

Authors of many recent articles urging high-school English teachers to require at least a theme a week from students quote a wonderful-sounding aphorism: "Pupils learn to write by writing."

A year or two in a high-school composition class—or several hours a week correcting themes—would show that the aphorism is a rather dangerous oversimplification; closer to the truth would be: "The majority of students can learn to write only by being taught how—and *then* writing."

If they are not *taught how* to write, increasing the number of assignments will not improve their skill; it will merely increase occasions for repeating blunders.

How to write a good paragraph, how to write an interesting theme, how to make grammar work for better writing can be taught, I'm convinced. It takes patience on the teacher's part, and good teaching tools; it's work, not play, for students. But for teachers and students, it can be rewarding.

---

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rest of their activities, and therefore shared in their general prestige. But when a separate formal kind of education makes its appearance, it brings into existence a new class of professional teachers who work, like other professional men and women, for pay; and, in most societies in process of civilization thus far, both the pay and the status of the professional teacher have been lower than has been warranted by the lip service that society has paid to the value of formal education. This has sometimes set up a vicious circle, in which the depression and discontent of the teaching profession has deterred able people from entering it, and has thereby led to a further lowering of its standards and status, leading in turn to deeper depression and discontent. The lowness of the status of the teaching profession in the present-day Western world has been satirized in George Bernard Shaw's trenchant and telling epigram: "If you can, do; if you can't, teach."

IT IS true that, in the Western world, the status of the teaching profession varies appreciably from country to country. In Austria a professor's wife used to rank with a colonel's, while in Prussia she ranked with a major's. If anyone had thought of grading her in England, she probably would have ranked no higher than a captain's wife there, whereas in Scotland she certainly would have ranked as high as a major general's. Before the salaries of professors in the United Kingdom were evened out by subventions from the public purse to counteract the effects of inflation, poor Scotland used to pay her professors higher salaries than rich England cared to dole out in remuneration for the same work. Today, an English professor no longer gains an increase in monetary income if he is posted to a Scottish university; but his wife is still astonished at the deference—out of all proportion to her slender purchasing power—with which she is treated in the stores that she honors with her distinguished patronage.

Perhaps one reason why the status of professors remains high in Scotland, is that they still trail some clouds of glory from an ecclesiastical past. Until recently, the ambition of every Scottish peasant family was to send a son into the Presbyterian ministry. The enterprise called for immense effort and self-sacrifice; and the professor was the good genius who won the whole family's gratitude by helping the aspiring student on his arduous road. This cannot, however, be the whole explanation, for the status of professors has also been comparatively high in France and Germany, where the professor has been, not a semi-ecclesiastical hierophant, but the civil servant of a secular state. And anyway, in the modern Western world, these instances of a relatively high status for teachers are exceptional. The relatively low status to which they have been depressed in most English-speaking countries outside Scotland is more typical of their status in the Western world as a whole.

WHAT, then, can be done today to raise the Western teaching profession's status and standards? Here Russia may be doing the West another unintentional service by giving Western observers the impression that she treats her professors as grandees. Perhaps this impression, whether or not it is correct, may spur America into raising the status of the American teaching profession as an inescapable move in her competition with Russia for world power. This is not the best conceivable motive for an educational reform; but it is to be welcomed if it does move the American people to give American teachers large increases of salary and of leisure. America can already afford to be generous to her teachers, without needing to wait for the superabundance that is to be expected from "atoms for peace."

But a substantial improvement in the teaching profession's material conditions of life would not be enough in itself. It would merely be an enabling condition to open the way for a rise in the degree of esteem in which teachers are held in their own estimation as well as in the public's. This esteem cannot be high unless both the public and the profession become convinced of two things: first, that the teaching profession is performing a valuable public service, and, second, that it is maintaining a high professional standard in its work. The first of these two conditions will be fulfilled if it is realized that, in the present critical chapter of history, the teaching profession does have an indispensable part to play in helping the human race save itself from self-destruction by helping it to grow into one family in which the odious traditional division between the privileged and the unprivileged will have been abolished. Here is a field in which the teacher of languages and the teacher of technology can both prove their worth. As for the professional standard to which the teacher can rise, this will depend on the amount of the leisure that is granted to him and on the use to which he puts it.

SINCE man in process of civilization first deliberately set himself to extend the bounds of human knowledge by purposeful and systematic research, it has been recognized that a university teacher must be given the opportunity to be a part-time researcher too if he is to retain his intellectual vitality and to communicate it to his pupils. We now have enough material resources to be able to offer the same opportunity to teachers not only at the university level but also at all levels below it. Nothing could do more to increase the teaching profession's efficiency, prestige, and self-respect. When we think of research, we should, of course, think of it in the widest terms. In the field of research into physical nature, no one would dispute the contention that the telescope is as valuable and as honorable an instrument as the microscope. In the field of the humanities, there has recently been a tendency for the microscopists to claim a monopoly of the label "re-

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Studying the Koran in a Moslem school.

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search" for their own kind of work and to refuse the title to their brethren the telescopists. Yet it is surely obvious that the Newtons and Einsteins have done no less to increase our knowledge and understanding of the universe than their fellow scientists who have discovered previously undetected planets or galaxies. It is also obvious that this truism holds good for the humanities as well as for physical science.

Research, of whatever kind, is good for teaching, because it sets a standard of precision and thoroughness which the researcher-teacher will exact from himself and demand from his pupils. But here, as so often before, we are brought back to the problem set by the limits of the capacity of human minds. Even if formal education is to become lifelong, how can a single mind in a single lifetime acquire an education that will be exact and at the same time comprehensive? We cannot do without either of these conditions in a world that has become "one world" and that has also become scientific in its intellectual standards. Perhaps the solution will be for everybody—pupil and teacher, researcher and "practical" man or woman alike—to operate in two intellectual dimensions simultaneously.

EVERYBODY needs a glimpse of the bird's-eye view, with a radius of hundreds of miles, that one catches from a jet plane flying in the stratosphere. Everybody also needs to have a glimpse of the worm's-eye view, with the depth of thousands of feet, that one catches by sifting the successive strata that are brought to the surface by an oil prospector's drill as it burrows into the bowels of the earth. The capacity of a single human mind is narrowly circumscribed; it can never succeed either in surveying the whole surface of the globe or in probing the globe's interior to the center. Yet at least it need not confine itself to either of these intellectual quests exclusively. It can sample both, and such intellectual catholicity will be a liberal education. Let our students survey the history of all mankind all over the face of the planet since the age when man's pre-human ancestors first became human; but at the same time let them scrutinize the history of some local short-lived tribe or parish. Let them learn to communicate with their neighbors in languages that are not their own mother tongues; but at the same time let them master in detail the structure of some particular language and the art of some particular poet. This dual approach to the problem of education seems the most promising that we can make in the huge and complex new world into which we are being carried today by the rushing current of history.

Strainchamps

Continued from page 64

particularly of the Anglo-Saxon female intellect. To the English-speaking people alone, as John Erskine once noted, does the alternative offered in the well-known line, "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," seem "not startling but a matter of course." This attitude is, of course, older than universal coeducation, but the point is that progress in that area has not mitigated it but has, if anything, made it worse.

Still, although Americans may never be able to take women seriously outside the home—they take them seriously enough there, God knows—it does not follow that girls should be restricted in school to the study of the dismal pursuits that will engage most of them for the rest of their lives. Their time-tested practice of stocking their heads as full as they can of useless academic knowledge while appearing as dumb and unaggressive about it as they can has worked very well at fitting them for the world they have to live in.

Before men start upsetting their system, they should take a look at the possible consequences. In Russia, which many of them are taking as their educational model, all students with equal

intellectual ability are given equal training, regardless of sex. Bright girls turned out of Russian schools go on to build bridges, run government agencies, and design rockets, and to outnumber the men in the medical and legal professions. But by that time it is hard to tell which is which.

In Russia they have, in other words, abolished the girl—at least as we know her in the West—except for a few they keep around for ballet dancing.

Are we really ready for that?

Or can't we still afford a few intellects that are cultivated without a practical end in view, or even left to lie half fallow, if their possessors find that course more conducive to their own personal happiness?

Somebody has to do the work that women now do and there somehow seems, here lately, to be a dearth of girls feebleminded enough to take it in for hire.

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SATURDAY REVIEW

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1391

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Attendant of Hudibras.

B. Admits.

C. A time "sweet" to Ira D. Sankey; but when "there will be too much of me" for Jane in "Patience"! (comp.).

D. "Outward and visible sign" of something else.

E. What may be little within lutes, yet powerful eventually, acc'g to Tennyson.

F. An even chance.

G. Where Dorothy Vernon lived in Victorian fiction (2 wds.).

H. Either of two men, one a famous Greek traitor; the other, founder of democratic gov't in Athens.

I. Author of recent "I'll Cry Tomorrow."

J. Emitting a rapid succession of discontinuous sounds, as of collisions of hard bodies.

K. Broken off temporarily.

L. In telegraphy, the telephone receiver (WNI).

M. The individual who received a preponderance of news coverage during the U.N. meetings of 1960.

N. Music term for a composition lacking distinctive key.

WORDS

86 151 122 172 166

140 118 175 68

193 99 114 82 87 162 121

96 182 79 23 198 142

80 105 154 5 11

88 75 119 60 155 69

77 174 63 125 62 40 9 50 156 131

29 94 150 126 148 38 32 78 45

3 188 164 128

133 53 173 61 84 194

70 66 181 36 191 47 54 115 76 16 100

170 93 120 20 144 108 48 31

153 92 141 183 90 179 21 26 72 44

39 98 190 152 10 55

DEFINITIONS

O. Amer. playwright and director (1875-1946).

P. Describing a common manner of diesel ignition (comp.; but more familiar as meaning nightclubs, gambling halls, etc. in current vernacular, 2 wds. not in WNI).

Q. Real surname of author Clemence Dane.

R. What Jove did, and also the pilot of the Argo.

S. S Scottish county seat where Burns's famous grace was first pronounced, "Some ha'e meat and canna eat."

T. Any device for stopping a leak.

U. A thing that can be tasted (rare).

V. Imposed.

W. French authority on Gothic art, restorer of Carcassonne, Notre Dame de Paris, and others (1814-79; comp.).

X. The "bliss of solitude" (2 wds.).

Y. All the Americas (2 wds.).

Z. English banker beloved for his stories of and for children ("The Golden Age", "Dream Days", "Wind in the Willows").

WORDS

178 2 12 149 22 97

157 117 112 51 104 57 185 127

145 116 196 165 7 124

106 129 111 4 171 73

83 14 138 67 176 130 192 56 160 30 107 113 195

184 46 33 103 35 168 74 27 146

13 163 52 161 109 186 24 137

89 17 139 1 65 169 147 134 132

15 81 85 37 95 177 91 189 19 136 8 71

43 110 58 180 28 34 158 143 167

135 187 49 25 102 64 59 41

42 101 123 6 159 18 197

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 V	2 O	3 I	4 R		5 E	6 Z	7 Q	8 W		9 G	10 N	11 E	12 O		13 U
14 S	15 W	16 K	17 V		18 Z	19 W		20 L		21 M	22 O	23 D	24 U		25 Y	26 M	27 T
28 X	29 H	30 S	31 L		32 H	33 T		34 X	35 T	36 K	37 W	38 H		39 N	40 G	41 Y	
42 Z	43 X	44 M	45 H	46 T		47 K	48 L		49 Y	50 G	51 P	52 U	53 J	54 K	55 N		56 S
57 P	58 X	59 Y	60 F		61 J	62 G		63 G	64 Y	65 V	66 K	67 S		68 B	69 F	70 K	71 W
72 M	73 R		74 T	75 F		76 K	77 G	78 H		79 D	80 E	81 W	82 C	83 S		84 J	85 W
86 A	87 C		88 F	89 V	90 M		91 W	92 M	93 L		94 H	95 W	96 D	97 O	98 N	99 C	—
100 K	101 Z	102 Y	103 T	104 P	105 E	106 R	107 S		108 L	109 U	110 X	111 R		112 P	113 S	114 C	115 K
	116 Q	117 P	118 B	119 F		120 L	121 C		122 A	123 Z	124 Q	125 G		126 H		127 P	128 I
129 R	130 S	131 G	132 V		133 J	134 V	135 Y	136 W	137 U	138 S		139 V	140 B	141 M		142 D	143 X
	144 L	145 Q	146 T	147 V		148 H		149 O	150 H	151 A	152 N	153 M	154 E	155 F	156 G		157 P
158 X	159 Z	160 S	161 U		162 C	163 U	164 I		165 Q	166 A	167 X		168 T	169 V	170 L	171 R	172 A
173 J	174 G	175 B	176 S	177 W		178 O	179 M	180 X	181 K		182 D	183 M	184 T	185 P		186 U	187 Y
	188 I		189 W	190 N	191 K	192 S		193 C	194 J		195 S	196 Q	197 Z	198 D			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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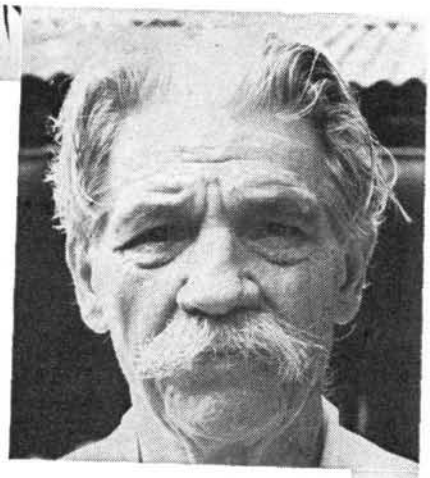
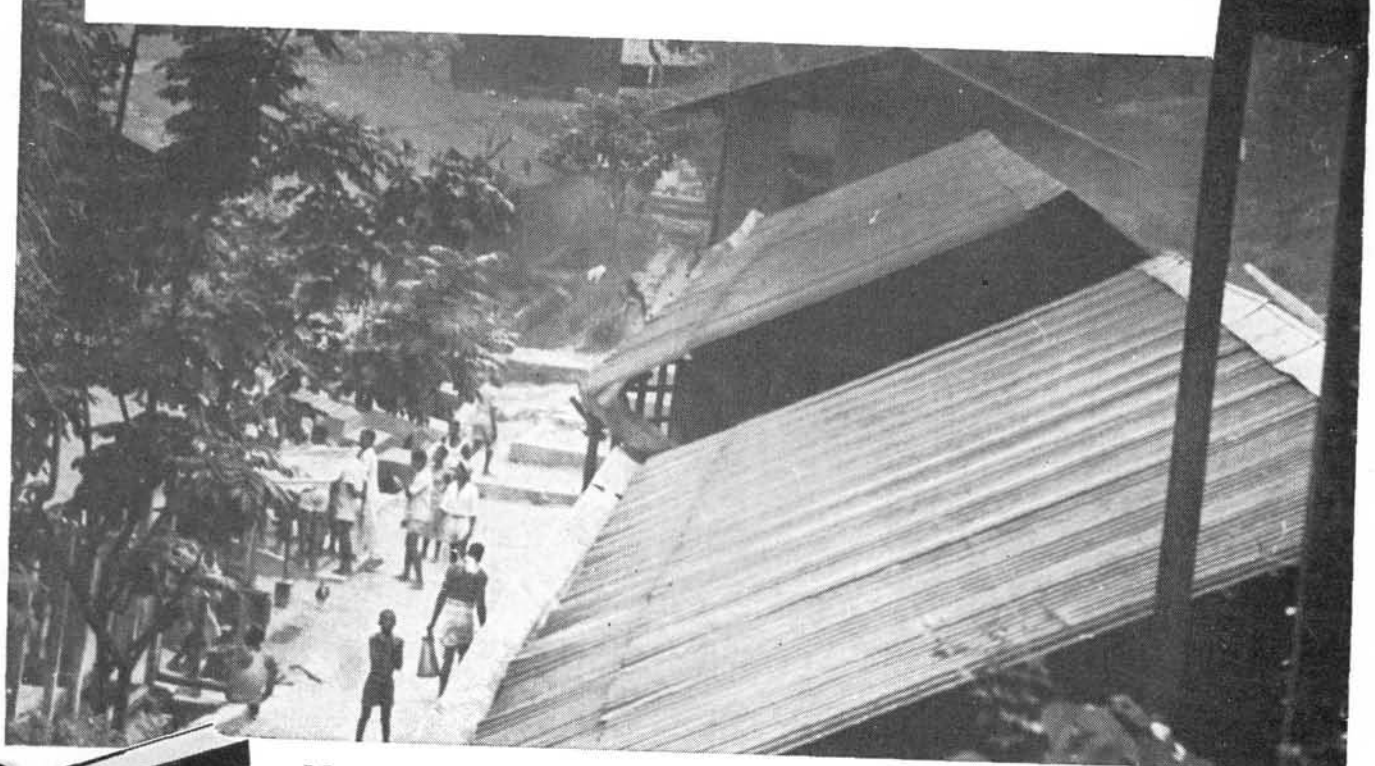
Here is the real Albert Schweitzer —genius in dungarees, Nobel Prize winner in a jungle hut — portrayed in his full human dimension by an important American writer and thinker

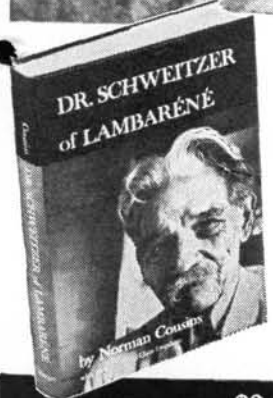


Dr. Schweitzer of Lambaréné

By NORMAN COUSINS

Editor of *The Saturday Review*, author of *"In God We Trust"*





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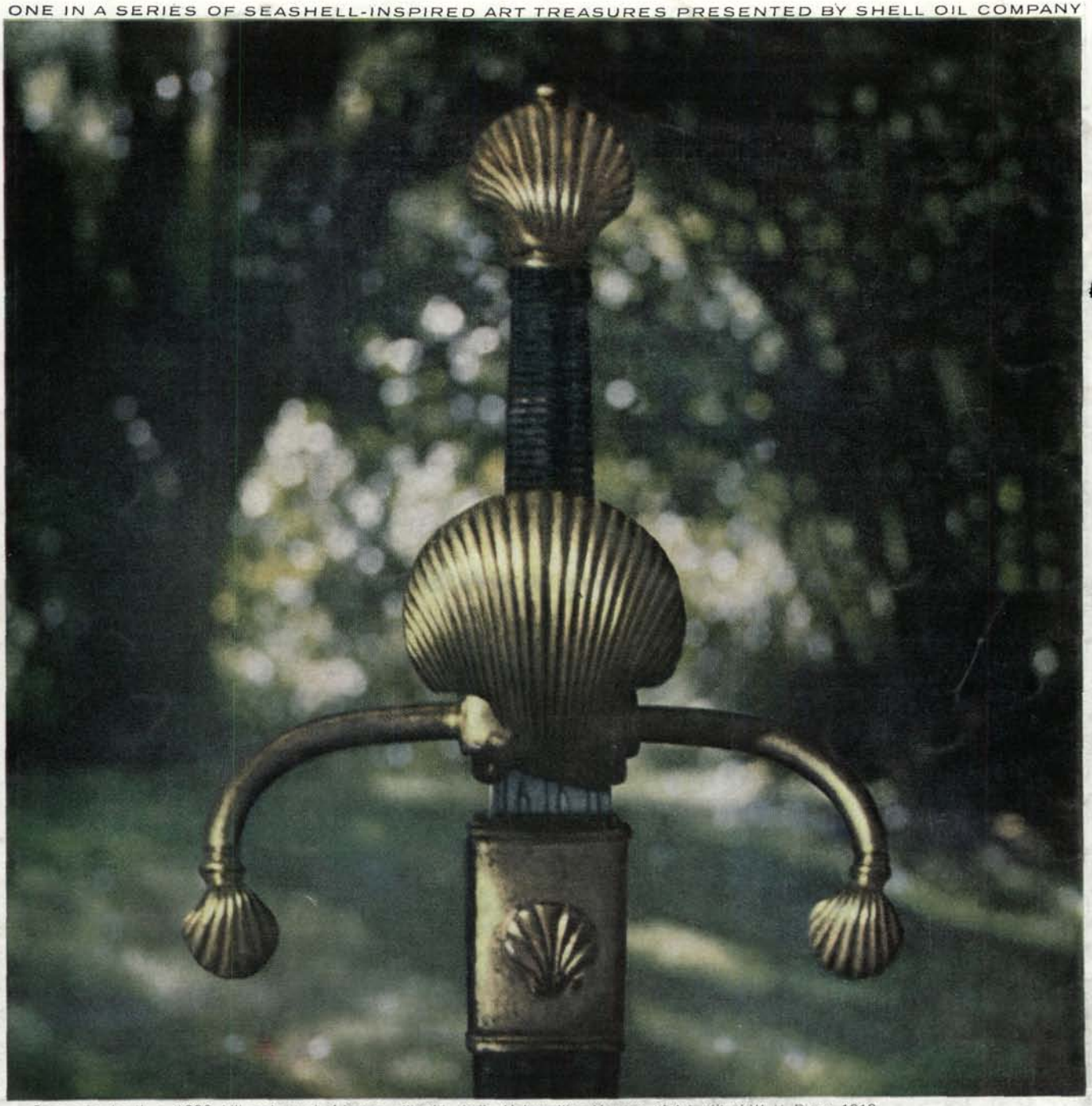

Dagger in sheath, c. 1600, hilt and guard of bronze gilt with shells. Metropolitan Museum of Art, gift of W. H. Riggs, 1913.

The craftsman borrows nature's forms to embellish his art

In the year 1600 few French aristocrats would venture out day or night without a poignard such as the one you see here. In those days a handsome, ready-for-action dagger hanging from the belt was a sign of affluence—and good sense. The gifted, though anonymous, craftsman who fashioned it turned to one of nature's most widely used forms—the seashell—to inspire his art.

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